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Bachmann, E. Theodore
They called him father



FATHER HEYER'S
American Mission Field
1817-1873

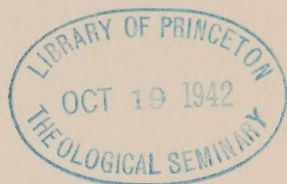


The Indian Field is shown at the other end of the book

They Called Him Father

They Called Him Father

The Life Story of
John Christian Frederick Heyer



By
E. Theodore Bachmann



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1942

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To
MY FATHER
WHOSE LOVE FOR MISSIONS
HAS BEEN EVER YOUTHFUL
AND CONTAGIOUS

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
<i>Part One: YOUTH AND YOUNG AMERICA (1793-1830)</i>	
1. MEET THE APPRENTICE - - - - -	7
2. WILDERNESS TRAIL - - - - -	25
3. SMALL TOWN PASTOR - - - - -	38
<i>Part Two: SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND HOME MISSIONS (1830-1840)</i>	
4. WHAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW - - - - -	59
5. CONFESSION AND CORNERSTONE - - - - -	70
6. RELIGION IN THE RAW - - - - -	73
7. LOST SHEEP - - - - -	82
8. SMOKY CITY - - - - -	97
<i>Part Three: INDIA—THE MODERN CRUSADE (1841-1857)</i>	
9. "O ZION HASTE" - - - - -	115
10. EASTWARD ON ICE - - - - -	124
11. VISION OF INDIA - - - - -	133
12. SO THIS IS GUNTUR - - - - -	144
13. DOWN TO WORK - - - - -	149
14. NEW HORIZONS - - - - -	158
15. GROWING PAINS - - - - -	163
16. RETURN TO THE NATIVES - - - - -	169
17. PROSPECTOR'S JOURNAL - - - - -	175
18. HERMITAGE IN GURZALA - - - - -	188

CHAPTER	PAGE
19. LET THE CONVERTS LEARN - - - - -	201
20. INDIAN SUMMER - - - - -	213
21. THE OLD REFRAIN - - - - -	227
<i>Part Four: MINNESOTA, HERE I COME (1857-1869)</i>	
22. THE NORTH STAR STATE - - - - -	239
23. OPEN COUNTRY - - - - -	252
24. THE SECOND LAP - - - - -	263
25. MINNESOTA SYNOD - - - - -	270
26. THE GENERAL COUNCIL - - - - -	283
27. WANDERLUST - - - - -	293
<i>Part Five: OUTWARD BOUND (1869-1873)</i>	
28. "I AM READY NOW" - - - - -	303
29. INVENTORY IN RAJAHMUNDY - - - - -	310
30. TWILIGHT - - - - -	323
BACKGROUND OF THE BOOK - - - - -	334
INDEX - - - - -	339

PART I

Youth and Young America

1793-1830

Meet the Apprentice

FULL SAIL, and westward ho! The *Pittsburgh*, four days out of Friedrichstadt, Denmark, was tacking through the English channel. Her canvas caught the cross-wind as she matched power with the treacherous sweep of the channel tides. Now close to the shore of Calais, now skirting the Chalk Cliffs of Dover, she zigzagged between enemy coastlines, an American ship on her way home.

Up in the crow's-nest the lookout scanned afar for belligerent sails. Those were war years, with Napoleon on the rampage over the Continent, and with George the Third impressing American seamen of alleged British birth into his Royal Navy. As on other American merchantmen, feeling ran high among Skipper Williams and his crew against such manhandling. Moreover, their cargo was liable to search for contraband while running the gauntlet between enemy men-of-war. The French, with their Continental System, aimed to blockade England, while the British repaid in kind. But beyond such risks these times were packed with adventure for sailors and profits for owners. There was something climactic about each homeward voyage; a change of role from that of harried neutral to that of swaggering American seaman.

For the men of the *Pittsburgh* home was in the offing, bright beyond the sunset.

A red-haired lad, stocky and trim in black jacket and cap, stood at the stern. Elbows on rail, he gazed into the approaching night. Back there, in imagined distance, was home. His oval face, normally cheerful, was sober in thought. Now and then he blotted an unwilling tear with the back of his hand. Today had been his birthday, July 10, and he was now fourteen. Never before had he been away from home. Throbbing within him was the sense of the separation from parents, brothers, and sister. Unreal to his boyish mind was the still vivid sensation of riding with his father to Hamburg in a jolting mail coach; of finding that port blockaded and no ships sailing; of dashing hopefully to Friedrichstadt where there might be an American merchantman; of the bittersweet joy over finding the *Pittsburgh*; of the impassioned parting, "God be with you, my boy!"

To Captain Williams, impatient for open water, the booking of another passenger had been routine. For this one he received a paper pledging that the lad's passage would be paid on arrival by an uncle in Philadelphia. Anglicizing the name as he entered it on his short passenger list, the skipper put down: John Christian Frederick Heyer, of Helmstedt, Germany.

* * *

Mid-summer, 1807. There was time galore while the wind sang through the rigging and the sails curved westward. In spite of the ceaseless pitch and roll, Fritz found himself a good sailor. He marveled at the sturdiness of the little craft, bulking perhaps three hundred tons, and

riding duck-like over the swells. He followed the sailors through their tasks. He tried figuring out the maze of block and tackle, of spars and canvas. His curiosity and questions helped break the monotony for the old salts. Usually they obliged with answers, and dubbed him "the Kid."

From hardy seamen Fritz was rapidly picking up English, replete with the slang of the day. It reminded him of the time he had spent in native Helmstedt, loitering among the French soldiers Napoleon had stationed there. Too rapidly, in fact, he had picked up enough French to be mascot interpreter for soldiers and townspeople, in whose houses the former were quartered. Fritz's father grew fearful lest such linguistics have dire results, for there were stories abroad of young interpreters being kidnapped by the conquerors. Could Fritz blame his French for being now on the high seas bound for America?

* * *

Strange things sent people to America during these war years. Complex and uncertain times kept the usual run of emigrant at home. Fritz was an exception. Here at sea he sensed the reality of being set apart, though for what purpose he knew not. At least he was not going to be an interpreter for the French. Instead, reviewing his past and finding it mirrored in leisure hours of the present, he saw himself for what he was: the son of a master-furrier. From early youth, besides school since the age of three, he had been learning the furrier's craft. He recalled how his father had lectured the three sons on the duty and honor of upholding the family business. Furriers, like butchers, bakers, masons, or shoemakers, consti-

tuted a guild class in Helmstedt, and perpetuated—added Craftsman Heyer—an honorable guild system inherited from the thirteenth century. Pride in one's work, diligence, thoroughness, honesty—these qualities mark the good craftsman. Fritz early remembered the motto over his father's work bench: Honor your Masters. There was continuity in such a view of life; steadiness beyond the sudden quirks of fortune.

As he pondered these thoughts, Fritz began to feel himself really "at sea." Perhaps Uncle Wagener, for whom he was soon to work in Philadelphia, would help him continue where he had left off at home. For Wagener, having emigrated some years ago from Helmstedt, was also a master-furrier. He must be doing well in America, inasmuch as he had asked Fritz to come over and had offered to pay passage for him. But, on the other hand, America was a gamble. Anything might happen there.

Fritz had religion on his mind. He saw in clear perspective what he had formerly taken for granted—the weekly pilgrimage to church, family prayers each night after supper, instruction by the pastor for confirmation on Pentecost of this year. The townsfolk said that with confirmation a boy comes of age to work, to behave like a grownup. Fritz prayed, in words his mother had taught him, that God might enable him to live the good life in Philadelphia just as in Helmstedt. He could not ask for more. God was his Protector. One harrowing moment had told him so. Four years ago, in winter when the mill-pond outside of town was frozen over, Fritz and two of his playmates had eluded the watchman and gone skating.

The ice broke and Fritz fell in. Only by special Providence, so it appeared, had he escaped drowning.

* * *

Philadelphia, at last! After seven weeks at sea, after eighty miles of navigating by pilot up the narrowing channel of the Delaware, the *Pittsburgh* anchored at quarantine among the bustle of river craft along the Philadelphia water front.

There it stood! The City of Brotherly Love, birthplace of American independence; home of English, Scotch-Irish, Swedes, Germans; of Quakers, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Lutherans; of Deists and Atheists; of blue-blood Federalists and Jeffersonian Democrats; a city of cultured society and thrifty shopkeepers; of shippers, tradesmen, and laborers; a place of straight streets and painted signs, of farmers' markets and neat row-houses; a headquarters of political jargon, acrimonious newspapers, and English literature—there it lay, between two rivers, deep inland, yet the gateway, the center, the most cosmopolitan city in the New World, tasting the first decade of its decline. For the government had lately removed to Washington, and the boast of "America's largest city" now belonged to New York. But for Fritz Heyer this city, forty-seven thousand strong, offered the chance to sink roots into a new society, to work, eat, and sleep; to make friends for life, and to carry on where he had left off on the other shore.

* * *

"Wagener, Furs" was lettered on a sign swinging sedately from a shop at Third and Arch Streets. Here Fritz warmed to the prospect of a home in the New

World. Uncle Wagener, though given to ceremony when confronted by strangers, was the hearty, confident type when surrounded by family or friends. Young Fritz responded in kind as he unpacked gifts from Helmstedt for Uncle, Aunt, and the little cousins. In the throes of unpacking, Fritz proudly unfolded his supply of heavy woollens which his parents had provided for him against "the cold American winter." But humid August in the Quaker City had a way of discouraging such pride. Fritz's baptismal certificate and record of confirmation were handed over to his uncle for safe keeping. Wagener, with dramatic flourish, took the certificate and sonorously announced its contents to the family, "Johann Christian Friedrich Heyer, born Wednesday, July 10, 1793, the third child and second son of Master Furrier Johann Heinrich Gottlieb Heyer and Fredericke Sophie Johanne, nee Wagener, of Helmstedt."

* * *

Fritz rapidly made himself acquainted. He took note of such local landmarks as Zion's Church at Fourth and Cherry, Christ Church, and Independence Hall. He found out where the various craftsmen, printers, coopers, weavers, blacksmiths, as well as furriers, had their shops or "rows." He was trade-minded from home, and alert for all signs that gave him assurance of continuity in his calling. For a few months after arrival he attended Pastor Passey's Private School, at his uncle's behest and expense. This introduced him to education in America and to boys of his own age. But beyond that, Fritz found a thrill in the prospect of working for his uncle as a furrier's apprentice.

When the chance came, his job was to learn the art of making beaver hats, which were regulation winter wear in those days; and Philadelphia was the hat capital of America. Beaver hats by the hundreds were also exported to Europe. Although that thought suggested home, all trace of homesickness soon left him. As he processed the pelts and worked over his hats, he persistently inquired where these fine furs came from. Soon he had a vivid picture of the source of supply; of the unmeasured wilderness of the Mississippi valley; of solitary trappers; of traders bartering with Indians; of a rough-and-tumble trading post at the mouth of the Missouri River piously called Saint Louis; of rafts and river boats and horse caravans laboriously moving eastward; of the risk which such raw material entailed before it could be turned into beaver hats here in the shop. This picture, full of exciting imagery, was Fritz's introduction to the utopian playground of many a boy, the great Wild West. Perhaps some day would find him trekking through the wilderness. But for the present he contented himself with his hats. With the inbred skill of a craftsman's son he worked at double the speed of the other employes at Uncle Wagner's. For their nine hats apiece each week he finished eighteen.

* * *

Not long after his arrival in Philadelphia Fritz joined Zion's Church, which was *the* Lutheran congregation. In this spacious building Washington's funeral had been conducted. Each Sunday Zion's members by the hundreds thronged to hear their senior pastor, the Reverend Justus Henry Christian Helmuth, whom they admired

for the mildness and serenity of his temper and for the moving eloquence of his preaching.

In such surroundings Fritz found a kind of fellowship which was almost unknown to the people who worshiped in Helmstedt's ancient St. Stephen's. He noted the difference. Here in America there was no state church. Church affairs depended on voluntary participation by the people. Fritz welcomed the spontaneity which kept things going. In spite of his uncle's religious indifference, and occasional taunts about "somebody being pious," Fritz found the church a splendid place for developing his abilities. He joined the choir, a promising tenor. He became a member of a young men's German and Bible study group, named after the theologian Mosheim. Thereby he eventually qualified as one of the early teachers in Zion's Sunday school.

One Sunday Dr. Helmuth delivered a sermon which struck fire in Fritz's soul. He preached on spiritual destitution among the thousands of westward-moving settlers, many of them Lutherans. He spoke of the frequent appeals received by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to send out pastors; of the hardship which the pioneer farmers in the wilderness endured; of the pitiful reports which the first traveling preachers handed in; and of the great need for more pastors. Helmuth's eloquence was directed at the young men of his congregation. Fritz, now in his sixteenth year, was impressionable, open to suggestion, in spite of being an up-and-coming furrier's apprentice.

John C. Becker, junior pastor of Zion's and St. Michael's parish, was less austere than the venerable Helmuth. It was largely through his friendly persuasiveness

that Fritz seriously began to think of exchanging his present apprenticeship in furs for one in theology. Only after the greatest difficulty was Uncle Wagener's consent forthcoming. The loss of Fritz would mean a blow to his business, besides depriving him of a possible partner and successor. But the matter was amicably settled when in autumn, 1810, Dr. Helmuth agreed to take in Fritz as a theological apprentice. To be thus accepted by one of the leading pastors in Philadelphia was an honor.

* * *

Before 1826 the Lutherans in America had no theological seminary worthy of the name. As in the legal and medical professions of that day, so in the ministry young men were apprenticed to some experienced pastor who to the best of his ability taught them what he knew. The system had all the defects and advantages of individualized training. The apprentices daily gathered in their master's study where he taught them Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, to make them at home in the original languages of the Bible and the classic books of theology. Such a course relied heavily on independent study, home work, and memorization. Eventually it gave each new pastor the composite stamp of his own and his teacher's personality.

Dr. Helmuth, in 1810, was sixty-five years of age. Like his latest apprentice, he was a native of Helmstedt. For over forty years he had been in America, serving first as pastor in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and then—since the Revolutionary War—in Philadelphia as co-pastor of the church of Zion's and St. Michael's. He was a graduate of the famed University of Halle, and of late had been serving as professor of German at Franklin's University of

Pennsylvania. He was a veteran of wide pastoral experience, especially of the tragic yellow fever epidemic in 1793, which forced him to bury members of his church by the score. Daily he cultivated his inner life with a half-hour of prayer and meditation which prepared him for his strenuous and methodical schedule. He was a persevering and sympathetic pastor, but to the end of his days he remained an ardent upholder of the German language and successfully fought the introduction of English in his congregation. His thinking was vigorous, but not always farsighted.

The practice of theological apprenticeships, as Helmut shared in it, was a makeshift. In years past he had prepared for the ministry such men as John George Butler, John Michael Steck, Christian Endress, George Lochmann, John G. Schmucker, all of whom had risen to prominence in the Ministerium by Heyer's time. With greater vision the venerable pastor, in 1805, had drawn up a "Plan for the Education of Young Preachers," which called for the establishment of a church-supported theological seminary. But nothing came of it.

Snow was still on the ground when Fritz preached his first sermon. His debut was at the Philadelphia Almshouse. "Not bad for a youngster," someone reported back to his teacher. The comment struck, and some months later Helmut asked, "How would you like to preach for me at the afternoon service on Trinity Sunday? I must be in Reading to deliver the main sermon at the opening of the Ministerium's annual convention."

Fritz was taken by surprise and fumbled for words. "Thank you, Doctor, I shall try my best, but . . ."

"I know," reassured Helmuth, "it's a big responsibility to preach to so many people in this big church. But remember, this is a privilege God gives those whom He calls into His service. As I have told you before, be persuaded that the people are *for* you, not against you—just as God is on your side. Pastor Becker will preach in the morning. I shall count on you for the afternoon—June 13, 1813. Easy to remember, isn't it?"

When the big moment came, Fritz stepped into the pulpit without a manuscript. He had prepared himself thoroughly, memorizing the important things he wanted to say about the text, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet . . . and thy Father, which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." (Matthew 6 : 6). Fritz was able to finish the sermon without any difficulty. In retrospect, he commented that it was a bold undertaking for one who had little experience, and was not yet twenty years old.

Autumn was in the air when Heyer became absorbed in his first teaching experience. This was not as simple as teaching Sunday school. Instead, it was a teaching internship at Zion's parochial school in Southwark, Philadelphia. He found the work to his liking and got along well with the children. Helmuth watched his pupil from afar. His keen eye assured him, "This boy has ability; he shows promise."

* * *

"How would you like to spend a couple of terms at Halle?" inquired Helmuth one day. Before Fritz could do more than register happy surprise, the Reverend Doctor continued, "You know, I have found my university training of immense value. The ministry needs able minds

here as well as in Europe. For we are, in part, the bearers of a culture that must sink roots into the New World. The church, through its pastors, must help direct this great transition into Christian channels. It can do so only if its leadership has a clear head as well as a warm heart."

Fritz understood. The idea took hold. He remembered how all the pastors at home had been university-trained, and how he and his playmates used to admire the students at the old "U" in Helmstedt. Besides, there was the happy prospect of a family reunion. But a warning came from some men of the Ministerium. One of them told Heyer, "Your faith will suffer shipwreck among the learned rationalists in Germany, and then you will no longer be able to serve our church in America."

Be that as it may, early in 1815 news came that peace had ended the second war between Great Britain and America. By March, Fritz gave advance notice of spring fever, and in high spirits sailed for Hamburg on the *Washington*.

* * *

Peace between Britain and America turned out to be the prelude to more desperate warfare against Napoleon. Twice, as the *Washington* neared the Continent, British men-of-war searched her. Napoleon had escaped from Elba. For Fritz this was an invitation to dread the future. His holy horror of the great dictator was coupled with a willing conviction that the world was about to come to an end. During the voyage he read a book which predicted the appearance of the Antichrist in 1816. On the basis of Revelation 9:11, Fritz shared the calculation of some that Napoleon must be the very angel

of the bottomless pit. The Greek name of this demon, Apollyon, sounded like Napoleon.

Being alarmed by the fact that he might be drafted for military service, Heyer at first refused to debark upon arrival at Hamburg. Instead he wrote home asking that some one of his relatives come to visit him before he started on the return voyage. His elder brother Carl—now a furrier like his father—rose to the emergency, called for him at the ship, and promised to serve in the army for him, should he be drafted. Fritz's parents, too, would have nothing of his moody about-face, and insisted, "He must come, that we may see him before we die." After this case of cold feet, a happy family reunion followed in the Heyer household in Helmstedt.

"We were afraid you'd never come back," exulted Mother Heyer as she embraced her boy. Six years of separation had made great changes. "Who's this chubby young fellow?" asked Fritz. "Why that's your brother Henry." "Of course," recovered Fritz, "you're the same Henry I used to beat up when we played soldier!" Henry replied with a tone of you-ought-to-try-it-now.

"What's this I hear about you quitting the family fur business?" inquired Fritz of his younger brother. Henry explained, "I switched to the ministry for the same reason you did. I could have followed father's line and become a furrier like Carl and lots of other Heyers. But in these hard times people need religion more than furs."

"Ja," chimed in the elder Heyer, "things aren't what they used to be. Napoleon has ruined everything. Things will never be the same, not in our family either."

A few days later an invitation arrived. Would the young theolog from America oblige St. Stephen's parish and preach next Sunday? Fritz jumped with excitement. The invitation was momentous. St. Stephen's Church was old, older than the Reformation. Its brick walls and square tower were heavy with age. Around them had swirled not only the storms of winter but of religion. For Helmstedt, during the age of orthodoxy, was a battlefield of controversy. Now that the famous old university was closed, St. Stephen's Church had double glory. In its pulpit had stood such luminaries as Calixtus, Mosheim, and Carpzov. Now Fritz was to have his turn. There was personal drama packed in this honor. The elder Heyer supplied the words when he said, "Boy, just think. Twenty-one years ago you were baptized at St. Stephen's font; and seven years ago you were confirmed at its altar. And now you are permitted to preach from its pulpit! I suppose one must go to America to rate such an invitation." Perhaps curiosity more than piety drew the Helmstedters to this extraordinary service, for almost two thousand persons attended. Looking back on that event, Heyer noted, "In that rationalistic period this was something unusual. For many years the church had not been so full."

Immediately thereafter Fritz joined his younger brother Henry and enrolled for the semester at the University of Goettingen. Fritz had originally intended to study at Halle, and through Helmuth had letters of introduction to professors there. But that university, the largest in Germany and the best known among the churchmen in America, was closed because of the war. It was,

moreover, cheaper for Fritz to enroll at Goettingen. Ever since the university at Helmstedt had been disbanded, a certain number of local boys were annually granted scholarships at Goettingen. This university was at the time also the most fashionable in the land, whither not only the "best families" in the German states sent their sons, but also where outstanding students from foreign countries took up residence. For example, George Ticknor and Edward Everett, both Harvard graduates, studied at Goettingen contemporaneously with Heyer. Ticknor was to become the father of modern language study in America, and Everett the chief exponent of the classics and mythology.

For the present Fritz and Henry applied themselves to the study of theology. They were dissimilar personalities. Henry was wholly engrossed in the niceties of the current rationalistic interpretation of Christian doctrines. He was fascinated by the neatness of those arguments which explained away everything miraculous about the Word of God. He persistently told Fritz, "I don't share your convictions, and I can't and will not be a hypocrite." Fritz, on the other hand, reflected not only the simple faith of his parents but also the teaching of his former master, Dr. Helmuth. He later remarked to friends, "Instead of being led astray, I was strengthened in my faith."

* * *

Young Heyer took courses in the Gospels, the history of doctrine, Christian ethics, and catechetics. While he discovered the meaning of intensive study, he also sampled the flavor of student life—and he seems to have had little taste for it. Besides the large number of diligent

students whom he met, Fritz was irked at the dissolute fellows who squandered time and money, and left the university almost as ignorant as when they arrived.

In mid-June, 1815, war again reared its ugly head. The report circulated that Wellington and Bluecher were about to engage Napoleon at Waterloo. Man-power was at a premium. Preparations were hastily made to organize a student regiment at Goettingen. Fritz, who would have had to march with the volunteers, beheld the situation with horror. Two days later came news of victory. Fritz, like everyone else, was relieved and jubilant over Napoleon's final defeat. Yet he restrained his enthusiasm, although he went along with the other students when they celebrated that evening with a gala torchlight procession through town to a popular beer garden. The place, illuminated by torches, was filled with an almost unbearable smoke. Fritz found little relish in the sight of young heroes, singing, screaming, drinking, and hacking at tables and benches with their rapiers and swords. To him, looking on from a distance, it seemed like a scene from the underworld.

* * *

Death struck one September day in the Heyer household. Fritz's mother had for some time been awaiting her end. She had prepared the family for the parting. A short while before her death, thinking of Fritz, she said, "The dear Lord has heard my prayer. After long separation we have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing each other again. And now the Lord lets me depart in peace."

Filled with grateful memories of a pious mother, Fritz returned to Goettingen for the winter term. The

following spring, in 1816, he hiked with his brother Carl. Stopping briefly at Halle, they paid their respects to Dr. Helmuth's friends, and then went on to visit one of the show places on the Continent, the famous Leipzig Fair. Fritz was especially impressed with the scars of war which the city bore from the "Battle of the Nations" in 1813, when Napoleon had suffered a major defeat. The fair itself Fritz found very much to his liking, and among the special objects of his scrutiny was a group of Orientals.

As his period of travel and study was rapidly coming to an end, Fritz began to reflect with sharpened insight on the contrast between Europe and America. He liked the steadiness and established order which were characteristic of the Continent. In contrast to this, he thought of the aggressiveness and rapid change taking place in America. He liked that too; and he wanted to return to it again.

In the late autumn of 1816 the young red-headed theologian was back in Philadelphia. A year and a half abroad had done something for him. University training and extensive travel had broadened his views and matured his mind. Physically, too, he had changed. Being just under five and a half feet tall, sinewy and spare of build, he had a certain handsomeness which set him apart. He now wore his hair long, with an upward curl at the nape of the neck. His face was distinguished by a prominent aquiline nose and penetrating blue eyes. His lips were thin, suggesting decision and determination. Yet in temperament and deportment he was still boyish. His gestures and conversation brimmed with animation and humor, easily winning the confidence and friendship of those with whom he associated.

When it began or how it developed posterity may never know. Suffice it to say that a young man like Fritz Heyer—eligible bachelor of twenty-three—could not much longer think of going through life in a state of single blessedness. Love had captured his heart. Captain and Mrs. Webb, in Philadelphia, had a daughter named Mary. She was no longer a gay young girl. In fact she was thirty, a widow with two children. Nevertheless the match was made. Early in 1817 Heyer promised perpetual fidelity and affection to Mary Webb Gash. The exact date of the wedding, the place, or the young couple's subsequent living arrangements are apparently unknown now.

Heyer's marriage may be interpreted as a first-class venture in faith. Not only did he marry a wife, but a family. Caroline, her daughter, was eight at the time, and Basil was four. Without much means of support the venture began. Young Heyer very likely had only the small income of an assistant in one of the Philadelphia congregations. Like many another would-be minister of the time, he could not promise his wife and family much more than a frugal living and courageous faith.

2

Wilderness Trail

ONLY WITH difficulty can one appreciate the dilemma which confronted American Lutherans early in the nineteenth century. The wars of 1776 and 1812 had loosened such physical ties to Europe as commerce and immigration, while the prevalence of Deism in England and Rationalism in Germany effectively alienated the sense of spiritual kinship, especially with the latter country. Lutherans in America looked with disfavor upon the coming over of any more pastors from Germany, who were held to be hopelessly imbued with the errors of rationalism. Pastors back in the homeland were said to have perverted Luther's catechism and to have denied the Atonement of Christ. One prominent American clergyman, of the New York Ministerium, warned his colleagues in Pennsylvania, in 1804, with the exhortation, "God preserve us, my dear brethren, in this sad time, from apostles coming from abroad!"

Pastors, moreover, had reason to view with alarm an unprecedented situation which was developing on the American frontier. In 1800 there were an estimated 25,000 Lutherans enrolled in American congregations. By 1825 the number had jumped to about 45,000, not count-

ing nominal adherents. There was naturally an urgent call for pastors to shepherd the growing flock. Given a limited geographic area, the problem might not have been serious. But the flock had the vast frontier to roam. Here was the scene of the epic westward movement of America; the thousand-fold saga of wilderness trails, scattered homesteads, poverty, adventure, and hope over the hill. Here was the area of religious growing pains, of revivals and camp meetings, of traveling preachers and emotional preaching, of sawdust trails and mourners' benches, of the "jerks" and conversion experience supplanting the old world's steady-going piety. Here was the spawning ground of a new kind of religious life. The phenomenon was typically American, because the frontier was the most American of all things. The language was English, which kept German-speaking Lutherans outside the main stream of the movement, while many of their English-speaking children were weaned away from the family faith. The problem for the mother synod, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, was this: how keep in touch with the westward-moving people? How hold them fast in the faith of their fathers?

In some respects it was already too late when, in 1804, the Ministerium for the first time took action on the problem of the frontier. The following year, it was agreed to appoint traveling preachers, who should make a tour each year. Three men were appointed, furnished with written instructions, letters of recommendation to the known but vacant congregations in their circuit, and forty dollars in cash—which constituted one month's salary, payable in advance. These men were itinerants for

the three summer months, and then returned to their own parishes. The New York Ministerium followed suit, while in 1810 the North Carolina Synod, strong in the Piedmont South, sent out its first circuit riders to the pioneers in South Carolina, western Virginia, and Tennessee. The presence of these preachers, passing almost phantom-like through the new country, encouraged the settlers.

The Ministerium of Pennsylvania received pleas annually from ever more remote regions; from secluded northern parts of the state, from the fertile Susquehanna Valley, from western Maryland and the area around Pittsburgh, from Kentucky, and the rapidly growing state of Ohio. Indeed, by 1812, a special Ohio conference had been formed by a number of free-lance preachers who made their home on the frontier, together with some pastors belonging to the Ministerium. By 1817 these Ohio pastors, through their most ardent missionary, the patriarchal "Father" Stauch, petitioned the Ministerium for permission to form their own Ministerium in the State of Ohio. Although their request was refused, they set up their own synod in the following year. The Ministerium, in this and other instances, betrayed a reluctance which was paid for dearly in the future, both in terms of the cohesiveness of its own membership and of the larger unity of the church in America. Nevertheless, with the limited means at their disposal due to the niggardliness with which some congregations contributed to home missions, and with the perennial complication of the language problem, the pastors of the Ministerium met their widening opportunities with painstaking conservatism and patient resolve.

Young Heyer bade his wife good-by in Philadelphia and traveled to York, Pennsylvania—at that time called Yorktown—late in May, 1817. The occasion was the seventieth annual convention of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. It was Heyer's first synodical meeting, and he had a personal stake in its outcome. As he listened to the sermons and discussions of the synod's leading members, he was impressed by the thoroughness of Endress, the popular style of Lochmann, the warm-heartedness of the elder Schmucker, the oratorical eloquence of the junior Henry Muhlenberg. He met with delight such a venerable missionary as "Father" Stauch who in spite of advanced age had made the journey from New Lisbon, Ohio, on horseback. Heyer noted the turn which the question of language was taking; how in places like Lancaster, Harrisburg, Easton, Carlisle, or York, there was relatively more English preaching than in staid Philadelphia. He was impressed with the geographic expansion of the work of the church, and sensed the tensions out of which new synods might soon be born.

His attention was aroused by a resolution which stated that any brother of the Ministerium was privileged to take charge of the congregation in Meadville. It was Tuesday morning, June 4. Of the Ministerium's eighty-nine pastors, who would take Meadville? There it lay, so men told him, roughhewn and primitive out in Crawford County, beyond the mountains of western Pennsylvania. In 1812 a petition for a minister had come in from there. Two years later, a young candidate named Rupert had been appointed traveling preacher in the region west of Allegheny, particularly in and about Meadville, as far as

Erie. Rupert had been succeeded, in 1815, by another candidate, Colson, whose energetic itinerancy ended in death late in 1816. Although the synod resolved, "That no traveling preachers can be sent out this year, because of lack of funds in the treasury," it did not neglect Meadville, which could be counted on to raise at least a small salary for a pastor.

Eight young men, according to the custom of the day, announced themselves as applicants for reception into the Ministerium, namely: Messrs. Heyer, Kehler, Stecher, Trumbauer, Hall, Schmuck, Mohler, and Kessler. The diaries and written sermons of these men, having been examined beforehand, were gone over again by a specially assigned committee which reported that these materials generally were of such a character that the Ministerium had good reason to be pleased with them. Together with most of the others, Heyer was accepted as a candidate, and given a letter of recommendation to Meadville. He was not yet a full-fledged pastor. Like other aspirants to the ministry, he had first to prove himself capable during a period of probation. Later, he might be ordained, and according to current practice be given the title of deacon.

* * *

From the halls of Germany's most fashionable university to the log cabins of Pennsylvania's wilderness! That was Heyer's transition. Others greater than he had made it. Wesley went from Oxford to the wilds of Georgia; Muhlenberg, from Halle to primitive eighteenth century colonial America; above all, the Puritans—Cambridge graduates among them—had wrested existence awk-

wardly from the primeval American continent. It is the transition every adventurer, pioneer, intrepid missionary must face and conquer. But noteworthy in all such transition is the change of pace, in this case a change from preoccupation with books and the intellect to a struggle with nature, for primitive survival. There was much Heyer had to unlearn; much he had to learn from people who had perhaps never seen inside a school, but who knew from jealously-guarded custom and tradition what they wanted.

Enroute to Meadville he had an opportunity to preach a trial sermon in Macungie, Lehigh County. The parish was vacant and he thought he stood a fair chance to begin his ministry in an established congregation instead of out on the home mission front. But a friend told him later, "You failed on three counts. First, the people did not want a preacher who had been educated in Germany—they had been taught to fear the new thought of Rationalism. You failed, in the second place, because you did not follow the usual custom of announcing your text at the beginning—so the people thought you had forgotten it because you saved it until the middle of the sermon. And most of all, they were shocked at the way you wear your hair, long and parted in the middle, like the students at Goettingen." In his autobiography Heyer reflected, "What trifling circumstances can give our lives a different course."*

* W. A. Lambert edited the autobiography which Heyer wrote late in life. The account covering Heyer's life from 1817 to 1840 was published in 1903. Copies of this book are in the Library of the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, along with unpublished documents relating to Heyer.

His journey into the West took him through Sunbury, where the local pastor, Peter Schindel, entertained him hospitably. Crossing the Susquehanna, he passed through Center County where he met an engaging old minister, "Father" Ilgen, who, along with the Gospel, dispensed herb medicines which he used to import from the Franckean Orphanage at Halle. As Ilgen was the farthest from home in these parts, Heyer now found himself on the frontier of Lutheranism.

Hereafter his trip became more exciting as, alone and on horseback, he rode through Clearfield County. "One day," he says, "I had to ride thirty miles before I came to a house." Finally he found a log cabin tavern, run by three bachelor brothers with whom singing and praying were not very popular. They were rough-and-ready hunters, anything but cooks, and let passersby ease their appetite on venison. To top things off, as Heyer discovered the following morning, sleeping beside him on the straw mat had been a tough customer who killed a man some days before, and was seeking to hide away in this lonely region.

* * *

Western Pennsylvania in 1817 was typically American. It was frontier country, half wild and half civilized, romantic for stay-at-homes to read about, rigorous for the settlers. It was the northern wing of a two-thousand-mile front of homesteaders plodding westward across the continent. Since 1800 perhaps two million settlers had strung their tiny clearings ever deeper into the wilderness. Not only had they dotted the banks of the Ohio, the "Beautiful River," but even away from the arteries of navigation

they had bought land from speculators and defended it against Indians. This was all part of a vast give-and-take between man and nature in which is bound up the epic of American life.

Crawford and Erie counties were at that time still partly in the hands of real estate operators who did everything in their power to entice homesteaders on to the land. The titles of the two leading agencies are significant: The Pennsylvania Population Company, and the Holland Land Company. The latter was backed by ready European capital. By the time of Heyer's arrival in 1817, there were about 10,000 people scattered over Crawford, and a little over 7,000 in Erie.

Like many other frontiersmen these people had been literally borne westward on a wave of land speculation. Having bought land from some agent—who played often the dual role of hero and villain of the frontier—they laboriously built homes. As winter was best for moving, many a family trekked over the snow, driving their animals before them, hauling their belongings on crude sleds. On the appointed site, trees were felled, the best saved for the new cabin, the rest burned. With spring the crop was planted among the stumps. Meanwhile, the first taste of communal life in these woods was a log-rolling and house-raising party when neighbors gathered to help the newcomer put up his dwelling. After that came the slower process of adjustment to the primitive environment. Such was the beginning of many a thrifty Lutheran homestead in western Pennsylvania.

Frontier America bred homespun personalities, bereft of delicacy and fine manners, and dedicated to hard work.

Exposure to all kinds of weather, dieting on venison, hog, and hominy, on corn, squash, and pumpkins, on nuts, fruits, and liquor, were common fare for all. Parents might remember culture from farther east, but children could marvel with astonishment at even the cutlery of the local tavern. Apart from infrequent religious gatherings there was little social life. But at house-raisings, quilting bees, and harvest time, latent sociability had its whirl. A corn-husking bee was followed by an all-night dance. While the fiddler scratched his four-four airs, young and old joined in strenuous folk-dancing. Food and drink disappeared before ravenous appetites. And while the harvest moon shone upon the clearing, and fire blazed under the apple butter, shouts of merriment rang through the stillness of wilderness night.

Simple as this life was, its primitive pattern was fundamentally lonely and merciless. Families had to be self-reliant to survive. The struggle for existence was bitter. When illness came, there was no near-by doctor. Solitariness had its terrors in time of accident with an axe or musket, or at the birth of a child. Besides, there was that ever-present frontier illness, malaria, accompanied also by the "ague." Rheumatism was prevalent from constant wet feet during rainy seasons. People on the frontier often grew old before their time. Many sank into early and nameless graves.

Small wonder that many a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Lutheran family longed for the services of a minister. From the records one learns that most Lutheran settlers painstakingly brought along their big German Bible, and perhaps also Luther's catechism, Stark's prayer book, a

hymnal, or a book of sermons. Not only was the homestead a unique setting for books of an old civilization but it provided the practical test whether under these conditions the faith and formal religion of the fathers could survive. Imagine, therefore, the coming of a minister into these parts. For people who understood, he was the symbol of education as well as religion. He taught the children and confirmed them. He baptized infants and married impatient couples, visited the sick and buried the dead. He celebrated Communion and preached long sermons echoing the sentiments of traditional piety.

Heyer was not the first Lutheran preacher in Crawford and Erie counties. A notorious itinerant by the name of Muckenhaupt, who called himself a Lutheran pastor, had come through this territory. In the records of St. John's Church, Erie, is the statement that in the summer of 1808 Muckenhaupt baptized twenty-two persons. Three years later St. John's was organized as a congregation under Pastor Scriba who, in 1813, was succeeded by Pastor Sackman. Pastor Rupert, however, was Heyer's most amazing predecessor on this field. Staying only four months, during 1814, Rupert preached 38 times, baptized 197 children, communed 117 adults, and traveled 1,142 miles, at a cost to himself of \$11.03. His remuneration for these services was \$112. Candidate O. W. Colson was appointed itinerant preacher for this area in 1815, and became the first resident Lutheran pastor in Erie, but died after little more than a year.

When Heyer came to Crawford County in the late spring of 1817 he met his first Lutherans at a place called Sugar Creek, four or five miles south of Meadville, the

county seat. The people lamented, "We have not heard a German sermon for ages." They asked him to conduct worship in the Court House the next Sunday. They filled his ears with scandalous stories about "that tramp" Muckenhaupt. This man had deserted his wife and family and was still remembered as one who could preach more powerfully, drink more liquor, and curse louder than anyone else within a hundred miles.

Then there was the story about Heyer's most recent predecessor, Colson. The four small groups in Meadville, Conneaut Lake, French Creek, and Erie, who had agreed to pay Colson an annual salary of \$400, had also promised to pay his moving expenses. Instead of the estimated charge of \$80, rain, highwater, and impassable roads delayed the teamsters from Northampton County and boosted the cost to \$300. This experience seemed to have cooled the ardor of even the most faithful, so that, upon Heyer's arrival, they did not at first know whether they could support a pastor.

Undismayed, Heyer set to work. With a spirit of enterprise necessary on the frontier, he managed to create order. In Erie he conducted services in the schoolhouse. The group on French Creek built a small frame church, while on Conneaut Lake, where John Braun had a roomy house, Heyer was welcomed not only for Sunday services but also in winter for conducting school. He had a way with people, and children seemed glad to attend his religious instruction.

Although he contrived to keep his mind occupied with thoughts about his work, Heyer felt the tug of suspense. Unnumbered ridges of mountains separated him

from his wife. He felt rather badly about having had to leave her in Philadelphia. But she was better off with the comforts of her parental home than she would have been out here in Meadville. At last, near the end of January, 1818, the good news reached him. On the seventh of that month his first child, a daughter, had been born. The parishioners congratulated him, and celebrated in honor of the little girl. Word went around, "The Pastor is going to call her Sophiel"

One can easily understand why these people found the young minister to their liking. Had he not won their confidence and restored their respect for the church? One day a committee of elders came to him and declared, "Pastor, we should like you to remain with us. We need somebody like you around here. Our big trouble has been that no minister has ever stayed long enough to build things up. You have shown us in these past months what can be done. Will you stay?"

Heyer tried to tell them that he was simply sent out by the Ministerium, and that he must take orders from headquarters. Besides, what provision could he make in Meadville for his family? The elders went home and thought it over. They came back promising to provide him with a parsonage. They bought a forty-acre farm, with house and barn, to prove their word. Each woman in the parish agreed to help defray the costs of the parsonage by contributing twelve cents a month—the price of a pound of butter. Within a year \$150 had in this way been accumulated from the parish larder. But Heyer was not to remain.

When his year's assignment came to an end, Heyer reported that, besides the thirty-five confirmands, he had gathered a combined membership of 250. During his stay, centering chiefly around Meadville, he had buried seven persons and baptized sixty. He also applied his skill as a teacher to the children who came to him in John Braun's home. Although this "school" was a far cry from the Southwark parochial school in Philadelphia, where he did his first teaching, it represented the Lutheran ideal of educating the people even on the frontier.

Taking affectionate leave of the parishioners, he set out on horseback for Harrisburg, where the synod was about to meet. And from there he would be impatient to hurry on to Philadelphia!

3

Small Town Pastor

AT THE ANNUAL meeting of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania in Harrisburg, 1818, one of the items of new business was a petition from the congregation in Cumberland, Maryland, urgently requesting that a pastor be sent who could preach in both German and English. As there were comparatively few who could preach in both, and, of those few, none was inclined to accept the call to Cumberland, Heyer was appointed to answer the call in person. Naturally he did not easily give up his field in Meadville. But he obeyed his superiors, who appointed Pastor Rupert once again to serve the Meadville area.

Heyer's personal appearance in Cumberland was a success, and he was duly called—to waken the dead. Not only was the church an old two-story block house with the upper windows boarded shut, but the people had been without a pastor for three years. "Father" Butler, Heyer's predecessor, seems to have been somewhat dictatorial and anything but popular. As a result most of the Lutherans had joined the local Methodist Church.

Martin Rizer, however, was troubled about this deflection from the faith of the fathers. He persuaded three other men to meet together with him for common worship,

Bible study, and prayer. This little group gradually grew, plucked up courage, and had finally requested the synod for a pastor. It was faithful souls like Rizer who persuaded Heyer to serve them. Heyer, in turn, paid the tribute that "Brother Rizer had exceptional gifts in exhorting, singing and praying, and also in visiting the sick. He was a great help to the young and inexperienced preacher. . . . Pastor and deacon walked hand in hand, and the Lord prospered their efforts." By the end of the first year Heyer reported that his parish contained eight congregations, seven of them located anywhere up to sixty miles from Cumberland. He had baptized eighty-one, confirmed eighty-seven, and buried eight. His communing membership totaled 530. Besides his preaching and constant riding from place to place, he supervised two parochial schools. His immense parish, of some 2,400 square miles of hill country, made him refer to himself as "the bishop."

Amid all this work Mary Heyer was a big help to her husband. She had a way of drawing out talent in other people. Coming from an English-speaking background, she wanted her husband to speak good English. Being also something of a teacher, she found her first task in linguistics seated opposite her at mealtime. For Fritz Heyer was just not up on his English as he should be. Mary could not help but see that the reason why so many young people were leaving Lutheran churches and joining the Methodists or others, was that Lutheran pastors were too ready to stick to German. She looked ahead, and resolved to help her husband master his English. She laughed loudly each time he told how embarrassed he had been

the first time he had been called upon to pray publicly in English. On his first trip to Meadville, he had found lodging one night with a very pious American family. They asked him to conduct their family devotions. He read the selected portion from the English Bible with comparative fluency. But then came the free prayer. Having never before prayed in English he was almost speechless. "Blushing to the roots of my hair," Heyer confessed, "I finally saved the day by repeating the Lord's Prayer. But I resolved then and there never again to pray publicly in English."

There was a sequel to this story, for which Mary was grateful. While Heyer had been stationed at Meadville, a group of people living on French Creek repeatedly urged him to preach to them. They spoke nothing but English. Their persistence finally broke Heyer's resolve against praying and preaching, for that matter—in English. In this little frontier community, among kindly and devoted people, he regained his confidence and began to feel at home in the language of the country. This small beginning held the destiny of a life; and it was largely because of his bi-lingual ability that Heyer had been sent to Cumberland. Mary was grateful to those persistent French Creekers.

"The English lessons must go on," insisted Mary, as she reminded her husband of his tasks in the community. He would slip into German so easily, but she steadfastly reminded, "Now say it in English." On occasion she might have added, "You know this language question bothers me. The other preachers in town call you 'the Little German.' They're not one whit afraid of you. They

think they are going to win all our young people. They even predict that in another generation there won't be a Lutheran church in these parts."

"You're right," her husband would admit. "But it's so hard to think religious thought in another language. Always I have to translate into English what sounds so fine in German. And the translation is flat."

"Well, remember," she insisted, "you're only beginning. You say to your people, 'A master doesn't drop down from heaven.' That's just it. You must be patient. Don't let a thing go just after you have made a good start. You've made a good beginning with English; now master it."

"Many thanks, my dear," he replied. "Your criticism is what I need. I know I may count on your patient help. You must tell me what's what in the everyday language of these people. You know their ways better than I. Then, together, let's see what we can do."

Gradually Heyer became fluent in English. And this fact, combined with his magnetic personality, made him a drawing card. People became curious. Eventually, as he confided in his diary, "The crowds are coming to us."

That seemed to be the signal for intensified denominationalism. Camp meetings were held to win back Heyer's gains. For awhile his opponents seemed likely to succeed. He talked the situation over with Rizer, and other parishioners, and especially with Mary.

"What shall we do if these revivalists win back all we have gained?" asked the disconsolate little minister.

"Then," answered his wife, "why don't we hold revivals too? We'll show these people that we can beat

them at their own game. Excuse me, dear, I know that's not the right spirit in religion. But you know what I mean."

Heyer thenceforth replied measure for measure. Not only did he introduce the first Sunday school in that part of Maryland, but with typical resourcefulness he too staged prayer meetings and revivals. His letter of January, 1820, in the *Religious Remembrancer*, is perhaps the first written account of a revival in a Lutheran church. This letter is worth quoting:

Mr. Editor: Having witnessed the good effects which result from . . . revivals of religion, I am induced to communicate the following facts:

On the second Thursday in June, 1819, it pleased the Lord to pour out His Spirit upon some of the catechumens. It was a day long to be remembered with gratitude and praise. From this time on most of my young people paid the greatest attention to religious instruction. The awakening became more general among them. Thirty-seven of them made public confession of religion and were admitted to the Lord's Table on the first Sabbath in July. In the morning when the brotherly hand of fellowship and love was extended to them, I preached from Luke 8: 4-15. All present were moved; many allowed they had never witnessed a more affecting scene. The Lord was verily in the midst of us. From that time on the congregation began to wear a quite different aspect. Our prayer meetings were crowded and solemn. The young men who had been admitted as members of the church formed a praying society among themselves to meet on Saturday

nights. A Sabbath school was commenced which numbers 130 scholars; a tract society has also been formed among the young people. Since the second Sunday in June the revival has continued and spread. On the first Sunday of this month (January), twenty-four new members were added to the church. From fifteen to twenty have since expressed their desire to be admitted; several others appear under serious impressions but are not yet willing to yield. It is remarkable that the arrows of the Almighty were aimed at some of the most wicked characters in this place. They now rejoice that the Lord has snatched them. . . . Let it suffice to say that the change among young and old has been great and visible. . . . Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name be all the praise. . . . Amen.

F. Heyer

Having mastered the art of winning souls for the Lord, Heyer also won the friendship and respect of many of his erstwhile opponents. Among the Lutherans and their Presbyterian, Reformed, and Episcopalian neighbors, pulpit and altar fellowship became common. Heyer later confessed that "the members of the Reformed and Episcopalian churches communed with us and a kind of union grew up which was by no means strictly Lutheran; . . . the union existed before we ourselves were entirely clear about it." Such unionism was a practical expedient as neither the Presbyterians nor the Episcopalians had a church of their own. This was still "the era of good feeling" in American life which in denominational circles cropped out in the couplet:

“Let names and sects and factions fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all.”

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In 1820 Heyer was ordained a deacon by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, meeting that year in Lancaster. It was customary that prior to ordination a prospective pastor kept a diary and also wrote out his sermons. These materials were handed in for study by a specially appointed examining committee. In Heyer's case the committee rated his diary and sermons as "very good." Together with six others he became a deacon, which was a ministerial classification applied to theological students who had not attended a regular seminary, but in apprenticeship had proved their ability. Later on, a deacon would be received into full status and listed as a pastor.

But more significant than his ordination was a new appointment which the synod gave Heyer. For some time letters had been coming in from Lutherans in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, requesting the services of a minister. The synod resolved to send Heyer, and requested him to leave his Cumberland parish in charge of supply pastors so that he could devote the entire summer to this urgent journey. Twelve dollars was appropriated for the purchase of tracts. In a later chapter we shall follow Heyer on this journey.

Another step forward in his pastorate came in 1822. In September of that year the Synod of Maryland and Virginia held its annual meeting in Heyer's church in Cumberland. This Synod had been formed in 1820, and was the outgrowth of one of the so-called "Special Conferences" of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Cumber-

land was a convenient meeting place, located on the Potomac River in western Maryland, and known to homesteaders, merchants, and immigrants as the eastern terminus of the National Road which led across the Alleghenies into the Ohio Valley. The assembled Synod discussed the model church constitution, which was later adopted by the General Synod. Among the young pastors, Samuel Simon Schmucker and Benjamin Kurtz took active part. Old Dr. Schmucker preached in German, a novelty to many of the people. Heyer was happy that his congregation had invited the Synod and concluded that it "was something new for the people to see so many Lutheran pastors together. The whole Synod made a very favorable impression on the city and surrounding community." He also noticed that from that time on, Lutheranism spread more and more in Allegheny County.

Hardly had the Synod left Cumberland than a periodic scourge of malaria fell upon the town. The disease lingered through the winter and raged with intensity through the summer of 1823. Heyer wrote, "My whole family was sick, and the Lord took our youngest child to Himself. For several months I was unable to attend to my duties regularly. Upon the advice of physicians we moved ten or twelve miles from Cumberland into the mountains where people are never attacked by this fever." Men of that day knew nothing about the origin of malaria, or about the carrier role of anopheles mosquitoes. Instead, they knew only to evacuate the lowlands during epidemics and to go to the hills where, though they failed to note the significance, there were fewer mosquitoes. More up to date was the simple sort of health insurance

which the people of Cumberland instituted during this siege of fever. Heyer said that, "During this epidemic many contracted with the doctors to pay a certain sum annually. In return the services of a doctor could be requested at any time when someone in the family became ill."

By 1824 Heyer had been six years in Cumberland. When he first set eyes on this beautifully located town, there had been only ugliness in the ramshackle church. Now the house of worship was presentable and churchly. The congregation, like the scattered parish, had grown beyond expectations. Heyer had mastered not only the art of preaching in English, but also of inspiring and winning young and old. Resourcefully he had applied the techniques of the prayer meeting and the revival. But above all he seems to have been a fearless champion of the Christ-centered faith by which he lived. As a servant of his Lord, through whom these years had been a success, he did his utmost to lay a good foundation for the future growth of the Cumberland parish. Therefore it would perhaps be better for another to continue. He resigned regretfully but purposefully, to accept a new call, this time to Somerset, Pennsylvania. He had preached there at intervals since the autumn of 1823. "As I had left Meadville in a friendly manner six years before," Heyer stated, "so now also peace and harmony reigned in the Cumberland congregation when I resigned." Thus his longest and perhaps happiest pastorate came to an end. Almost fifty years later he returned to visit Cumberland. The congregation was flourishing and some of his old friends were still alive to bid him welcome.

Somerset County lies high in western Pennsylvania, flanked by Laurel Hill and the Alleghenies. Ever since the days of American independence, Lutherans, Reformed and Dunkers from the eastern part of the state had wrested a farmer's existence from the stiffly undulating soil. About 1795 a Lutheran pastor, Michael Steck by name, made the first effort to seek out the scattered brethren in the faith. Indians were still on the loose, and the time was one of precarious beginnings. Gradually this area took the form of a parish which comprised Somerset, the county seat, together with Stoystown, Friedens, and Samuel. Following Steck's persevering efforts, Pastors Lange, Tiedemann, Rebenack, and P. Schmucker served these congregations before Heyer was invited to preach there.

Unlike the ramshackle edifice which had discouraged Heyer upon his arrival in Cumberland, the church in Somerset was fair to look upon. There is a graphic account in the minutes of the first Special Conference of what later became the Synod of Ohio which tells how this little church was dedicated. On Sunday morning, September 16, 1815, the nine pastors who constituted the conference, and their lay delegates, formed a procession. Inquisitive townspeople lined the unpaved street, while the procession entered the new church. Steck, the old pioneer pastor, preached the dedicatory sermon on the familiar verse, Habakkuk 2:20, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." He spoke with the joy of one who had hoped and sacrificed much, and felt confident that now the church was firmly planted in the wilderness. The service ended with the celebration of

Holy Communion. That afternoon the indefatigable "Father" John Stauch, still the colorful frontiersman, preached the English sermon. Finally, at candle-light vespers, the day of dedication closed with an address by the aged Pastor Butler, Heyer's predecessor in Cumberland.

Physically the congregation in Somerset appeared sound, but spiritually the members were a dispersed flock. Among many reasons, one stood out. Heyer's arrival in the county seat had been preceded by that of the adopted son of the frontier, Alexander Campbell. Campbell was an agitator. A native of Scotland and a graduate of the University of Glasgow, he had seceded from the Presbyterian church and had emigrated to the United States in 1809. Here he had been befriended by the Baptists, inasmuch as he contended that infant baptism is not in accord with the teaching of the New Testament. Campbell soon broke away from the Baptists because he believed that baptism actually forgives sin. His vigorous and clear preaching captivated people, and he traveled among them on an extensive circuit. In his own religious paper, *The Christian Baptist* (1823), he insisted on the "destruction of Sectarianism, Infidelity, and Anti-Christian doctrine and practice." He went on record as favoring "the introduction of that political and religious order of society called THE MILLENIUM, which will be the consummation of that ultimate amelioration of society proposed in the Christian Scriptures." Such imaginative sentiments, plus his persuasive oratory and acute debating with all comers, captivated his following. Oft-repeated was his stirring "Sermon on the Law," which—strangely echoing the senti-

ments of Luther—distinguished pointedly between Law and Gospel. Many a groping soul found relief in the prospect of fulfilling the Law by adopting not its letter but its spirit. Thus there were Campbellites in Somerset. They became a disturbing element in the community, and many a simple Lutheran mind was fraught with indecision and doubt because of the Scotsman's teaching.

Short, stocky, clean-shaven Heyer, like little David, daringly prepared to do battle with the bearded, hawk-nosed, Goliath-like Campbell. Not that Campbell so much as favored the newcomer with any special recognition. To him Heyer was at best just another oddity on the frontier.

One of the first things Heyer's new parishioners asked him was, "What shall we answer the Campbell people? They tell us it's wrong to baptize children. They say we should wait with baptism until a person is grown up and understands its meaning. That all sounds so plausible that we don't know what to answer."

Heyer countered with a question of his own, asking, "Don't you remember your catechism?" When they hesitated, he reminded them how Luther quotes St. Paul who says that "we are saved by the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit." "This means," he continued, "that no one can get to heaven as he is, not even new-born babies, for Jesus says to Nicodemus: Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God!"

"We know that," they replied, "but these Campbellites insist that no one should be baptized until he is old enough to know and believe. To baptize babies doesn't

do them any good." Heyer laughed and said, "Didn't I just tell you that in baptism we are born again? And when we're born, do we know anything about it? But we're here, very much alive, and we know our birthday only because we have been told about it. If children cannot believe then they are little unbelievers. But Jesus says of little children that theirs is the 'Kingdom of God,' and 'whosoever believeth not shall be damned.' As this must be true, even babies, to get to heaven must somehow be brought to faith, and this God does by baptism. Let nobody stop you from having your children baptized! Obey the word of Jesus, and what you can't understand about it, leave to Him!"

"We're glad you told us this, Pastor, but somehow it is hard for us to put it just this way when they start to argue with us," they admitted. "Well then, don't argue with people who only try to trip you up about your religion and your Lutheran faith. When you take your boat down the river, all you need to know is where the deep channel is and where you can make a safe landing; you don't waste your time arguing about rocks and sandbanks along the way. The Bible is full of things men can argue about, and some who are smarter than you or I could get us all tangled up and make us lose our faith. Keep away from them. You know enough about Jesus to be saved if you trust Him and try to live like Him. Just bid these Campbellites the time of day. If you see any of them in trouble, try to help them out, but otherwise steer clear of their company." As Heyer turned to go on his way, they thanked him for his advice and for the new light in which they saw infant baptism.

Heyer began to preach a series of sermons on baptism to refute the arguments of Campbell. He declared, "If our former conviction concerning baptism is not founded upon God's Word, then it is our duty to change that conviction. But if we find that the Lutheran doctrine of baptism is founded on the Bible, we shall not let ourselves be moved." In his first sermon he treated the question of who should be baptized. In his second, he dealt with the mode of baptism. In the third, he intended to discuss the benefits which baptism confers. But the third never came. "Alas!" wrote Heyer to his friends, "a week after the second sermon, at two o'clock Monday morning, the whole town was awakened from sleep by the alarm 'Fire!' Our pretty church was going up in flames. By the time the people reached it there was nothing left to be saved. It was a frame building and burned down to the foundations. How the fire started remains a mystery. . . ."

Within sight of the smoldering wreckage, Heyer's parishioners resolved to rebuild. One of the elders said, "I propose that we put up a brick church." Another agreed, "That's right; something that will last." A third added, "We want Somerset to know that we Lutherans are here to stay."

Someone raised the question, "How do you think the fire started?" One woman, always in on local gossip, suggested, "I think Campbell's people did it." A murmur of approval went through the group. She continued, "You know what? I hear Campbell himself is coming tonight to speak here in town." One of the men put in, "If we have any kind of self-respect, we won't go to that meeting. And we'll tell everybody we know to stay away." The

proposal met with instant assent. But Heyer cautioned, "We have no concrete evidence as to who started this fire. Let's not harbor hatred, for it won't soothe our conscience. Rather, let's all work together to put up a new church as soon as we can. Let's not think about firebugs but about God's work." Plans for the new edifice were soon ready, and a few weeks later the cornerstone was laid.

Meanwhile things were progressing in the Heyer household. Mary had borne her husband five children. Sophie, the oldest, had been born in Philadelphia on January 7, 1818. The next three had seen the light of day in Cumberland. On December 5, 1820, Carl Henry arrived. Two years later, on April 13, came Mary Ann, who was carried off by the malarial epidemic in October 1823. Just before Christmas of that same year, on December 17, Henrietta was born. Here in the Somerset parish Juliann Eliza had been a passing ray of light, living only from September 25, 1825, until the first day of the new year. Sophie, Carl, and Henrietta were growing strong and healthy under solicitous Mother Mary. The new parsonage and friendly surroundings of Friedens were excellent for raising a family. Mary was, moreover, a good housekeeper. Her husband was thereby able to devote himself freely to parish duties. Although he had to be away a great deal, each time he returned he was hailed with a chorus of greeting from Mary and the children.

One day Heyer remarked to his wife, "Those people in Carlisle won't leave me alone. Again they've sent me a call. . . . Perhaps it's time for me to move on. . . . Shall I accept?"

"Do what seems to be God's will," smiled Mary. "It would be hard to leave this nice little town; hard to say good-by to friends; hard, also, to move our little brood. . . . If you accept the call now, perhaps you could make arrangements for me to stay here with the children until our next baby is born. You know, it should be here in another couple of months. Later on I can come to you in Carlisle."

"I think we could arrange it, my dear," replied Heyer. "Suppose we think of Friedens as our home. Then I shall always have a place to come back to; for my work is everywhere, and I'm always on my way. On my way, like so many other soldiers of Christ who—as St. Paul describes them—are ever pressing on, ever running the race to do their Master's bidding."

On a cloudy day in 1827 Heyer moved his belongings to Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Perhaps it was because he arrived alone that his first impression of the town made him feel that it was smug. He wrote home, "An aristocratic spirit dominates the place. . . . There is a rigid insistence on rank. The inhabitants are divided into higher, middle and lower classes. But with all this affectation of superiority there is much glaring poverty among the people."

His arrival naturally excited little comment. The local elite snubbed the little man from over the mountains. Among the snubbers was Rev. Mr. Ibaugh, of the Reformed church. But if snobbishness was to be an issue, it soon came to a head. The occasion was the Sunday night service. Hitherto there had been a gentleman's agreement between the Lutherans and Reformed that services would be held in their respective churches on al-

ternate Sunday nights. Upon Heyer's advent, Ibaugh junked the agreement and conducted service in his own church every Sunday night. Such an affront seems to have alienated much of Ibaugh's prestige, for Heyer was rapidly becoming popular with the rank and file. The issue was settled when Ibaugh, lecturing grandiloquently on "The Patriarchs of the Old Testament," was exposed as a plagiarist. An alert layman discovered that he was delivering not the fruits of his own study but a verbatim rendition of the latest book of sermons. Once the cat was out of the bag, remarked Heyer, "Mr. Ibaugh was done with biographical lectures, . . . and even came quite regularly to hear me preach."

Prosaic as such incidents appear in retrospect, they are part of the warp and woof of parochial life. Heyer was pre-eminently the plain man's pastor. People came to respect him when in wisdom and kindness he dealt with their problems. There was, for example, the problem of migration. When families in his parish loosed their moorings in late winter and broke up for the westward trek, he prepared them spiritually for the big journey. His words went something like this, "So you too are moving West? Well, you 'll have company. There are plenty of others going out. I saw much of that country myself when I made a mission tour out that way about ten years ago. You know better than I that it's hard work to settle a new country; hard, like trying to live the Christian life. It means pioneer work, for the soul as for the body. Remember, your body is a settler, your soul is a pilgrim. You will settle in the West, but your soul's home is in heaven.

You are never permanently anywhere until God calls you. So, take Him with you as your Partner and Guide."

Sometimes these migrating families had children of confirmation age. "Pastor, can't you confirm them in time for us to start moving late this winter?" And Heyer would conduct a cram course in the catechism. Winter confirmation thus became also a rite of departure. A favorite text was the words of the angel to Elijah, "Arise and eat, . . . for the journey is great." (I Kings 19: 5, 7.)

After three years in Carlisle, Heyer accepted in 1830 an urgent appeal to become itinerant Sunday school missionary for the Ministerium. His family packed up to go back once more to Somerset, where the youngest child, Theophilus Luther, had been born on November 30, 1827. From now on Mary would have most of the burden of watching over the little ones, as Heyer's work took him more and more afield.

Heyer came back to his family at Somerset in all the intervals between his travels during the next decade. During part of this time he took up again the pastoral work of the Somerset parish, for the congregations there had difficulty in securing the regular services of a minister. In 1831, after the year's work as Sunday school missionary, Heyer found that the church work in Somerset had been shabbily handled during his absence. There had been a pastor part of the time, but he seems to have been of the vexatious sort, and the whole situation which once had appeared so promising was now quite the reverse. With this successor already gone many months, the membership became demoralized and dwindled. The church building was no nearer completion than when Heyer had

left in 1827. Yet within a few months after his return the debt of five hundred dollars was paid off and the building dedicated.

Moreover he brought together the scattered members of the parish, many of whom had joined other churches. Dutifully he rode twenty miles a Sunday to get to his four preaching stations. During the week he instructed the confirmands. His first class at Samuel, one of the four congregations in the parish, numbered sixty-three young people, all of whom he confirmed together. Nevertheless it was some years before the congregation in the town of Somerset had a regular pastor again.

He remained in Somerset until 1835 when, in the role of a home missionary, he began still another phase of his varied career. But before coming to that, there is the stirring episode of his career as a missionary for Sunday schools.

PART II

Sunday Schools and Home Missions

1830-1840

What Every Child Should Know

"IF I AM to accept a call, it must be unanimous," Heyer commented one day during the period when his pastorate in Carlisle was drawing to a close. "A pastor cannot do his best work when from the start there is a faction which opposes him."

"But wouldn't you take the chance," asked Mary, "that you might win the opposition over to your side?"

"No, my dear," replied her husband. "If God, through His Word, has not made them of one mind before I get there, then I with my own words cannot expect to do more. I do not want them to be unanimous for my sake, but for God's sake."

"I see your point," continued Mary, "but Gettysburg is such a fine place. You know Professor Schmucker so well, and the other men of prominence are your friends. They seem to think a lot of you, and you could become a powerful influence in the growing church."

"Of course," interrupted Heyer, "but such personal considerations should not decide the case. I should rather forego much personal satisfaction, knowing that my conscience is clear and my loyalty to God uncompromised."

Let's always remember that fine old saying of our fathers, "To God alone be glory!"

That settled it. Heyer did not accept the call in 1829 to serve the congregations in Gettysburg. Instead, he unwittingly kept himself ready for work of broader scope. From many sides he was urged to accept the commission to become "the children's advocate and intercessor." Thus as agent of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, he was presently engaged to tour its western territory in the interests of Sunday schools. In taking up this work of Sunday school missionary, he realized that a new and important period in his ministry had begun.

Heyer's new task brought him into the main current of a movement which was having decisive influence upon the character of the American people. For the Sunday school movement, ever since its inception, in 1781, by Robert Raikes of Gloucester, England, had appealed to the laymen in America. In 1790 the Sunday school idea was taken up over here. Raikes had intended to combine religious with secular instruction for the illiterate children in his "Ragged Schools." For teachers he relied on lay helpers, whose regular weekday jobs confined their voluntary assistance to Sunday. On that day the little urchins learned to read and write. The Bible served as textbook for spelling, reading, and copying.

In America the Sunday school movement had from the beginning been placed on a somewhat different footing. Education in such centers as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and several places in the South, where the movement first took hold, was not so much a monopoly of the upper and middle classes as in England. Yet even here

public education, in the modern sense, was still undeveloped. What was good for the illiterates of Britain could therefore be applied hopefully to the young semi-literates in America.

With few sponsors but much enthusiasm the Sunday school idea took hold of America. It was primarily a layman's movement, and sought to make the youth of the land Bible-conscious. There was definite need for this, even though textbooks drew sometimes heavily on the Bible for their material, as was illustrated somewhat later in the popular McGuffey *Readers*.

At first the churches met this Sunday school project with outright hostility. Many a pastor considered a Sunday school as a cancerous growth in his parish. He banned those who insisted on promoting it to lodgings outside the church. Stores, vacant rooms, dance halls, were converted on Sundays into schools where children learned Bible stories, sang hymns, and memorized Scripture verses instead of the catechism. For a catechism was taboo as being too denominational.

Because they were excluded from a majority of the churches, those intent upon seeing the movement through had to band together. The backers, being practically all laymen, cared little for denominational differences, and hoped rather to create a vivid appreciation of the Bible among the children. One result was that boys and girls began memorizing Bible passages by the score. Spell-bound by the memorizing mania the success of a particular school was often measured in terms of the total number of verses the pupils could recite unassisted. Some youngsters laid by a store of hundreds if not thousands

of verses, along with the stanzas of scores of hymns. For the better performers there were prizes and awards.

What had begun in the big cities along the seaboard gradually spread inland. But the opposition of the churches continued. In self-defense the Sunday school leaders unionized their movement. They organized their followers into various Sunday school unions. These unions, based on voluntary association, were non-denominational. Perhaps just because they were opposed by the organized churches, the unions grew. They were popular among the people, while in the wake of many a Sunday school project a revival soon followed. Eventually the unions counted their membership not only in cities and towns, but even in villages and secluded rural outposts.

The nation-wide scope of this movement resulted in the establishment of the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, in May, 1824. It was the offspring of the Sunday and Adult School Union, which had its inception in the same city seven years earlier. This new organization, it was hoped, could deal with America's spiritual problems by inculcating young people with an appreciation of the Bible. By 1831 the American Sunday School Union reported a membership of about 70,000 teachers and 700,000 pupils.

This was the main current of a movement into which Heyer's decision in 1830 carried him. The Lutherans had not been ignoring this amazing religious phenomenon. As early as 1819 Heyer had organized a Sabbath school which numbered 130 scholars. Lutherans had from the beginning been educationally-minded. During the eighteenth century daily parochial schools had sprung up in

eastern Pennsylvania and neighboring areas. But by 1830 they were gradually disappearing, while the state was displacing the church in education.

As Lutherans saw it, the establishment of Sunday schools could accomplish two important things. Through it the children could receive additional Bible instruction, and—what appealed most to the ethnic consciousness of the older people—the young could also learn German. While attending secular school, the children had to speak English and soon forgot German. Many a pious and stubborn German Lutheran gave up his opposition to the new-fangled Sunday school when he found that it would help perpetuate the language as well as the faith of the fathers. German was regarded by many a devout Lutheran as *the* language of true piety and faith.

It was thus more than coincidence which prompted the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to appoint Heyer as its agent for promoting the Sunday school movement within the Lutheran church. Being at home in both English and German, he was a ready-made choice for filling the position of "Agent of the Evangelical Lutheran Church Union."

The ethnical side of Heyer's work on behalf of the Sunday school is illustrated by the following typical incident. A certain parish in central Pennsylvania had attempted a few years before Heyer's arrival to set up a Sunday school, yet it fared poorly. One of the faithful elders barely managed to keep it going. When Heyer visited there in 1830, the elder told his story and jubilantly concluded, "Finally the people saw the point. The stubborn opponents realized that they were getting something

invaluable. They exclaimed, 'We're for the Sunday school. Our children have learned to read German. Now they can go to German confirmation instruction, too.' So, you see, Pastor, those sixty children you spoke to in Sunday school today are here every Sunday. The grownups pay for the books, and a few of us do the teaching. The children seem to like it better than sitting through the long church service, which—by the way—they now understand better than before."

Heyer added, "There has long been a dearth of German weekday schools. If the children had not had the opportunity on Sunday, they would probably never have learned to read German. So generally are the people now in favor of the Sunday school that the church council does not hesitate to use the alms collected after each Communion service toward purchasing the necessary textbooks."

Under Heyer's guidance, the West Pennsylvania Synod in 1831 published a characteristic declaration under the caption, "German Sunday Schools and the German Language." It declared that, "Because of Sunday schools the German housefather has the pleasure of knowing that his children learn to read German and are thus enabled to understand the beautiful and edifying German devotional books from which their forefathers have derived so much edification. New books suitable for children are also constantly being published in German, which help the children of German parents to walk early in the paths of godliness, and to follow in the footsteps of their pious forefathers."

Heyer, meanwhile, armed himself to do battle against the invasion of secularism and irreligion upon the domain

of American education. By inclination he was a teacher and an educator. He considered his task on behalf of the Sunday schools as at best a humble answer to the great devastation being wrought upon the spiritual resources of the nation. In 1830 he did not yet see the scope of what he was actually subscribing to; and later he marveled at his youthful audacity whereby he seemingly "took up arms against a sea of troubles." Yet he lamented that many a Lutheran congregation was succumbing to the spell of public school education and had therefore given up its parochial school.

A similar sentiment was expressed in the *Evangelical Magazine*, of 1830, which chided the Pennsylvania Lutherans for neglecting the education of their children. "Nowadays," deplored the writer, "only too little of the religious spirit of the German forefathers is to be found among their descendants. Schools and education are in a state of great decay. Great is the band of neglected ones. . . . who are but poorly or not at all instructed in the way of salvation. Through the establishment of Sunday schools this evil could in some measure be remedied. . . ."

Heyer was the man to help administer the remedy. In his reports on the progress of his work as agent he said much about social and religious conditions in the church. Writing to Professor Schmucker, at Gettysburg Seminary, in 1830, he stated,

"Almost two months have elapsed since I began the partly pleasant and important, but for many reasons also unpleasant and difficult work of a Sunday school agent. . . . I have now visited eight different counties, but am not finished with my work in any of them. The plan

according to which I advised congregations to establish their Sunday schools seems to find general approval. . . . So far no one has ventured to oppose me directly, either among the church councils or among the members of congregations; not even in those districts where a refractory spirit was formerly shown. Through my efforts so far, about a thousand children, belonging to our congregations, will be brought under the influence of Sunday schools. Eight Lutheran pastors whom I have visited have signed up as life members of the Sunday School Society. Between \$20 and \$30 has been otherwise promised me for German Sunday school books. But upon the advice of the brethren I have made no effort to collect money in their congregations at present, because it might interfere with the establishment of schools. When such schools have been in operation for a while, the people will see the necessity of printing books, and the preachers will be able to accomplish more in their respective congregations. I have also been most kindly received by the Reformed brethren, and assisted in the work by them."

Heyer often addressed congregations to persuade them of the need for Sunday schools, expressing himself somewhat as follows, "Brethren, only through Christian schools, higher and lower, can the Lutheran character of our faith be maintained. If such schools are lacking, our church sinks and the sects gain. Every day we see this happening in our change-loving America. True, we have many schools in our country, but very few that build up heart and soul. Scarcely a trace of religious instruction is to be found in our public schools. Such instruction is

regarded by many as a danger against which the people must guard themselves.

"Let me warn you," he went on, "that it is wrong to consider Sunday schools as satisfactory substitutes for Christian day schools or parochial schools. Sunday schools are only small plasters on large sores. As such, we need to do all we can to promote them, for they help to instil at least a fundamental piety in our children.

"Dear brethren and sisters," he concluded, "you desire with your whole hearts that your children should be saved. Do not be satisfied merely with praying for their salvation. *Do something about it.* Join us, and give of your time and strength to this good work. Sunday hours devoted to this *work* are indeed hours of most beautiful *worship*. Remember the old motto—Pray and work! Pray God, and then be a worker together with Him. Then you cannot fail your duty or your opportunity."

Late spring, 1831, brought Heyer to the end of his Sunday school mission. How gladly his wife, Mary, welcomed him home. Friedens was peaceful as ever. And riding in from Somerset, Laurel Mountain was never more beautiful than now when the laurel bloomed and the sun shone into the valley.

As soon as Heyer finished unpacking, he sat down at his desk and began compiling the final report of his journey. One copy was to go to the German and another to the American Sunday School Union.

"Mary, look what I've done," beamed Heyer, as he held up the report. "Here are the places I visited in Western Pennsylvania, and here the places in Maryland. To get to all of them took eight months, and made me cover

3,187 miles. The Sunday schools that now belong to the Union number seventy-four. They have 567 teachers and 4,890 pupils."

"I'm proud of you, my dear," whispered his wife, "but now I'm so happy that you're back. You know it's lonely for a mother with four children, when her husband is out who-knows-where, traveling through the cold winter."

"I know," answered her husband, "but now for a while, at least, we'll be here in Somerset. There's plenty to straighten out in this parish. I've heard plenty of reports about my successor. What irony that I now succeed myself!"

* * *

Heyer's achievement as Sunday school missionary had come almost as the direct fulfillment of a plea appearing in the annual report of the American Sunday School Union in 1829. It declared that, "Sunday school missionaries must be obtained. . . . If your purpose is to inform the community that Sunday schools deserve encouragement, you may accomplish it by circulars and journals; but if it is to bless them with the institution itself, nothing can be substituted for a true-hearted Sunday school missionary. . . . We seek for men of piety, zeal, prudence and fidelity; and their commission contains all their authority. It requires them to establish Sunday schools where they are most needed, to visit those in operation, to revive those that languish, and by all proper means to make known the plans, promote the object, and extend the usefulness of the Institution . . . to the glory of God and the happiness of mankind."

When, in 1832, Heyer resigned this position, he was wiser and humbler for the experience. The Lutheran Sunday School Union had made him president, and at the time of his resignation it reported 119 schools, 365 men teachers, 460 women teachers, 3,624 boys, and 3,706 girls. Through his efforts a beginning had been made in an essential and hopeful phase of the church's work. For a modern Lutheran who reflects on the rise of the Sunday school, Heyer—along with his friend Samuel Simon Schmucker—must not be overlooked. In contrast with this small beginning there were, in 1940, 184,000 teachers and 1,850,000 pupils in the Lutheran Sunday schools of the United States and Canada.

Heyer's tasks kept him in the parish in Somerset. Here he remained from 1832 until December, 1835. For the much-traveled missionary the enjoyment of home life had a magnetism all its own.

5

Confession and Cornerstone

FOUR YEARS after the organization of the Synod of West Pennsylvania Heyer was elected secretary. Thus in October, 1828, he became acquainted with the responsibilities of synodical office. Those responsibilities were not extensive, for the entire synodical membership, including lay delegates, numbered only forty-four. But Heyer was drawn into a wider orbit of activity. Three years later, in 1831, he became president of the synod. As its chief officer the duty fell upon him of ordaining candidates for the ministry. As those were years of transition from German to English, and as most of the new candidates spoke only English, the ordination service had also to be conducted in English. But the service which was then used by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and also by the Synod of West Pennsylvania, was available only in German. Heyer, along with a young colleague named Scharretts, translated it for the first time into English. Such initiative was typical of him.

With all his travels on the frontier, Heyer had not been relegated to the rank of backwoodsman, as shown by the honor paid him at Gettysburg in 1831. There, with due ceremony, on May 26, the cornerstone was laid for the

new seminary building. A crowd of several thousand had come from the surrounding parishes to witness this event. First, Pastors Uhlhorn and Reck preached in German; then Pastors Schaeffer and Krauth in English. From the Service everyone went to the building itself, where, in Heyer's characteristic words, "the cornerstone was laid by Pastor Heim and my unworthy self." In the stone were placed a German Bible, a Lutheran hymnal, Luther's catechism, the minutes of the sessions of the General Synod, the constitution and by-laws of the seminary, and a document containing the names of the directors and professors of the seminary.

Years later, when Heyer pondered this cornerstone laying, he deplored the fact that no copy of the Augsburg Confession had been included. The elimination of this pivotal Lutheran document appeared to him as characteristic of the era of "American Lutheranism." Lutheranism of that day seemed to have little respect for its own distinctive heritage. Heyer did not have to go to Gettysburg to find that out. As secretary, and then president, of the West Pennsylvania Synod—between 1828 and 1834—he became well acquainted with the doctrinal views of the brethren. With malice toward none he confessed that "we meant to do well by the souls which had been entrusted to us, but we were not true to our faith." This originated partly in the lack of printed copies of the Confessions. Some of the members of the Synod, wrote Heyer, "had not yet read the confessional writings of our Church. . . . because these had become a rarity." Moreover, "no one encouraged us to procure, read and study them. Indeed, things went so far that three wiseacres, closeted in secret

session, pronounced the death sentence over the Augsburg Confession. The day of its execution drew near. But when the big moment came, the chief judge, who was to perform the act, felt so indisposed and miserable that he was unable to be present."

In such flippancy Heyer saw a major reason for growing disunity in the Church; for there were others who took their Lutheranism seriously. Nevertheless, the organization of the Church, as he reflected, was itself largely to blame for disunity. The Ministerium of Pennsylvania had been too reluctant to accommodate itself to changing conditions and had grown too large and unwieldy for effective administration. In Heyer's opinion the first decade of the nineteenth century was the time when there should have been developed a system of church polity whereby smaller districts of pastors and delegates could have run their own local affairs, while at the same time the respective districts could have remained in touch with each other through a general synod. He concluded that "this opportune time was unfortunately passed up unused. Thereby a wound was inflicted upon the Lutheran Church which has dissipated vital powers."

6

Religion in the Raw

HEYER'S FIRST pastorate in Pennsylvania's northwest had given him a taste of frontier life. In 1820 he tasted more, when the Ministerium sent him on a three months' tour of Kentucky and Indiana. From July to October he tramped or rode horseback for 2,500 miles. Prospecting for Lutherans in these parts was hard work. He stuffed 500 English and 500 German tracts in his saddle bags for distribution among the scattered faithful. These he located mainly in Boone, Jefferson, and Nelson counties, Kentucky; and in Harrison, Boyd, and Jefferson counties, Indiana.

From accounts of contemporary missionaries it appears that the Scotch-Irish, most of whom had moved into this territory from Pennsylvania, were more amenable to religion and education than the Germans. To quote Schermerhorn, a New Englander who was sent through this same country in 1812 on behalf of the Presbyterians, "Those of German extraction . . . are too frequently regardless of both (churches and schools), and too fondly cherish that high-toned and licentious spirit, which will suffer neither contradiction nor opposition, and which is equally inconsistent with civil and religious order." Biased

as such an impression may have been, Heyer had doubtless to deal with tough as well as pious customers among his motley array of shepherdless Lutherans.

Not that the other, non-Lutheran, settlers were angels. Religion in the raw had to shift for itself; those who represented it learned to take jibes and hoots of derision along with expressions of approval. These were also days before the spread of the temperance movement to this section. Two-penny whiskey was beloved almost everywhere. People liked their "likker" because it brightened their spirits. The fact that it also purified contaminated water was a convenient reason to offer when the preacher came around. But Heyer was a teetotaler. He neither smoked nor drank alcoholic beverages. To purify his drinking water he carried two little flasks of peppermint juice! With this essence of sobriety tucked in his saddle bags, he kept his wits about him while the company he met frequently grew boisterous. His experiences of travel, uncomfortable as they were, gave him maturity and developed his ability to meet all kinds of people.

During Heyer's absence from Cumberland, his pulpit was supplied by three pastors, all of whom eventually contributed significantly to the Church in America. They were the later frontier preacher, Abraham Reck; a future professor of Gettysburg Seminary, Charles Philip Krauth; and the subsequent editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, Benjamin Kurtz.

In the meanwhile Heyer became better acquainted with the real America which was rising beyond the Alleghenies. Amid those surroundings the condition of the church was pitiful at best. Lutherans were scattered here

and there with very few pastors to care for them. What pastors there were worked overtime to keep the faithful together while, at the same time, they had practically to support themselves by farming if they settled in a parish. The people were, at this stage of pioneering, still unable to pay much of anything toward the salary of a pastor, although Heyer found they often had keen desire for a regular minister to come and stay with them. At best he could give them the assurance that a pastor would be sent as soon as possible in answer to their written requests to the eastern synods. His ministry to them was mostly to tide them over and give them encouragement.

That Heyer's work was not in vain is attested in the minutes of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania for 1821. His own report of this missionary journey was read to the assembled synod and received with outspoken approval. The motion was passed that the synod "is delighted with the faithfulness and diligence with which Mr. Heyer has discharged his assignment." A number of letters from Kentucky, containing about \$20 for the work of the synod, were on hand as tangible evidence of the abiding loyalty of clustered groups of believers whom Heyer had served temporarily but well.

One result of the American penetration into the Ohio and Mississippi valleys was the coming of a new and freer religious life. As the patterns of seaboard culture became overgrown by the experiences of frontier life, traditional religion also changed. Until some time after the Revolutionary War the Presbyterians, working especially among the Scotch-Irish, had been strong on the frontier. But once the frontier began descending the

western slopes of the Alleghenies, the religious situation seemed to get out of hand. A different kind of spiritual gravitation seemed to draw the settlers, they knew not whither. Manfully the Presbyterians continued to insist on an educated ministry, and together with the Congregationalists and others they succeeded in founding many a school and future college in the wilderness. Nevertheless, the rank and file on the frontier cared little for the stern dogma of an intellectual and settled society. The terrible warnings of God's judgment, reinforced by the doctrine of predestination, still carried weight on the frontier. But here, more than elsewhere, people hungered also for the cheering certainty of God's saving love. And when they appropriated that love, God was no longer austere but familiar.

It remained for the Methodists to devise the most effective means of bringing Christianity to the new West. The Philadelphia Conference, as early as 1784, had commissioned 104 preachers to travel highways and byways in an extended effort to bring religion to the dispersed. These preachers, hurriedly trained but zealous and resourceful, spoke the language of the people. They were really laymen who had been ordained by their church to meet an emergency. Because they traveled from place to place, they were called "itinerants." Later, when they had established regular preaching stations in a given area, they were known as "circuit riders." By 1800 the Methodists had 307 such. Among them, either then or later, were such giants as Coke, Asbury, Cartwright, who in a lifetime on the road had each covered over 100,000 miles on horseback, had stuffed their saddle bags with tracts

and provisions, and had risked the perils of nature in all her seasons and of people in all their moods.

Another innovation came because of the frontier. Where churches had not yet been erected, preaching stations were established in some settler's house or barn, or, in the warm season, in some meadow. As people grew weary of the ceaseless isolation which easily bred anxiety rather than peace, one of the unique phenomena of American Christianity came into being. It was the *camp meeting*. On the North Carolina frontier, in 1794, under Presbyterian auspices perhaps the first camp meeting in America took place. The idea caught the popular imagination. Here was a natural combination which satisfied both the religious and social inclinations of the frontiersman. Neighbors, friends, strangers, could mingle in what was on the frontier the rarest of sights—a crowd. Months of longing for association with more than the immediate family gave way to social release under religious sanction. The impact of the gospel message dislodged the barriers of restraint and allowed full play to pent up emotions.

Though Presbyterians had started it, Methodists soon improved on the technique of revival. They made small insistence on doctrine and appealed instead that their hearers experience the act of being "saved." In the eyes of the camp-meeting preacher, people were still sinners in the hands of an angry God. But this Calvinistic motif was supplemented by another, that of being "saved by the blood of the Lamb." The rapture of being jerked, literally, from the chains of sin into the "arms of Jesus" brought on sighs, moans, screams of delight. Out in a meadow, perhaps at dusk or by torchlight, hundreds, sometimes

thousands, were assembled, listening to fervid exhortations delivered by one or even a half-dozen preachers. In atmosphere charged with emotion, people broke into hysterics, danced up and down, hugged each other, fell on the ground, twitched violently with "the jerks."

If the camp meeting thus climaxed a season of religious life, it drew its inspiration from a larger background which came more and more to be dominated by Methodism. By its emphasis on untrained but inspired lay preaching, on free prayer, on the doctrine of God's free grace and man's free will to accept that grace, and on human equality in this life as well as the next, itinerant Methodism gave the rank and file American what he wanted.

Small wonder, then, that many a Lutheran settler was attracted to the rapidly growing Methodist church. The Lutherans, in turn, were regarded by Methodist preachers as legitimate objects of conversion. The general attitude of western Methodism is reflected in the words of Peter Cartwright who, in his *Autobiography*, related of Germans in general, "Many who were Catholics, Lutherans, rationalists, and infidels were happily converted to God; the work spread and increased, till stations, circuits, and districts were formed and are still forming; and they (the Germans) come nighest to old-fashioned, or primitive Methodism, of any people I ever saw."

Regarding their conversion he explained, "I was once in conversation with Brother Jacoby, and advising him to Americanize his German Methodists, when he said to me, 'There are three things that must be done to a German before you can get him right. He must first be converted

in his head, for his head is wrong. Secondly, he must be converted in his heart, for his heart is wrong. Then, thirdly, he must be converted in his purse, for his undue love of money makes his purse wrong. . . . If,' said he, 'we can convert him in all these respects, we can soon Americanize him and make a good Methodist of him, and then he will stick.'"

* * *

A letter signed "Y" arrived one day in March, 1836, in Baltimore at the office of the *Lutheran Observer*. Benjamin Kurtz, the editor, read it carefully. Then he read it again, and decided to run it in his paper. He wrote two little descriptive paragraphs about it and placed them prominently so the readers of the *Observer* might not fail to grasp the import of what friend "Y" had to say. Kurtz explained that he wished he could place copies of his paper in every Christian home so that action might be forthcoming. Then, as a caption for "Y's" letter, he wrote, "Zion in the West."

Out beyond the Alleghenies was the land of promise, "Y" declared. That is, if one could see promise in muddy roads and makeshift river landings, in jerry-built communities with classic names, in scattered homesteads and poorly educated people. Out there, estimated "Y," lay over 300,000 square miles of new country, rapidly being settled by pioneers from the Piedmont South, from the Middle Atlantic states, and from an expanding New England. Besides, Europe was sending in a rising tide of immigrants who came straight into the new West. Many of these Europeans were Lutherans, as were also many from Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and elsewhere. Alto-

gether, "Y" estimated, 50,000 Lutherans were spread far and wide over the West. With an eye to the future, he predicted that in fifty years—by 1886—there would be at least a half-million of them in the Mississippi Valley. The promised Zion was indeed in the West.

* * *

Little in the way of man-power, less in the way of funds, could measure up to the undreamt of opportunity rising beyond the mountains. Almost annually for many years the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, followed by other bodies, had been sending out traveling preachers. But a new organization was begun in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1835, by a group of pastors and named "The Central Missionary Society." Its purpose was to encourage foreign missions. But until the opportune moment, its activity was to be directed toward mission work on the American frontier. This Central Missionary Society represented the aggressive spirit which was beginning to motivate the church.

Heyer, because of his experience, was elected president of the Society, while Professor Samuel Simon Schmucker, of Gettysburg Seminary, became corresponding secretary. Heyer was appointed to serve for five years as the Society's home missionary, being promised a salary of \$500 a year. His territory lay in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Only with reluctance did he accept, for it was no assignment in Utopia.

At Christmas time, 1835, he resigned his pastorate in Somerset, made the necessary preparations for the long journey, and on December 30, bade farewell to his family. In his pocket was a copy of the letter of introduction

written for him by Professor Schmucker, which had appeared as advance publicity in the *Observer*. "Rest assured," wrote Schmucker, "the Brethren generally feel a deep interest in the progress and results of your mission." Thinking of ways and means of supporting the Missionary Society, Schmucker added hopefully, "Possibly you may meet with some rich and pious individuals who will do something clever for the cause of the Redeemer."

7

Lost Sheep

RIDING ON horseback along the National Turnpike as far as Wheeling, Heyer booked passage on a small river steamer for Cincinnati. At this teeming pork center—or “Porkopolis,” in the classic vein of the times—he became acquainted with Pastor Lauer, of the local Lutheran church. From him he discovered that “Porkopolis” boasted about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom an estimated 7,000 were Roman Catholics, while among the Protestant minority the Lutherans were as yet not very strong. Nevertheless, Heyer succeeded in interesting Lauer and his congregation in the cause of home missions. Within a few months the congregation had a missionary society numbering over sixty members whose contributions were to be used among the unchurched in the West.

“In all the different stations which I have occupied, since I entered the ministry, I have never thought it more necessary to say, ‘Brethren, pray for me,’ than at present.” Such were Heyer’s thoughts, according to his journal, as he rode through the winter.

In view of the seriousness of his task, he needed strength of soul for his mission. Its accompanying physical hardship caused him to observe, “Roads bad, accom-

modations indifferent, and charges high. From twenty-five to twenty-eight miles was all I could go, which, to one who has been accustomed to fast riding, appears slow. . . . One night I was obliged to stop at a house which had no window, and I used my saddle bags for a pillow."

When Heyer began prospecting in Indiana, his old Maryland friend, Abraham Reck, serving a congregation near Indianapolis, helped him get his bearings. He told him the usual story of widely scattered people and few ministers. After a restful but brief sojourn, Heyer rode on to Salem, Washington County, where he was encouraged by the work of the local pastor. He characterized Pastor Rizer as both a "pedagogue and divine," and was impressed by the efforts of this man gathering young men about him for elementary theological instruction. Heyer knew the great need for full-time pastors, and therefore recommended Rizer to the Central Missionary Society that they might engage his services.

Leaving further prospecting in Indiana until his return trip, Heyer trekked on to Illinois. On a cold Saturday in January he reached the eastern bank of the Wabash, opposite Mount Carmel. Ice floes and a swollen river made the crossing treacherous. "Leave your horse on this side, Stranger," said the boatman. "We'll take you across, but it's no use risking the horse." With some misgivings Heyer stabled his horse, and was then ferried to Mount Carmel. Putting in at one of the young town's more presentable taverns, the innkeeper gave him the customary once-over. "Where from, Stranger? . . . Where to? . . . What's your business?" To which the missionary replied, "I have come to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Being an innkeeper of the better sort, he sent a boy to fetch the local preacher. When this man arrived he impressed Heyer as being zealous and fairly well educated. He invited Heyer to come home with him and then to preach for him the next morning. The fact that Heyer's host, like most of the townspeople, was a Methodist, made little difference. Next morning, being Sunday, the little church was packed with people who seemed attentive and devout. Heyer launched into his sermon with customary vigor, and held the people spell-bound. Then came a surprise. The local preacher seemed so filled with joy over Heyer's message that he clapped his hands and shouted, "Yessir, that's the doctrine. That'll do the business!" "Amen, Hallelujah," chorused the people. Only with difficulty did Heyer regain poise, but he at least knew his words had found the hearts of his audience.

Continuing westward from Mount Carmel, Heyer discovered about sixty German families in Wabash County. He stayed among them two weeks, preached twelve times in his last week, instructed some who desired to join the church, baptized nineteen, married one couple, buried one old person, got two subscribers for the *Observer* who paid in advance, and received donations for his work from fourteen men. Among these families he found that "the majority profess to be Lutherans, some of them so strenuous that they positively declare they cannot receive the Lord's Supper from any minister except one who belongs to their Church; nor would they be persuaded otherwise."

In this county he found a number of families who had moved in from Lehigh and Northampton counties,

Pennsylvania. Their receptive mood caused him to remark, "They were not only glad to see a Lutheran pastor among them, but were ready to buy eighty acres of public land for a church and school." Toward the end of April, Heyer doubled back to these people, who called their settlement Jordan Creek, and together with his fellow itinerant, Pastor Haverstick, laid the cornerstone of a new church on Monday, April 25, 1836. This happy event had been preceded on Saturday by a preparatory service, at which time two elders and four deacons were installed and fifteen new members received. On Sunday Haverstick and Heyer both preached, and administered the Sacrament to sixty communicants. This cornerstone laying was noteworthy because the Jordan Creek congregation was erecting the first brick church in that part of the West. The common practice elsewhere was to put up frame meeting houses. Two Presbyterian and three Methodist ministers assisted at the ceremony, while the offering swelled to the generous sum of \$30. This event stood out as one of the most successful instances of collaboration among pastors sent out from the East. For both Haverstick and Heyer had taken turns in preparing the people by instruction and visitation for intelligent membership in the church.

* * *

Heyer's journeys were sometimes a wild-goose chase. Following a hint dropped by Peck's *Illinois Gazetteer*, which he carried in his saddle bag, he trekked northeast of Springfield to a place called Germany, said to be settled by Germans. Upon arriving he found only one Lutheran family. His comment is self-explanatory. "A Lu-

theran preacher in this county appeared to be a novelty; only very few had ever heard of a minister of that denomination."

Going on to Union County, Illinois, Heyer found prospects more encouraging. With the acuteness of an investigator he summed up the local situation as follows: "The German immigration to Union commenced about eighteen years ago, principally from North Carolina, and the number of families may now amount to 150 or 200; most of them professedly Lutherans. There are two congregations organized, and two other settlements where churches may be formed as soon as a minister can be obtained to settle in this country. The distance from one meeting house to another would be about five or six miles. At present the people are scattered, and it will take time and labor to collect and unite them. . . . The congregations have suffered from various causes. At different times they were imposed on by men who professed to be German ministers, but who did not walk worthy of their high vocation. . . . Methodists, Baptists, Cumberland Presbyterians have also made various attempts to gather the people into their respective churches; but scarcely any could be induced to forsake their original connection which they had formed."

Such loyalty flourished largely because the Rev. Daniel Scherer, living 150 miles distant, in Hillsboro, occasionally visited these people and convinced them that under the conditions the church was doing the best it could. Thus Heyer reported to his Missionary Society, "It is owing in a great measure to the laborious and self-

denying exertions of Bro. Scherer, that the flock in Union County has not been altogether scattered."

Being a man of the people, Heyer had eyes and understanding for their material as well as spiritual mode of life. Through his reports in the *Observer* he acquainted the readers with the type of land through which he was traveling, mentioning which counties contained good prospects for farming, pointing out convenient sites for homesteads, noting potential transportation facilities and likely commercial routes to eastern markets, stating how land was selling and what was still available. He paid close attention to tell-tale details, as, for example, the difference in the mode of living between Pennsylvanians and North Carolinians. He observed that among the latter, corn and pork were the customary food. Garden vegetables were little used. The Pennsylvanians, on the other hand, besides wheat bread, used rye, corn, and buckwheat; also vegetables in abundance, potatoes and beans, cabbage and turnips and dried fruit, besides milk, butter, cheese, and honey. . . . Flax and tow were usually spun in Pennsylvania families, cotton in North Carolina families. In Union County few people had stoves. Most of them got along with open fireplaces. The draft through the cracks in the walls, through windows and doors, was unpleasant, and, sitting by a great fire of logs, one was half roasted on one side and half frozen on the other. In Wabash County the dwellings were tighter, and almost every family was provided with one or more stoves. In neither place, however, was there a lack of hospitality; all seemed willing to give of what they had.

From southern Illinois Heyer crossed the Mississippi somewhere north of Cape Girardeau and continued his journey into Missouri as far as the Iron Mountains. Upon inquiry, he located some of the German settlements about which he had heard. In Wayne County, about sixty miles west of the Missouri, he found a thriving, pious, choral-singing community. It was shepherded by a young German Lutheran pastor by the name of Picker, who had attached himself to the Tennessee Conference. He served eight or nine different settlements and received \$75 or \$80 a year for his work. Heyer was surprised to learn that Picker was a graduate of the University of Halle, away out here on the edge of things.

Among the people whom he met on this journey Heyer had highest regard for the New Englanders. True Yankees, he called them. He came upon their settlements frequently. What he noticed caused him to write their praise to friends at home. Quoting him, "These people are quick and clever in adapting themselves to new homes. In this respect they excel even the Pennsylvanians (the Scotch-Irish and Germans)." Perhaps he felt so kindly disposed to these people because a group of them in Illinois, although Congregationalists, were so favorably impressed by his preaching that they asked him to remain and be their pastor.

As for the newcomers from Germany, Heyer noticed: "Among them everything is done differently from what is to be seen among the North Carolinians, Pennsylvanians, or Yankees. One could immediately see from their huts, fences and fields that they did not exactly understand how to work with wood. But in spite of the difficul-

ties and privations with which they had to contend, most of them were of good courage. . . . Many who had been in the country for five or six years had a number of cows, sheep, swine, and a supply of salted and smoked meats such as they had never been able to enjoy in the homeland. Some asserted that they had made more progress here in five years than poor people had made in Germany in fifty."

* * *

Returning from Missouri, Heyer stopped in Hillsboro, where he was heartily welcomed by Daniel Scherer, one of the first Lutheran pastors in Illinois. This remarkable man had been appointed by the North Carolina Synod, in 1830, as missionary for the State of Illinois. After a survey trip, he returned in 1832 with his family to settle permanently on his new territory. Two years later Scherer and his few colleagues formed the Synod of the West in an effort to strengthen frontier Lutheranism. He seems to have been particularly successful in his own parish, where, as Heyer perceived, a churchly spirit prevailed among the people. They had not only called a pastor, but also built a church where they assembled faithfully to make use of the means of grace. Heyer enjoyed his few days here, as a respite from the ardors of travel. There was something substantial about the community whose center was the unpretentious two-story frame church, or "meeting house" as they called it. He characterized Hillsboro as a healthy, flourishing little town of about 250 people, situated on high ground.

Taking leave, Heyer rode hard, covering the 130 miles to Jordan Creek in three days. He arrived in time

for the cornerstone laying there on April 25, which, as already mentioned, was the fruit of his and Haverstick's joint effort. After Haverstick's departure for Pennsylvania, Heyer reported to Professor Schmucker, "In justice to myself and horse, I must rest a few days, and have therefore resolved to remain in Wabash County until the second week in May, intending to urge the brethren onward in building their new meeting house." To excuse his need of a little rest, he added, "During the month of April I have traveled 600 miles, preached fourteen or fifteen times, baptized thirteen and administered the Lord's Supper to more than a hundred communicants." Significance hung on his closing sentence, "But unless some of our young brethren can be induced to come West and take charge of these new congregations, it cannot be expected that our cause will prosper." In the meantime Heyer performed some of the more obscure favors of a home missionary at Jordan Creek. He says, "I spent my time agreeably, and I trust usefully, in visiting members of the congregation, writing letters for them to their friends, giving advice and encouragement concerning the building of the meeting house."

Mid-May found Heyer back in Indiana where he located a number of vacant parishes, also eight ministers who went by the name of Lutheran. These he enumerated as, "Rizer, Lehmanowsky, Reck and Huber, who have been members of eastern synods; Merkel, Moretz, (Eusebius) Henkel, and Abr. Miller, who have been members of the Tennessee Synod." The majority of these belonged to the new Indiana Synod which had come into being in the autumn of 1835. Heyer was not gratified by the

religious climate of this locality, even though he was personally on good terms with those he met. Writing to Schmucker, he confessed, "Many of the Lutherans in Indiana have emigrated from North Carolina and Tennessee, where they have imbibed prejudices against everything connected with the General Synod. On various occasions I have conversed with these people, and pointed out to them wherein they misapprehended things."

* * *

Under the heading "Our ecclesiastical prospects in the West," Heyer summed up the situation as he had found it during the winter and spring of 1836. "West" in this case meant west of Indiana and the Wabash River. Heyer stated the following:

"1. Union County, Illinois, 150 families, requires English and German preaching. Two congregations and two other preaching places.

"2. St. Clair County, Ill., contains the greatest number of Germans of any county in the state. Many of them are nominally Lutheran; besides these there are Atheists, Deists, and Romanists. This will be a difficult station to manage. The following remarks, published in a German paper in St. Louis, will give you an idea of what manner of spirit they are of. Speaking of missionary exertions, the Editor remarks: 'The German population is here too enlightened to let itself be tangled up in the fanaticism of sectarianism—too virtuous to let itself sink into the mire of hypocrisy—too proud to allow any kind of synod to run it and divide it into flocks like sheep.' The number of Protestant families amounts to perhaps one hundred and fifty.

"3. St. Louis has a considerable number of Lutherans and should be supplied with a minister of our Church. (This was three years before the arrival of the Saxon Lutherans from Germany who in 1847 formed the Missouri Synod.)

"4. St. Charles, on the Missouri River, desires to be supplied; there are three congregations which have subscribed about \$200.

"5. Beardstown and neighborhood, in Morgan County, Ill., abound with Germans, and may become an important station.

"6. Tazewell County, above Peoria, also on the Mackinaw River, and Putnam County, . . . contain German settlements which ought not to be overlooked.

"7. Chicago, in Cook County, and neighborhood, have Germans.

"8. Wabash County, Ill., with parts of Lawrence and Edward Counties, will make a pleasant station.

"9. Hillsborough, Montgomery County, Ill., under the pastoral care of Brother Daniel Scherer.

"10. A small settlement of Lutherans in Marion and Ralls Counties, Missouri, between Hannibal and New London, who desire to be attended to, and where a station might be formed.

"11. On the waters of Crooked Creek . . . in the southeastern part of Missouri, a German minister resided for a number of years, who died some time since. I have not yet been able to ascertain the actual state of the people from a religious point of view."

With this inventory, and several other places mentioned elsewhere in his monthly reports to the Central

Missionary Society, Heyer discovered fields where at least fifty home missionaries could be employed. He asked, "Have we men and means speedily to supply these stations?" He then outlined a practical program whereby the Central Missionary Society could send out young men of suitable qualifications. Besides, there should be "an elderly brother" who would act as superintendent, traveling from station to station, being present at communion services, and counseling the young missionaries. This superintendent would report regularly to the Society and would recommend occasional exchanges of mission stations among the men. Heyer concluded, "If this is done, we shall soon be able to form a Lutheran Synod in the State of Illinois, and continue to extend the borders of our beloved Zion in the far regions of the West."

Heyer contended that no minister should think of moving West unless he intended to support himself by farming. For "the stations are too weak to support a man with family, and the increase (in wealth) will not be so rapid as some imagine." He found that living costs in the West were far from cheap; that manufactured goods were twice as expensive as back East; that even grain at certain times of year was as expensive as in the East, while the cost of travel was about the same. He found the country pleasant and fertile in many regions.

Mainly because of his own willingness to forego the comforts of settled life, Heyer was qualified to speak with authority. One who saw him in action on this trip wrote to the editor of the *Observer*, "Our much esteemed brother Heyer . . . seems to be exactly suited for the arduous and self-denying, and yet important and responsi-

ble business in which he is engaged. The church could not have procured a better qualified individual for the task. Much may be expected from his mission. . . . He is well and in fine spirits."

Heyer had what it took. Sometimes he passed up a precious meal in order to hurry to his next appointment. Other times he learned the lesson of not promising to visit too many people and then disappointing them because bad weather or muddy roads prevented him. In writing his monthly reports he had to use whatever facilities were at his disposal, even though he might be "surrounded by a family of children, and rather uncomfortably seated." When not lodging with friends, he had to be ready for the worst. To cite one instance, he says, "I was forced to put up at an ale house with very rough company. Rather than remain with the godless people in the house, I stayed for a time with the horses and cattle in the stable, where I felt more comfortable."

Seldom did he go out of his way to describe his own hard lot. That was all in the day's work. In soldierly fashion he went forward, admitting that, "It requires an excellent constitution and an enthusiastic zeal to persevere in an undertaking of this kind. You are not hence to infer that I feel discouraged; no, through the grace of God I am resolved to go on, and hope that much will result from our missionary exertions."

When at last, in June, 1836, he returned to his family in Somerset, he concluded, "One thing I know well: namely, that during all this time the gracious Father in heaven protected me from sickness, harm and danger. To my Lord and Saviour be praise and glory."

Itinerancy such as this was at best a make-shift. Heyer, and others in like position, realized how people often grew wild in the great dispersion. For the frontier was not simply something geographical but recast itself in the younger communities as a state of mind. The Church in the East in some measure appreciated this woeful need and annually contributed something to home mission work. But what were a few hundred dollars each year, plus a half-dozen itinerants who could do little better than aggravate the dire sense of want? Over against this slight activity on the part of the Lutherans stood the aggressive enterprise of the American Home Mission Society, with headquarters in New York. This interdenominational, though largely Methodist, organization already in 1832 had over 600 home missionaries stationed in various districts throughout the West. These men wrote reports on their work three or four times annually, and their accounts were published in the *Home Missionary Magazine*, whose wide circulation kept many interested in the work. By the year 1848 the number of hastily trained missionaries on the rolls of the Society had risen to over a thousand.

Perhaps the Lutherans in the East did not fully understand the needs of their fellows in the West. The pastors in the West faced the almost overwhelming odds of insufficient funds, slow travel, scattered adherents, and—above all—keen competition from other denominations. Daniel Scherer, president of the Synod of the West, in his report for the year 1838, summed up the Lutheran situation as follows:

"The state of our church in the West is such that it requires missionaries. Those missionaries ought to be appointed to labor in certain spheres where there is prospect of doing good, and be stationed there for at least one year or more at a time, until it could be ascertained if congregations could be formed. It is found that missionaries, sent out merely to explore the country and to make reports, do but little or no good at all to the church. They only raise the expectations of our dispersed people, scattered as they are through the wilderness, and then disappoint them. The consequence of which is that they despair of ever getting a minister of our church to live among them. The tendency of this is to excite prejudice in their minds against the missionary cause."

In the meantime, Heyer had done his best. Being still the agent of the Lutheran Central Missionary Society, he was, at the close of 1836, to embark upon another home mission venture, this time in Pittsburgh.

The Smoky City

ONE COULD SIT on a hill outside Pittsburgh, where the turnpike bends toward the city, and watch the traffic come slowly in. A picturesque sight it was, back in 1836. The roadway, hard-surfaced and one of the finest in the country, wound ribbon-like among the hills. The wayfarers on it were thankful for its modern convenience. Clumsy carts from neighboring farms, battered wagons of migrating settlers; proud Conestogas with their red and blue bodies and white canvas tops, rumbled heavily loaded with wares from the seaboard and England. Teamsters coming in from Philadelphia pursued their friendly rivalry in earnest as they neared the western terminus. They raced their teams for first place, while the pear-shaped bells rang louder on the bows over the horses' necks, and the drivers bit into their cheap cigars which, in honor of the kind of wagon they drove, were called "stogies."

Turning to the west, one saw the city itself. It lay on a tongue of land where two big rivers meet. Steamers, keelboats, rafts, craft of all kinds dotted the Allegheny, Monongahela, and Ohio. Others hugged the wharves along the shore. No "golden triangle" this, but a smoky

city, from youth up. Many a traveler of a century back called this a dirty city, an inhospitable place, a dismal agglomeration of houses which lacked that clean appearance so conspicuous in most American towns.

Yet Pittsburgh was a rising center of industry as well as the junction of overland wagon traffic from the East and water-borne cargoes from the West. It was rapidly turning into one of the important cities in the country, and its frame houses sprawled even now to the adjoining hills. Who could fail to see the coming importance of this city?

There had been something unique about the founding of Pittsburgh. No deep religious convictions had been associated with it. No united groups of immigrants settled here. The French had picked the site and militarized it as Fort Duquesne. Then the British took it, calling it Fort Pitt. It became a trading post, and gradually from among the westward-flowing stream of migrating folk, settlers began to assemble on this convenient triangle. Families that came were generally unrelated to others already there, and unlike many another community there was no array of social ties between neighbors. Scotch-Irish, Germans, and Yankees shared the early scene.

In 1754 Roman Catholic mass was said there for the first time. Later, in 1782, the Rev. J. W. Weber visited and gathered what Germans he could find into a union congregation, but no building was erected nor pastor called. Two years later the Presbyterians organized their first church; in 1804, their second. The Episcopalians in 1805 established Trinity Church, while Covenanters, Dunkers, and Methodists by 1811 had given this thriving town of 3,000 its cosmopolitan spread of denominations.

With the building of the Pennsylvania Portage Canal and the rise of large-scale industries such as lumber and coal, growing numbers of Irish Catholics and German Lutherans and Reformed were imported to this area, sometimes directly from abroad, as cheap labor. By 1836, the number of churches in Pittsburgh had increased to eighteen. One who lived there at the time declared that little or no sectarian animosity prevailed, which was in marked contrast to the high-strung political feeling of the day.

"Everything," as an old resident reflected, "was dominated by a Calvinistic spirit." Yet more and more the Roman Catholics were becoming the most powerful single religious body. At the same time several of the Protestant groups had formed a humane society to care for the city's poor. This society was supported from the offerings received after quarterly "charity sermons" had been preached from a number of local pulpits. Although the churches tried to shape the moral and social life of the inhabitants, and restrained the development of such esthetic outlets as drama and art, nevertheless business continued unmolested. An unmistakable Calvinistic piety pervaded the life of the city, which came into its own especially with a strict code of Sunday-observance. Laymen were active in religious affairs, and the clergy took a leading hand in education. The first faculty of the rising University of Pittsburgh was composed entirely of ministers; a Roman priest was professor of modern languages. In general the local educational institutions reflected the religious mood of the time, which was still an "era of good feeling."

It was into this city that the Synod of West Pennsylvania resolved, in 1836, to bring the Lutheran church. Characteristic of Lutheranism the church was strong in the country but weak in the city. There were a number of Lutheran churches not far from Pittsburgh, in the neighboring agricultural valleys. But in the city itself the Lutherans were left to shift for themselves. The religiously inclined could attend the German Union church, which had been served mostly by Reformed pastors.

With foresight the Synod planned to establish an English Lutheran church in the Smoky City. This was characteristic of western enterprise. For not only had the Lutheran church remained predominantly rural, but also decidedly German. Only thirty years earlier, in 1806, the first permanent English Lutheran church in America had been established. But it had taken controversy, lawsuits, and a revolt led by General Peter Muhlenberg, to establish St. John's in Philadelphia. Later in 1815, the mood of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania was bluntly revealed when it went on record against an Episcopalian rector who had become interested in Lutheranism and desired to join the synod as an English pastor. The statement read, "As our Ministerium is a German-speaking Ministerium, we cannot have anything to do with him according to our present principles but as soon as he, according to the declaration of his letter, has acquired the German language, so that he can also preach in the same, he may apply to us again and expect preferment."

Against this lack of foresight, especially in planting the church in the city, the young men of the West took exception. After the failure of several preliminary at-

tempts, the Synod of West Pennsylvania at its meeting in October, 1836, resolved to have three of its members preach in Pittsburgh in rotation. Scharretts, Martin, and Heyer were appointed. Circumstances prevented the first two from filling the opening engagement. The task of initiating Lutheranism in Pittsburgh thus fell to Heyer. With only a few days to arrange affairs at home, he set out through an early November snow.

Arriving in Pittsburgh on Saturday, he preached Sunday morning and evening to the local Lutherans. These services, held in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, marked the beginning of organized Lutheranism in that city. The following Tuesday Heyer met with eight laymen to discuss the next moves. A committee was appointed to find a suitable building for future meetings, while all present were urged to canvass the neighborhood for English-speaking Lutherans and to enlist their support. Thanks were extended to the Synod of West Pennsylvania for its promised aid.

As often happens, a devoted layman is the indispensable material arm of a new mission. In this case the man was George Weyman. A successful local businessman and a native of Philadelphia, he was formerly a member of Zion's congregation in that city, from which English St. John's had broken away in 1805. Perhaps it was the recollection of this deplorable controversy that made Weyman resolve to support the establishment of an English congregation in Pittsburgh. In him Heyer found a faithful friend.

After the preliminary meeting in Cumberland Church, the English Lutherans were fortunate in obtain-

ing the use of the local Unitarian church, rent free, for the next six months. At their first meeting in the new quarters a constitution was proposed by Heyer, and adopted and signed by a dozen charter members, who were all men with families. Shortly thereafter he was notified by the Central Missionary Society to remain in Pittsburgh to step-up the work.

Heyer thus got a free hand. The Constitution of the "First English Evangelical Lutheran Church in Pittsburgh" was signed on January 15, 1837. After six months' use of the Unitarian church, whose people for that period had been without a minister, the Lutherans were obliged to find lodging in the Second Reformed Church. Later they were again generously offered the use of the Unitarian church until June, 1838. Thereafter they had to meet in the ugly courthouse, Perhaps this unhappy circumstance was an incentive. By October they had bought a lot and decided to build.

This is only part of the story of Heyer's career in Pittsburgh. For along with the English Lutherans he gathered the Germans too. For years they had been worshipping with the Reformed. The local Union congregation had been served alternately by Lutheran and Reformed pastors, but since 1830 Pastor Kemmerer, of the Reformed Classis, had been there. With typical denominational zeal, Heyer promoted the founding of a German Lutheran congregation.

It seems that most of the Union Church's members were Lutheran. Heyer considered it no more than fair that they should occasionally hear a pastor of their own denomination. But when he applied to the Rev. Mr.

Kemmerer for permission to preach, he was politely referred to the church council. When Heyer presented his case to the council, they definitely informed him that no one but the regularly-installed minister might preach from their pulpit. Retreating from this blind alley, he resorted to another scheme. The Unitarian church, thought he, where he was meeting with the English Lutheran, might just as well do double duty. Why not hold service there for the German Lutherans as well?

A week after his rebuff by the Unionists, Heyer posted notices announcing that "Next Sunday afternoon, January 22, 1837, German Lutheran service will be held in the rented Unitarian church." There was a good turnout. After the service it was resolved to establish a German Lutheran congregation. The names of prospective members were taken down—altogether 172. Two weeks later, a constitution was adopted and officers were duly elected. Heyer had reason to be grateful for the divine guidance that had enabled him almost simultaneously to found both an English and a German Lutheran congregation.

The little man had hands full caring for these two language groups, but momentarily he managed to keep them both satisfied. They met in the same rented place but at different hours. As long as they could come together in churches, like the Unitarian or the Second Reformed, the situation was tolerable. But when it came to using a local school house, and, worse still, the dismal old court house, the need for building two new churches became pressing. But the people were generally poor,

George Weyman, of the English group, being the only man of means.

Heyer could not serve two churches. The Missionary Society, seeing his plight, sent an able young preacher, Emanuel Frey, to take over the English congregation. But rheumatic gout, caused by "the sulphurous gas or thick smoke of the coal," caused Frey to resign. He was succeeded by Dr. John McCron, who rapidly made himself popular. Under him the English congregation began its steady growth.

At the same time, Heyer was urging the Germans to make a concerted effort toward the erection of their own church building. By November, 1837, they "Resolved: To proceed with the undertaking in the following order: first, to solicit subscriptions from the members of the congregation; thereafter, to call upon the public of Pittsburgh to support the undertaking; and, finally, to ask for help from congregations in other places."

As a building lot had to be procured, the church council requested a share of the property held in the city by the former Union congregation, which was now Reformed since the Lutheran exodus. This was done with some legal right because the lands which this congregation held had been donated shortly after its organization in 1782. In those early days, at the insistence of the local man of affairs, Hugh Breckenridge, the Penns had made free grants of land to the early churches in Pittsburgh. The Lutherans and Reformed had been bracketed under one grant. But it was now too late for the Lutherans to claim their share, for the Reformed replied, "We can under no circumstance relinquish even the smallest

parcel of property and possession of our congregation.”

Swallowing their pride, the Lutherans bought a small lot on Sixth Street, between Smithfield and Grant. Work was begun in 1839, but had to be stopped because faulty surveying had given the church some ground which overlapped an adjoining alley. Many became disheartened, but the majority resolved to buy an even more expensive lot at Sixth and Grant for \$4,500. In order to raise funds so that the church building might be completed, Heyer received synodical approval to go on tour among congregations in the East. Raising money, while the effects of the panic of '37 still prevailed, was a difficult task. Yet he took in \$1,300. “Without this assistance from other congregations,” he admitted, “the church could not have been finished.”

Such a money-raising trip had its discouraging moments. Once near Hanover, Pennsylvania, Heyer met up with, as he put it, “a rather wealthy man, unmarried but no longer young. When I came to his house he was hauling corn. I went into the field to him, and laid my cause before him. He promised to give me something if I waited until he had his wagon loaded, and would drive to the house. I did not put my hands into my pockets and look idly on, but helped him load. When we came to the house, the old bachelor went into a side room and brought out as his contribution—ten cents! I remonstrated with him, but I could not get more than twenty-five cents out of his apparently copper-sheathed heart.”

At last, on April 5, 1840, came the dedication. Heyer reported the story of this first German Lutheran Church in Pittsburgh for the *Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, writ-

ing, "The first Sunday in April was a joyful and blessed day for all true friends of Lutheranism in Pittsburgh. . . . Yes, after long and persistent efforts our undertaking has so far prospered that we have been able to consecrate and dedicate to the service of the Triune God the newly built Trinity Lutheran Church. . . . Seven preachers and about 1,200 people were in the church and a considerable number outside. . . . The offering amounted to \$132, quite a sum for the present time and for such poor people as compose this congregation." He added that a "day-school is taught by an able teacher in the basement of the building, and a choir of thirty or forty members has been formed. The church is forty-five by sixty feet, and contains 108 benches on the two floors."

There was a debt of \$700 on the new church, but with the prospects of growth this amount was not alarming. More interesting was the fact that for all his labor on behalf of this congregation Heyer received an annual salary of \$200. But as home missionary he had additional income from the Central Missionary Society.

Later, in October, 1840, a much costlier building was dedicated by the First Lutheran congregation. At this service the entire West Pennsylvania Synod was on hand, while Professor S. S. Schmucker, of Gettysburg Seminary, preached the dedicatory sermon. In spite of the comparatively small number of local members, the church was packed. Once housed in its own building, with its own pastor, this pioneer venture in English began to progress rapidly. Many cautious souls who had earlier withheld their support because they feared failure, now joined and gave their support. Special credit belongs to George

Weyman, who risked the future of his own business to pay off the congregation's \$12,000 mortgage. Over against this amount, the debt of the Germans was a paltry sum. Yet it represented, in a measure, the economic and social difference between established, English-speaking Lutherans and recently arrived German immigrants.

As if two churches were not enough to keep one man busy during his first year in a new town, Heyer late in 1837 also gathered and organized St. John's German Lutheran Church in Allegheny. At first these Germans met with those in Pittsburgh, but an argument ensued over which side of the river should have the honor of possessing the first church building. The Pittsburghers stubbornly held out for their side; the people in Allegheny for theirs. Having some money available, the latter group, in 1838, bought a lot on which, a year later, they erected an unpretentious chapel for \$450. Heyer divided his time between Pittsburgh and Allegheny, while he left his English friends in the hands of John McCron.

* * *

Meanwhile the final chapter was being written in the story of Heyer's marriage. Friedens was a peaceful little town, nestled in the upland of Somerset County. As rural communities go, it was a thriving and promising place. The Heyers had found a warm welcome there upon their arrival in the Somerset parish. It had seemed like a haven of rest after the hectic siege of malaria in Cumberland. Here the higher altitude and crisp climate were conducive to health. The winters were rigorous, but the dry cold was bearable—and the near-by hills seemed to shield Friedens better than Somerset from the wintry blasts.

Ever since 1825, except for a couple of winters at Carlisle, Mary Heyer had been living here with the children. In 1825 the parsonage had been built near the church. It was a small but comfortable frame house, with the usual equipment of a rural parsonage: out-houses, chicken coop, stable, woodpile, truck patch, and field. Heyer had supervised its construction and planned its layout; it bore the imprint of his practical turn of mind.

Here at Friedens Sophie had grown up. She had been seven when her parents moved in. And Carl, then a four-year-old tot, had grown to sturdy young manhood. Henrietta was then less than two, while the last addition to the family was Theophilus Luther, the promising little man who made his appearance on the last day of November, 1827.

For the past eleven years the Heyer family, parents and four children, had been good neighbors among their parishioners in Friedens. Like many a pastor's family they were rooted in the community and shared the life of their people. Now it was time for the people to reciprocate.

Amid her husband's energetic ministry in Pittsburgh, Mary Heyer had developed a chronic illness which was growing worse. As the color of autumn had vanished from the hillsides, so the color had paled from Mary's face. The early whiteness of approaching winter carried with it certain forebodings. The neighbors understood. They were very kind. One woman helped Sophie and Henrietta with the meals and other household duties, another came in regularly to nurse the patient and carry out the doctor's orders. Carl, the elder boy, was finishing his course at preparatory school in Gettysburg. His ab-

sence from home was pardonable, because both parents hoped he would now—at eighteen—make up his mind to study for the ministry. Little Theophilus celebrated his eleventh birthday at his mother's bedside, while her illness baffled him.

Peter Rizer, who had recently taken over the Somerset parish, came in faithfully for pastoral calls. He did a great deal to give Mother Mary spiritual comfort and to strengthen her faith. He was just then succeeding in stirring up a religious awakening among the people in Friedens, and other congregations in the parish, and his visits—looked forward to by so many—were a blessing to the Heyer household.

"Father will be coming soon," beamed Sophie as she came into her mother's room one morning.

"Do you really think so?" replied her mother.

"Why, yes," answered the daughter, "you know, Father promised he'd come back—all the way from Pittsburgh—for my twenty-first birthday!"

Down the winding road from Somerset, through the gray twilight of January, the horse bore its rider to a familiar destination. Little Theo had been standing by the window, straining his eyes for the first glimpse of his father. Gleefully he shouted the news of arrival.

"Monday, January seventh, 1839—and you're twenty-one, my dear!" The father kissed his daughter, and then thoughtfully inquired about her mother's health. In whispered tones Sophie explained, before going upstairs, that the illness seemed to have taken a turn for the worse.

Heyer sent a message to Pittsburgh asking to be excused from his duties on the following Sunday. Mean-

while, he spent precious hours at Mary's bedside.

"Will you promise me something, dear? . . . Will you promise me never to marry again?"

With a nod he reassuringly answered in the affirmative.

It was Saturday night, and the vesper bell was ringing in the steeple, announcing the closing of another week and the coming of the day of rest.

"Children," said Mother Mary as they gathered in her room for prayers, "you have been learning to get along without your father these past few years. He's been out on the road making journeys for God. And maybe, my dear ones, you will have to learn to do without me, too. I hear God calling me. I too must make a journey for Him. Have no fears. We are one in our Lord. We all belong to Him. Pray for your father; pray for me. . . . Kiss mother good-night now. . . . Sophie, keep the lamp on in the hall tonight, I may want you. Good-night, dear children, God be with us all. Amen."

"Good-night, Mother," said the four, and quietly filed out.

Sunday, January 13, dawned cold and gray. Snow was in the air as the people hurried past the parsonage on their way to church. Pastor Rizer, preaching that morning in Friedens, had stopped in the Heyer home before going to the church. He understood why none of the family would be at the service. When he made the announcements, he said:

"At ten o'clock this morning God called to Himself our dearly beloved friend and faithful member, Mary Heyer. She died at the age of fifty-two. During the past

nine weeks her lingering illness gradually grew worse. Yet she bore her cross with Christian bravery. In the full sense of the word she was a good wife, an affectionate mother, a sincere friend, and a faithful member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. It was her lot whilst in this world to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, especially during the last days of her earthly career. But she bore her sufferings with Christlike courage and patience."

Heyer was fortunate in having had a wife whose sympathy and understanding made it possible for him to sacrifice much of the time a father owes his wife and children and to spend it unselfishly in the work of the Kingdom. Mary Heyer was one of the few women who could do that.

She was laid to rest in the cemetery of Friedens Church, where one may still see her grave marked by a simple headstone.

Mary's death was a blow to the children's future. Because of their father's frequent absence, they needed at least a mother's care. When this was removed, and relatives or friends took over, the results were not altogether happy. Nevertheless his wife's passing, and the breaking up of the home, freed Heyer for wider activity. Though saddened by loss, he could feel a compensating gain in that he seemed destined to be set apart for a great purpose.

This became apparent when a call from the Foreign Missionary Society of the General Synod reached him in May, 1840. It came soon after the dedication of Trinity Church. Naturally, the congregation was unwilling to part with its faithful pastor just on the crest of success.

But Heyer was determined to accept the call. After the service one Sunday morning he explained his situation to the men of the church. "Will you," he said, "who agree to my resignation please take seats here on the right. You who oppose it, on the left." With the division made, he found a reluctant majority consenting to his departure. "Thank you, dear friends," he told them. "I know this is hard for you as well as for me. But I am persuaded that God has a larger task in store for me. May it please you to see my departure as a long step forward, not for me as a man, but for the church. May we all remain loyal to whatever work God sets before us."

By his tactful, whole-souled manner Heyer managed to hold the friendship of all three congregations he had founded in 1837. Reviewing the results of his work in Pittsburgh, one marvels how from those three congregations, begun in the same year, three of the major Lutheran church bodies in America have reaped the original churches as well as their numerous offspring. First English Church is in the United Lutheran Church; Trinity, in the Missouri Synod; and St. John's, Allegheny, in the American Lutheran Church. Heyer well deserves the title, "Father of Lutheranism in Pittsburgh."

PART III

India — The Modern Crusade

1841–1857

"O Zion Haste"

A FLAMING ARDOR for the expansion of Christianity into heathen lands was spreading over Europe and America as the nineteenth century swung into its first decade. Like many other things, Europe started it, but America soon fell in line. Americans from the beginning had good reason to be mission-conscious. From early colonial times sporadic attempts to convert the North American Indians had been made by the Congregationalists in New England and the Moravians in Pennsylvania. These proved to be little better than apologies for other groups which deprived the Indians wholesale of their lands. The real impetus for foreign missions came with the movement for home missions. Heyer's own case is typical in that he personified this double trend. His own work as a home missionary drew him into the current of interest which had been developing within the church body to which he belonged. His teacher, Dr. Helmuth, had preached a stirring sermon to the assembled Ministerium of Pennsylvania, in 1778, on the pressing need for heightened missionary fervor among its members. After the Revolutionary War several denominations accelerated their mission activity and sent preachers westward as the settlers took

up new lands. In 1805 the Ministerium sent out its first home missionaries and gave evidence of having caught the spirit of the new century.

Almost paradoxically it was this alertness to home missions which, at the turn of the nineteenth century, gave the churches in America their so-called Great Revival. From the Appalachian frontier this revival spread eastward, quickening the religious life of the churches on into New England. Among those affected were several young men who later became leaders in this new movement. Four of these young men were Judson, Nott, Newell, and Mills of Andover Seminary, near Boston. In 1806 they formed the "Society of the Brethren," and dedicated themselves to the cause of foreign missions. They requested the General Assembly of the Congregational Church to send them to a foreign field. One of them later recorded, "The attitude of the meeting was . . . no direct opposition, a weak faith, a genial hope, rather leaning to a waiting posture. . . ." Nevertheless in 1810 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) was organized in Boston. Many in the church were of the opinion, "Try it; if the project fail, it can have an honorable burial."

Yet the youth-inspired venture of the American Board succeeded. Its first four missionaries set sail for India in 1812. The Board had been organized on a United Protestant, non-denominational basis. But it was no ecclesiastical body. It simply raised funds to support missionaries sent out by any Protestant denomination except the Unitarian. By the end of its first half-century of service it had supported a total of 328 missionaries, 151 of whom

were in the field in 1860. It had raised its annual income from \$999 in 1811, to \$429,799 in 1860. Nor did this Board represent the whole missionary effort of American Protestantism. From the start the Baptists had their own board. In 1837 the Old School Presbyterians withdrew and formed their own society. In 1846 the American Missionary Association in the South formed a separate board. In 1857 the Dutch Reformed followed suit. By 1871 the American Board was the agency of the Congregationalists alone, while decades earlier it had become evident to many that for most effective work each denomination should have its own board.

This had almost from the beginning been the policy of a number of Lutherans. They believed they could best answer the call of the foreign field not simply by contributing to a union group, like the American Board, but by accepting the challenge independently. This was the hard way, for it took longer to achieve results. It showed up without mercy the changing moods of a church given to conservatism. But in terms of church polity it later (1848) set the Lutheran church in America apart from the established Lutheran churches in Europe. By accepting the work of foreign missions as an official task of a regular body, such as the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, or later the General Synod or the General Council, the Lutheran church as a whole in this country declared itself responsible to promote mission work at home and abroad. The emergence of this fact deserves attention.

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Many thought that the Lutheran Church had enough to do with home missions here in America. Yet the found-

ing of Gettysburg Seminary, in 1826, was soon followed by the formation of a Students' Missionary Society. The students set aside one day a month for the reading of papers on missionary topics. They wrote for information from mission fields, and from societies in both America and Germany. By 1832 four students announced their readiness to go out as foreign missionaries. Immediately a rebuff came from the *Lutheran Observer*, publicly censuring them for their "day-dreams of the period when young blood runs riot in the veins."

But there were others who appreciated the church in America as being itself the fruit of missionary labor. They asked: Had not Muhlenberg studied to become a foreign missionary, and then been providentially sent to America instead of India? Here and there men began talking of the time having come to repay that debt and to be doing something for the foreign field. The approaching centenary of Muhlenberg's arrival in this country clarified the challenge.

A step in this direction was taken by the General Synod in 1835. It was resolved to set aside the first Monday of each month in all congregations for special prayers for the growth of the "missionary spirit." A few months later, in October, a missionary convention of Lutheran ministers met at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Heyer presided at this meeting out of which came "The Central Missionary Society" for both home and foreign missions. As already related in an earlier chapter, Heyer was appointed missionary of this society at a salary of \$500 a year. Meanwhile his exploring of the West, in 1836, had been secondary to his commitment to foreign missions. In

other words, he was to take the first opportunity to go to some foreign field.

Urgent appeals had come from German Lutheran missionaries. Gutzlaff in China pleaded for help. So did Rhenius in India, whose work in the Tinnevely district had gone unsupported ever since he refused to agree that the Anglican church, which had financed him, had the right to ordain, according to the Anglican rite, native pastors he had trained.

These appeals provided the necessary incentive. By 1837 a "German Foreign Missionary Society" was formed at Hagerstown, Maryland, aiming to unite General Synod, Ministerium of Pennsylvania, Ohio Synod, and German Reformed devotees into a joint foreign undertaking. Soon the Reformed dropped out, and the reconstituted group called itself "The Foreign Missionary Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States." Dr. Charles Philip Krauth was instructed to propose to Rhenius that the Lutherans in America adopt his mission in India. But this gesture failed when, upon the death of Rhenius in 1838, his associates joined the Church of England. Fortunately, for the subsequent sending of Heyer, still another group had been organized. In 1836, just before the annual meeting of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, "The Society of the Synod of Pennsylvania for the Propagation of the Gospel" came into being.

Meanwhile, the time for action had arrived, and Heyer was already designated as the man. It was May, 1840, and he was busily at work in Pittsburgh. On behalf of the Foreign Missionary Society, which had been organized at Hagerstown, Dr. Krauth communicated with

him, asking which foreign field he regarded most desirable. Heyer replied broadly, "I have no particular choice, but would be willing to go whithersoever the Lord may direct, even to New Zealand, where missionaries have lately been slain and devoured by savages." Nevertheless he expressed preference for India, especially for the Caromandel coast or the Tinnevely district which had become familiar through Rhenius. Then the American Board was duly called upon for counsel. On its recommendation the Telugu country was selected.

Complications arose when the General Synod, meeting in Baltimore in 1841, resolved to place its venture in foreign missions under the management of the American Board. This board, with years of experience in planting and developing mission stations, could offer much in the way of advice and financial stability. But the price would have cost the new venture its Lutheran character. Under the direction of the American Board it would not have been known as a Lutheran mission but as another of the Board stations, this one supported and staffed by Lutherans. With such a prospect, Heyer declined to go. Being broad in his sympathies but narrow in his loyalties, he pleaded that the venture which he was to initiate should be all-Lutheran. To him, as to others, it seemed inappropriate that on the eve of the Muhlenberg centenary, the Lutherans should hide the light of their missionary fervor under the bowl of the American Board. For the General Synod, at its meeting in 1841, resolved to celebrate the centenary with an anniversary campaign for \$150,000, to be used for educational and mission projects.

Yet Heyer's refusal was sharply denounced by a number of prominent churchmen.

He therefore turned to the society of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, asking them to designate the place and to support the work he was to undertake. As proof of his sincerity as well as generosity he declared his willingness to invest \$1,000 of his own money, the interest on which would be used toward the support of the mission. The committee to which his offer was addressed politely declined. But Dr. C. R. Demme, who had been ordained with Heyer, saved the day by presenting a series of resolutions as a substitute whereby Heyer was finally accepted as missionary.

Although the Ministerium had obligated itself to support Heyer, it could rely on the friendly aid of many congregations in the General Synod which were not in sympathy with the proposal to join forces with the American Board. Though the Ministerium had withdrawn from the General Synod shortly after the establishment of that body in 1820, the relation between the two had remained for the most part friendly. It was a day when the Lutheran church in America was still small, and comparatively peaceful. The entire church in 1841 had 349 pastors and 199,519 communicants. Of these the General Synod claimed 192 pastors and 66,632 communicants, while the Ministerium had 57 pastors and 24,707 communicants.

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Having resigned his pastorate at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, in May of 1840, Heyer proceeded to spend the academic year 1840-41 in Baltimore. At the University of Maryland, later called Johns Hopkins, he attended lec-

tures on medicine and Sanskrit. At the same time he accepted an appointment from the Maryland Synod to re-organize a straggling mission at Fell's Point, Baltimore. Beginning with six faithful members, he gradually won the confidence of others who had strayed away. By September, 1841, the congregation was established and housed in a once foreclosed and now renovated Episcopal church. Then, to the regret of the congregation, Heyer preached his farewell sermon and departed in early autumn.

Being armed with medical knowledge, plus the fundamentals of Sanskrit—the oldest language of India, and having had two dozen years of extensive pastoral experience in six congregations, he was now bound for the Orient. Success as a pastor and home missionary did not guarantee success as a foreign missionary. Nor did his age, forty-eight, add to his promise. For the American Board advised men to go not older than thirty, because after that it is much more difficult to acquire the language of the natives and to accustom oneself to totally new living conditions. Yet almost in spite of himself, Heyer's commitment to a brand new life work at middle age stands out as a sheer act of faith.

Heyer was commissioned for the foreign service in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, on October 5, 1841. His sermon appropriately took directions from Jonah 3:2, "Arise, go . . . and preach. . . ." Like a pilgrim, he was arising and ready to go. A week later he was in Boston. In his pocket were letters of recommendation and credentials from the faculties of Pennsylvania College (Gettysburg), Gettysburg Seminary, and the Ministerium's Mis-

sionary Society. Whatever value these might have in actual use, they testified that the leaders of the church in America gave his work their approval. To him that meant much.

A mood of mingled faith and apprehensiveness was apparent in his farewell letter from Boston. "This being the last Sunday which I shall probably spend in the United States . . . I feel calm and cheerful, having taken this step after serious and prayerful consideration. The smiles of friends have cheered, and the approbation of the churches has encouraged me thus far. But I am aware that, ere long, amidst a tribe of men whose language will be strange to me, I shall behold those smiles only in remembrance, and hear the voice of encouragement only in dying whispers across the ocean; and then, nothing but the grace of God, nothing but a thorough conviction of being in the path of duty, nothing but the approving smile of Heaven can keep me from despondency."

Eastward on Ice

OCTOBER 15, 1841, Heyer sailed from Boston, having booked passage on the small sailing packet *Brenda*, bound for Colombo, Ceylon. Three missionaries, newly commissioned by the American Board, and their wives were Heyer's fellow passengers. Fortunate for them all was the presence of an eighth, the Reverend Benjamin Meigs, who had seen thirty years of service in Ceylon, and who was one of the most successful missionaries of the American Board. During the voyage all profited from his counsel, experience, and knowledge. But they were not alone.

Stowed away in pine sawdust in the hold of the ship were 260 tons of ice. "Missionaries and ice" heading for India may seem an amusing incongruity. But besides being moved to send the Gospel to the tropics, ingenious Yankees, like Frederick Tudor, had been inspired to ship ice there too. Once they had discovered the trick of sawdust packing, they could now liquidate New England's otherwise frozen asset. For when India ceased being a market for Yankee textiles, a new product had to replace this export. It was ice. So long as mechanical refrigeration had not yet been invented the ice trade saved New

England's hold on the Orient and made it both convenient and possible for American missionaries to sail directly for India.

Thus along with the Gospel went the boon of ice. Both products required salesmanship. As for ice—the natives were skeptical. "How this ice make grow in your country?" asked a Parsee of an American captain. "Him grow on tree? Him grow on shrub?" Indignant natives demanded their money back after leaving a purchase in the sun. Then, too, the ice was symbolic not only of the impact which the West was making upon the East, by changing its way of life, but vice versa as well. For Yankee trade with India and China had brought the young New England mind in contact with the ancient lore of oriental thought. Returning East Indiamen brought cargoes of ideas as well as tea and spices, so that a thinker like Thoreau, looking out over Walden Pond, derived pleasure from the thought that the ice of his pond slaked the thirst of the sweltering Brahmin, while "in the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous . . . philosophy of the Bhagvat-Geeta. . . ."

The presence of missionaries aboard ship, and their product—the Gospel—tended to equalize an otherwise unfair exchange. For the average profit to the owners on a boatload of ice was \$20,000. Carrying the Gospel to the foreign field was, on the other hand, an unprofitable enterprise.

In the course of their journey Heyer and his companions studied that missionary favorite, the Acts of the Apostles, as well as Tamil. Regularly captain and crew joined in the daily devotions and Sunday worship. Nor

was a 12,000 mile swing around the Cape of Good Hope particularly hazardous. The safety record of the American Board for its first fifty years was excellent. Out of 1,500 people sent to various foreign fields, only two lost life from shipwreck. While en route the missionaries found opportunity not only for study but also for diversion. Heyer, ever observant, took keen delight in watching "the flying fish, dolphins, bonitos, gulls, Mother Carey's chickens." There, too, as he had first thrilled to it when a boy, unfolded "a widespread ocean and a wider sky, and the firmament glowing with thousands of twinkling stars." He pored over the celestial maps, traced out the constellations, watched the Pleiades sink under the northern horizon, while each night the Southern Cross rose higher in the sky.

* * *

One day during the long journey the experienced Mr. Meigs posed the question, "What is a missionary?" Then he proceeded to answer it:

"A missionary is a foreigner. No matter how closely he may have identified himself with his calling, in his relation to the people among whom he dwells he is only a stranger. He remains a citizen of the country from which he is sent. The natives will always regard him as one from a distant land. His speech, his dress, his food, each betrays him. They may honor and love him much, but one of themselves he can never be."

Meigs continued thoughtfully: "A missionary's work is temporary. It may indeed outlast his life. Still it is destined, with God's blessing, to have an end. When the churches or congregations shall have reached a certain

point, he expects to move forward. He is like the general who penetrates the enemy's country just as fast as he can secure key points."

Meigs went on to tell how the duties of a missionary are peculiar. The missionary is an evangelist. When he gathers churches, it is not to be their pastor; he raises up others to take his charge and burden. The missionary is a disbursing agent. He must have money, not only for his own support but also for the schools, teachers, and equipment which are required to plant the Word of Life in a pagan community.

As for the march of missions into India, who was better informed than the good Meigs, who had spent his best years there? As the *Brenda* was rounding the Cape of Good Hope he recalled how Diaz's discovery of the sea route around Africa had opened the way for Roman Catholic missionaries to enter India. The first ones had come in the sixteenth century; their number increased and the effectiveness of their work now counted about a million converts.

In respect to Protestant missionary efforts in India, Meigs—smiling approvingly at Heyer—would tell the others in the party about the pioneering work of the Lutherans, Ziegenbalg and Pluetschau. These men had been trained at Halle and sent to India under the protection of the Danish crown. On Danish territory, on the Caromandel, or southeastern coast of the Indian peninsula, they opened the first Protestant station in 1706. This Danish-Halle mission, after 1727, received substantial aid from the British Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (SPCK, 1699), and the Society for the Propagation

of the Gospel (SPG, 1701). Thus German, Danish, and British Christians were allied in India for over a century. Meigs, nevertheless, lamented that because the British East India Company refused to throw open its provinces to missionaries in general, India as a mission field was until recently a closed preserve. But the Company was not alone to blame. It was common knowledge among those who were interested in foreign missions that most of the established churches in Europe were lukewarm if not hostile toward this modern crusade. Meigs was fond of quoting a well known article by Sidney Smith which, back in 1808, comfortably stated that the rapid and speedy conversion of the whole world forms no part of the schemes of its almighty Governor. To this Heyer and the others chorused their rebuke.

There was a ray of light penetrating this dark indifference to which the missionaries on the *Brenda* often referred. It was in 1793, the very year Heyer was born, that William Carey, England's most imaginative cobbler, a fearless Baptist and self-trained missionary, ran the blockade and set foot illegally on the closed preserve of the India Company. There was heroism in Carey's hand-to-mouth existence, first on the banks of the Hoogly and then in Calcutta. As he was the first independent missionary in British India, Heyer felt a certain affinity to him because of his own situation. Then Meigs added, "Things are much better now since the Government revised the India Company's charter in 1813. Now we missionaries and teachers have free access to India's teeming millions. But it was a fight to win this much freedom. It required preparation and plenty of it. Recall a few simple

dates, and you can see how the influence was accumulated which finally opened up India. In 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society; in 1805 the London Missionary Society; add to these the good work within the Government of men like William Wilberforce and Robert Grant, and you can appreciate our present privilege better. Other big groups, like the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1814, and the Church Missionary Society, in 1815, came as a result of this victory.”

* * *

All this was truly wonderful in Heyer's estimation. It caused him to reflect on his own situation. But from the vantage point of a later century one can see even better the significance of his journey. There he was, alone and solitary. His fellow missionaries could offer him only temporary companionship. His life, like that of a lonely scout, was mote-like but meaningful amid the vast immensity not only of the sea but presently also of a pagan mankind and of opportunity hitherto untouched. He scrutinized his traveling companions, and learned from them also what he would have to forego. Their salary was three times his six hundred. Their furniture and baggage seemed luxury itself. Their mission stations were awaiting them, and he envied their security in such assurance. For him all was new, all was an adventure in faith. The apostolic simplicity of his leather sack and bags—like his saddle bags on the frontier—was appropriate. There was Scriptural precedent for this, and it gave him confidence. Though up in years, his spirit was young. He did not feel sorry for himself. One who knew him remarked, “We can readily understand how strangers were attracted

by his vivacity, and carried along by his enthusiasm, so that the work opened before him as he quietly moved forward." The story of his first journey to India, written in letters mostly to his son Theophilus, combines remarkable objectivity with a sympathetic desire to understand his environment. It reveals broad vision and a clear eye for details.*

Heyer's missionary account really begins in Zanzibar, East Africa. The *Brenda* rounded the Cape, sailed up through the Mozambique Channel which separates the island of Madagascar from the east coast of Africa, and put in at Zanzibar. On this picturesque island—where Norwegian Lutherans later began their heroic work—the Sultan of Muscat entertained the missionaries with unctuous oriental hospitality. Since 1750 the Sultan's family had been rulers of this island empire whose possessions extended up and down the coast of Africa and over to Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea. Here for the first time Heyer met heathen people. If Zanzibar, like south India, had furnished the protection of a Christian government, he would have traveled no farther. Exuberantly he felt, "It would be a great and noble undertaking to go as the first evangelist to these dark and benighted regions. If I had acted on my own . . . responsibility I should have been willing to risk my life in the attempt."

But orders were orders, and he proceeded with the *Brenda* to India. Henceforth he held in his mind the picture of a people whose souls he believed were as dark

* His entire first journey has been published by the Foreign Mission Board of The United Lutheran Church in America, entitled, *Father Heyer's Own Story*. Guntur, India, 1938.

as their skin. He had enjoyed the favor of oriental despotism, but he had seen also the human tragedy of the slave trade. Amid such scenes of a wholly different way of life, Heyer's vision of the future began to take shape. Over a month later, on March 13, the dark green shore of Ceylon crept over the eastern horizon. This was the gateway to India.

An appropriate couplet from Bishop Heber's hymn ran through his mind:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle?

For cinnamon as well as tea was exported from the harbor of Colombo, where the *Brenda* was now landing. From the harbor he could see Adam's Peak, sixty miles distant, rising 6,000 feet above the sea. Taking leave of good Captain Harry Ward, Heyer and his companions found lodging with local missionaries. In Colombo, a city of 60,000, mission work had been carried on ever since the Portuguese, back in the sixteenth century, discovered the sea lane to India. First had come Roman Catholic missions. Then, with the arrival of the Dutch in the late seventeenth, Protestant missions sank their roots. There was still one Dutch Reformed station in town, although since the advent of the British, in the eighteenth century, both the Dutch and the still extensive Roman Catholic missions had gone into decline, while Anglicans, Methodists, and Baptists had set two missions each in the city.

Heyer found the Rev. Mr. Palm and his family delightful hosts. They belonged to the Dutch Reformed mission and had been over thirty-five years in Ceylon.

Mrs. Palm had been born in India, and from her girlhood in Tinnevely retained recollections of that greatest of all early missionaries to India, Christian Frederick Schwartz. He had been sent from Halle in 1765, and Heyer was thrilled to discover that eighty-two years ago, here in Colombo, Schwartz had missioned for a while. As one standing in the Lutheran tradition, Heyer attached himself to the great Schwartz. In him Heyer found his hero. The prospect of beginning a wholly new work was mellowed in Heyer's mind by the memory of Schwartz.

After having preached by request at a special service for the local missionaries and others who understood English, and having enjoyed his first hospitality among Europeans and Americans in the Far East, Heyer took affectionate leave of his hosts and set out aboard *La Felice* for the mainland of India. His short stay on the island had been helpful in acquainting him first-hand with missionary problems. Hitherto there had been occasion only to talk about them, but now Ceylon had given him experience. As Muhlenberg had stayed in London before sailing for America, and then worked his way from the Lutheran settlements in Georgia up to Pennsylvania and New York, so Heyer, conditioned by a brief stay in Colombo, was now about to land at Titocurin, the southern tip of the India Peninsula, and then to search for a place to set up his mission.

Vision of India

THREE DAYS aboard *La Felice*—"The Happy One"—in the genial company of Captain Fryver, gave Heyer time to inquire about native life along the coast of India, the pearl fisheries, the types of local watercraft and modes of transportation—all of which he described minutely in letters to his son Theophilus. He also evaluated his position on the eve of setting foot upon Indian soil. Like all travelers in his position, he had a mental picture of India. From his reading, as well as from conversations with travelers, he had already a fair idea of what to expect. With the help of friends he had carefully planned his tour of southern India so that he would not be wandering about haphazardly, but would stop at the missions of most denominations. Thus he could learn from the work of others. There were also plentiful books of travel, gazetteers, registers, histories, geographies, and so on, which enlightened the newcomer. Heyer knew that he was approaching a land rich in history, and so prolific in religion that it had mothered the religions of almost all Asia. This was the land of venerable antiquity. It was audacious for one journeying from the youthful West to dare to come hither to tell these people about religion—of all

things. The learned Brahmins held little but disdain for any person who claimed absolute truth for his own religion. "Has not India been mother to many religions, all of which possess truth?" they asked. Was there not something crude in the assertion of Christian missionaries who claimed absolute truth for their beliefs? Heyer knew what he would be up against.

As one who had known the American frontier, India was another frontier, and Heyer could see the line of continuity running through his work. The transition through which he was momentarily passing preserved a basic sameness in the social aspects of his calling. In India, too, he would be dealing with people on the frontiers of life; on frontiers of poverty, ignorance, superstition. Among such he could make himself at home. What is more, he could win their confidence—for he had a contagious friendliness for people. He ignored the prospect of offending the Hindus with the absolute claims of Christianity. Now as later, he branded all of India "a vast stronghold of the devil," "a prison in which human souls are kept in darkness and sin." To bring them the Gospel was therefore a thrilling adventure, as exciting as smuggling dynamite into a prison. And that dynamite, as he had exhorted people everywhere, is the dynamic of the Gospel.

This vision of India merged into fact when the Carmandel or eastern coast of Hindustan became visible on the western horizon. Imperceptibly *La Felice* neared the shore and then anchored in the roadstead. Titocurin had a harbor only for small native craft, and something bulking as much as 200 tons had to stay three miles off-

shore. The missionary watched with keen delight how the natives aboard his ship made the transfer to a precarious sort of ferry sent out from town. He himself joined the captain in the jolly-boat and made for shore. Keeping near enough to the native craft to observe its maneuvers, Heyer beheld a weird sight. About a dozen dusky natives, replete with turban and loincloth, paddled the laden craft. A dismal chant accompanied their rhythmic exertions. As the boat neared the breakers the chant grew louder until the men broke into screams and yells. Yet they handled their boat skilfully. Each time it sat on the crest of a wave, they pulled for shore with all their might. Then, as they descended into the trough below, the chant slackened apace, until the next roller came along. The third beached them, and the passengers were carried off their shuttle in a peculiar kind of arm-chair.

As to Heyer's own situation, he was thankful at last to set foot on solid ground. He declared, "With heartfelt gratitude to the Father of mercies I raised my 'Ebenezer' at Titocurin on the 23rd of March, 1842."

"How shall a newcomer travel in India?" Heyer inquired among acquaintances of Captain Fryver as to the best way of negotiating a proposed 400-mile pilgrimage among the mission stations. His ultimate destination for this particular journey was Madras, but the immediate objective was Palamcotta, some forty miles distant. He was shown a palanquin, a kind of covered bed or stretcher which is borne on the shoulders of a half-dozen porters.

"I don't like the idea of being carried on other men's shoulders," reacted the missionary. "You'll get used to that," they told him. "See, it's upholstered like a carriage

and high enough to sit up in. There's nothing more comfortable for travel in this hot climate than a palanquin; and you can take our word for it."

"You'd better rent one," suggested Fryver. "With bearers and all it won't cost you more than fifteen cents a mile. . . . I know that sounds expensive, but you can't travel on horseback here as you do in America. It's more expensive to rent a horse, because then you would have to buy your own equipment, a tent and other luggage. And you would have to travel by day, at that. With a palanquin you travel at night, and so you have the day for making visits."

Heyer was duly persuaded, but he still thought it repulsive to be carried by human pack-horses. Nevertheless toward evening he was ready for his first night in India—inside a palanquin. Bidding good-by to his acquaintances, he set out into the night, alone with a dozen natives. Three men at either end shouldered the poles of his conveyance. The other six loped alongside. Like the paddlers that morning, these bearers now took up their customary chant. Those behind sing "Pohal!" Those ahead answer, "Nullathu." The antiphony continued all through the night. Leading the party was the musatchee, or torch-bearer, whose flickering light guided the way to Palamcotta.

The moon cast its pallid light upon the novel scene. "Many a fearful thought," confessed Heyer, "came to my mind. Here in the power of twelve dark brown heathen, they could have done away with me and divided my possessions among them."

The next day he reached his first stop in the Tinnevely province, Palamcottah. Here he inspected the revered Rhenius' work. Although this erstwhile Lutheran mission had been absorbed by the English Church Missionary Society, Heyer enjoyed the hospitality of the local staff. Well might he feel somewhat at home here, because on Good Friday, in a church built by Rhenius, he attended a Tamil service. The hymns were translations from the German set to the tune of familiar chorals. With the Tamil he had already learned from Meigs on the *Brenda*, Heyer could join in the singing. During his brief stay he also examined the function and operation of the seminary and schools which Rhenius had established, plus the work of the catechists and the organization of the native congregations. The flourishing state of these congregations convinced him of the need of gaining native support as well as a native ministry as soon as possible. He remembered the error committed by the earliest German missionaries who had let decades pass before ordaining native pastors.

Heyer became sold on the practicability of a palanquin. So he bought a second-hand model for \$20, and moved on to Kotaur. This was the chief trading center in South India, with teeming bazaars, scores of little shops, stifling streets, and myriads of flies. There was also an impressive pagoda, or idol temple, next to which the Brahmins, or priests, had their substantial dwellings. Here, by mere chance, Heyer ran into the Rev. Mr. Mueller, Rhenius' son-in-law who was now co-operating with the Church of England. After a few hours of profitable con-

versation the two men parted, Heyer heading for Madura, seat of the neighboring district.

He was fascinated by the country, by the village topes or community orchards, by the large tanks, or reservoirs, supplying water for washing, drinking, cooking, as well as for irrigating the rice fields. More interesting was Madura itself where he beheld some of the most extraordinary remains of Hindu architecture still extant in India. The palace, reminiscent of the powerful Pandyan dynasty, although dilapidated, was an awe-inspiring pile of mixed Moslem and Hindu architecture. It impressed him how work on so vast a scale, using stones of such tremendous size, could be the product of simple tools and slave labor. Still his chief interest lay not in archeology, but in the thriving mission which was conducted by the American Board. Having been kindly received by the missionaries, he used the opportunity to inspect their schools which enrolled 1,200 pupils. Two days later he was off again, this time for Trichinopoly.

Passing along roads bordered by cactus hedges and broad-leafed plantains—cousins to the banana—he arrived in Trichinopoly. Its 65,000 inhabitants were the object of both Protestant and Roman Catholic attention. Personally he was delighted with the pleasant hope of witnessing the scenes and passing over the very ground so often traversed by the famous Schwartz.

He recalled how Schwartz had made his home here for thirteen years (1766-79); how the great missionary and his colleagues had been supported by the English, who for generations were satisfied to have the heathen converted and baptized as Lutherans, until a stop was

finally made in 1817; how self-sacrificing Schwartz had been, occupying a small room in an old building barely large enough for his bed; how a single piece of dimity annually supplied him with clothes; how he had used most of his generous salary as chaplain of the India Company garrison toward the support of native teachers. Such recollections were an inspiration to the newcomer.

There was also encouragement in the fact that his guide, the missionary in charge at the time, was the third of the Kohlhoffs—father, son, and grandson all having devoted themselves to the cause of missions. The eldest Kohlhoff had arrived in India in 1738; the youngest was already an able worker, using Tamil like a native, as well as speaking English fluently. Here also, Bishop Heber, author of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" had suddenly died sixteen years before. Stimulated by associations, Heyer eagerly investigated the extensive work of the mission, attending also the monthly meeting of the catechists and teachers whose reports were instructive to him.

Next he proceeded to Tanjore, where the enfeebled John Caspar Kohlhoff, who had been ordained by Schwartz fifty years before, was still at his post. Heyer's first thought was to visit Schwartz's grave, and there to muse on the great missionary's life. Though a German Lutheran, Schwartz had been employed by the British Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. While English missionaries were excluded from India by the Company, Schwartz had won the confidence of officials and convinced them that—at least in a limited way—missionaries are desirable. That the Company found him useful was

in itself a compliment. But that the local ruler, Serabojee, the Rajah of Tanjore, eventually recognized Schwartz as his spiritual father is unique in missionary annals. A thrill must have run through Heyer as he copied the last couplet of the inscription over Schwartz's tomb in the garrison church here inside the Fort. It read,

"May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wishes and pray thy Serabojee."

Now, at the time of Heyer's visit, the mission was supported largely from the estate of the late Schwartz, who bequeathed his savings to the work he had founded. Here Heyer found just cause to emulate a man whose stature was that of prophet and pioneer, who was less anxious to gain colleagues than disciples, and who mastered the art of standing alone while drawing many to Christ.

Old Mrs. Kohlhoff was touched with Heyer's veneration of the sainted Schwartz. "Here, my dear friend," said she, "is a lock of our great predecessor's hair. I received it when I was a child, that it might serve to remind me of the bond uniting the generations of those who mission for their Lord. I now give it to you. Take it with you wherever you go." Heyer was no sentimentalist, but he graciously accepted the gift, and kept his promise to treasure that faded lock. For it would remind him also of these days at Tanjore, during which he occupied the very room in which, in 1798, Schwartz had died.

Heyer's next stop was on the seacoast at Tranquebar, where Ziegenbalg and Pluetschau, the first Protestant missionaries to India, had begun work in 1706. One who has

seen this half-dilapidated old town will not easily forget the strange fortress which rises above it. The old Dansborg is reminiscent of the days when Denmark owned this strip of India's shore. Its bizarre architecture, crenelated walls, and airy look-out tower, stimulate inquiry. Inside the fort is a stone memorial slab to the two missionaries, both of them pietists from Halle. Pluetschau had been the calm, steadying personality of this pair of pioneers. Ziegenbalg, like his name, was the fiery, dynamic one. Both of them had needed patience while suffering imprisonment at the hands of the stubborn Danish governor who had no use for missions, and who regarded missionaries as disturbers of the peace. Though he died in 1719, at the age of only thirty-six, Ziegenbalg had accomplished the almost incredible: a Tamil dictionary and grammar, thirty-two smaller works and tracts on Christian doctrine and duties, Tamil translations of the New Testament and of the Old Testament as far as Ruth; two church buildings erected, a seminary for catechists, and a Christian community of 350 baptized members! Yet Heyer seems to have known little about the great Ziegenbalg, for in the letter describing his visit to Tranquebar he spoke only of his hero, Schwartz, who also had worked in Tranquebar.

Journeying northward along the seacoast, Heyer reached Madras. Here was the port of arrival for all Britishers nominated to the civil and military service of the government. The city was also important commercially. Yet a Gazetteer of the time sarcastically described the place as "most uninviting; waves roll a great distance in from the sea, making the landing of boats through the

surf often hazardous—which gives the place the only excitement of which it is capable.” There on the water front was a facade of impressive buildings, the bank, Supreme Court, custom house, Marine Board, and merchants’ offices. To Heyer these were easily the most impressive reminders, since his arrival, of European civilization; of Western culture superimposed on Eastern. Behind lay “the Black Town,” as Madras proper was called, where over a half-million natives were crowded. Southward lay Fort St. George, at that time regarded as the strongest in India. Here were housed all principal public offices, the Company’s Council House, offices of Revenue and Quartermaster, the barracks, Anglican Church, and so on.

Heyer’s host during his stay in this metropolis was Dr. Myron Winslow, eminent Congregationalist missionary in the employ of the American Board. With him Heyer remained for over a month, learning much from his counsel, making inquiries for a suitable field. Meanwhile, he saw that Madras was a unique missionary center, with many different societies competing for converts. But astonishing as well as incongruous was the magnificent edifice of the Free Church of Scotland, which had cost \$120,000.

All told, Heyer felt most fortunate in having reached Madras after surviving 400 miles of travel through South India. Some of his friends at Colombo had warned him of the many dangers from heat and cholera which such a journey at this time of year would entail. Yet he had risked it to gain a comprehensive view of the mission field. He now found himself rewarded. “What I have

heard and seen," he remarked, "during this journey among Christians and idolaters would almost enable me to write a book." But he saw the deeper implications of his journey and gratefully concluded, "The Lord has enabled me to overcome these difficulties and I have traveled . . . in the interior of southern India without enduring any great hardships. I found the heat tolerable; the pestilence was not permitted to harm me; and with the native Indians I made out by words and signs as well as I could."

* * *

Madras was only a way station, for his final destination would be somewhere yonder in the Telugu or Andhra country. When he learned that in Madras were about 100,000 Telugus, he made efforts to contact them. He also engaged a young Brahmin to teach him Telugu. His tutor eased himself into a friendly relationship after a preliminary misunderstanding over Heyer's name. As the Telugu for *priest* is pronounced "eyer," the Brahmin, upon hearing the missionary introduced as Heyer, pointedly retorted, "I do not mean your office, but your name." Pointing to himself, he continued, "I am an Eyer (that is, a priest, a Brahmin): your name, Sir!" Heyer, after such preliminaries, seemed to make satisfactory progress. In little more than a month he was off again, this time for the Andhra country. His immediate destination was the Baptist mission at Nellore, located 111 miles northward from Madras and thirteen from the seacoast.

So this is Guntur

FROM THE END of May until early July, 1842, Heyer enjoyed the hospitality of the Baptists in Nellore, and stayed in the home of Missionary Van Husen. Continuing with his study of Telugu, he also accompanied the missionaries on their tours through the villages, and on their visits to the pagan festivals.

Meanwhile his choice of a field was growing more limited. Of several places he had in mind, Guntur was one, but he was more inclined to go to Ongole, about eighty miles north of Nellore, from which Guntur was still another seventy northward. He also had in mind Ellore, sixty miles beyond Guntur. Whatever his choice, he would be starting on his own and quite removed from any other mission's sphere of influence.

One July morning Van Husen, Heyer's host, asked, "How would you like to go with me into the heart of this Telugu country? I must go on tour, and your company would be pleasant. Besides, I think it will help settle your thoughts as to where you would like to begin your mission."

Heyer accepted. He had an idea he might find something, so he decided to take his baggage with him. That

was too much for a palanquin. He hired an ox-cart and driver, and laboriously set out to make history.

Ongole was the first stop. Little could be said for the place. Its only inducement for a mission compound was several deserted bungalows, formerly used by government officials. Heyer concluded that he would settle down in Ongole if the up-country did not offer a more favorable station. For the time being, he reported that he and his friend Van Husen went on their way from village to village, until they reached Guntur, July 31, 1842.

This simple statement was all that Heyer's unpretentious arrival inspired him to record. But in retrospect the arrival became an event. July 31, 1842, is now celebrated as the birthday of American Lutheran missions in India.

Heyer later commented, "Here at Guntur we met with a very kind reception from H. Stokes, Esq., an ardent friend of missions and missionaries as well as a very exemplary Christian gentleman. The inducements which Mr. Stokes held out and the kind offers of assistance which he made, were far preferable to anything that I could expect at Ongole. Hence I decided in favor of Guntur, and after prayerful consideration concluded to commence missionary operations forthwith."

As to the physical beginnings of the mission Heyer added, "Besides the bungalow which Mr. Stokes occupies, there are several smaller buildings in his compound. He gave me one of them for a dwelling and another for a school and meeting house." Of his own activity, Heyer simply remarked that "during the first week in August, the Rev. Mr. Porter, of the London Society, remained over Sunday and preached in Telugu. From that time

onward, with the help of an interpreter, I conducted the Telugu service on Sundays and soon engaged in other mission work."

Guntur, in terms of comfort, was not ideally located. It lay 255 miles from Madras and forty from the sea. It was subjected to both the southwest and northeast monsoons, which fell from June to October. Nor was there any immediate relief from the intense heat from April to June, except in the hills twelve miles distant, or along the far-removed seashore. Friends had advised Heyer against settling on this piedmont plain. But there was a reason.

Hudleston Stokes was a religious man, and had been preceded, as Collector of the India Company for the District of Guntur, by others of like mind. In spite of their duty of collecting taxes and revenue from the native villages, and being servants of a company organized for profit from the India trade, these men had earnestly desired to evangelize the heathen in their neighborhood. On private initiative they had engaged a teacher and appealed to the Church Missionary Society for a missionary. Yet there was none to spare. Upon Heyer's arrival Stokes again communicated with the Society, at its Madras office. As there was still no one to send, the secretary advised that Heyer be employed. Here was persuasive evidence of a call. Heyer's long quest had at last brought him to his goal. From henceforth his work was cut out for him. His task was lightened by friends close at hand.

After little more than a month in Guntur, Heyer wrote home, "As far as I am acquainted with the history of modern missions I know of no society that has attained

such a sphere of operation in so short a time and with such small means as ours." This was perhaps neither boastful nor true, but rather the joyful confession of one who, after almost a year of observing and learning, could now plunge wholeheartedly into work of his own. "I have more to do now," he wrote, "than when I had a pastorate in America."

His daily schedule, though not hurried, left little time for relaxation. He arose before daybreak. Soon after sunrise about seventy "poor, lame and blind" gathered at the door of his dwelling to receive the alms of the English residents—a sum which amounted to about fourteen dollars a month. He read the Scriptures to them in Telugu and then prayed. At seven each morning he conducted devotions for the thirty or forty servants of the Stokes household; though the servants were heathen, attendance was compulsory. At eight, he opened the day with prayer in the local English school, which had been made over to him in September. Breakfasting at nine, he spent from ten till two with his native Telugu teacher, and then visited the two Telugu schools which were just being organized. About sunset he walked or rode out with some of his friends. Dining nightly with the Stokeses, his day closed at nine, when he led the regular evening devotions for the family and guests of Mr. Stokes. Every Wednesday night he conducted prayer meeting, while Sundays about thirty came to his English and eighty to his Telugu services.

Meanwhile, within two months two schools were started, which were run in Telugu by four native heathen teachers. Money for these came both from the English

residents and from the young people of St. John's in Philadelphia. This church also sent funds for a school house which was built immediately. Through Dr. Winslow the American Board contributed some money, while at the behest of Mr. Stokes the government provided two acres of ground at a nominal rent.

Down to Work

JUST AS THE details of the growth of a home mission congregation are generally not exciting, so the various incidents in the rise of one more Christian mission in India may not send a thrill up the spine. For Heyer was not a pioneer in the fullest sense. Hudleston Stokes had begged him to stay; the place was already prepared inasmuch as a small English school was in session. Thus Heyer was not a pioneer of the martyr type, nor of the kind whose beginning in India reads more like fiction than fact. Not like Ziegenbalg did he languish in prison. Nor like Carey did he almost starve among the natives while the India company denied him entry. Nor like the first American missionaries who likewise were refused admission into India. To the contrary, Heyer practically walked into his field. Pious English folk, like the Stokeses, had been his forerunners. Heyer, as he himself may have seen, simply had to keep moving until he came to the right place. Yet such a search, clear in retrospect, requires more than human foresight for success. Divine guidance in Heyer's case stands out in the fact that the Lutheran Church in America, although beginning its foreign missionary work later than most other large denominations

in the country, was able within a short while to be parent of a promising station in Guntur. From this point of view, the details of the mission's first year become a noteworthy narrative.

During that first year the emphasis fell on education. Heyer's prowess lay in good teaching and discipline. By mid-September, 1842, the local English school, begun by Stokes and his friends, was turned over to him. At the same time he put some of his recent observations to practice and opened two Telugu schools, whose combined enrollment soon numbered forty. At a monthly cost of \$20 he employed four native pagan teachers. Christian teachers would have been better, but as yet were not to be had. Heyer took an eligible orphan boy into his cottage, and began training him in hopes of making him a future teacher or catechist. Although this hope failed, it was Heyer's first gesture in the direction of a boys' boarding school.

In another month the number of schools had risen to six. They were now staffed by seven teachers and enrolled 150 pupils. An English and a Telugu school were located in the Stokes compound, another in Guntur proper. Three were in neighboring villages, the one in Prattipadu, twelve miles distant, another in Nallapadu, and the third in Kottapetta. The school in Prattipadu was supported by the children of St. John's in Philadelphia. Hence it received the grandiose name, "St. John's Lutheran School," representing an investment of \$60. The two last named schools were run at a monthly cost of \$10 each, which was defrayed by the Missionary Society of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Most of the enrolled chil-

dren were either low caste or outcaste. A few Brahmin youths were among the first to attend, but their parents withdrew them upon discovering the Christian, or, as they saw it, the ulterior motives of the mission.

By the end of November, Heyer set his first Hindu girls' school in operation. Fifteen youngsters soon attended. Its patroness, through whose bounty the school had been made possible, was the wife of the local English Judge Walker. Unfortunately death claimed her within a year. But just when Heyer, in December, 1843, regretfully prepared to close the school, \$60 arrived from St. Matthew's, Philadelphia, with the unexpected offer to support this school permanently. The name was changed to St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran School. The number enrolled was twenty-one, the age of the girls ranging from four to twelve. Four came from native Christian homes, three from Romanist, two Moslem, and the rest Hindu. Many learned to read, and all attended worship on Sundays and memorized Christian hymns.

Back in December, 1842, Heyer had also gathered a Sunday school, so that his children might receive additional Christian instruction. The weekday schedule dealt much with non-religious fundamentals. The three "R's," left insufficient time for gaining a higher appreciation of God's Word. At the same time, Heyer instituted weekly meetings in his cottage for the teachers, hoping to increase their efficiency and, if possible, to win them for Christ.

January 4, 1843, was a big day on the mission calendar. On this day a little schoolhouse, which had been erected in the Stokes compound, was opened. Again St. John's, Philadelphia, had come through, and could now

boast of a school house in India. The construction, materials, and labor represented an outlay of \$15. But Heyer regarded this as a noteworthy occasion, saying, "For the friends of the mission in America this would have been a high day had they been able to attend the exercises; and January 4, 1843, may well be regarded as the day of the actual beginning of the American Evangelical Lutheran Mission in Guntur."

There followed nine months of silence, during which time Heyer sent home no official reports. This silence prompted the Ministerium's Missionary Society to pass a resolution that he be required to report more frequently and to submit copies of his journal every six weeks or three months. That his silence did not indicate idleness became evident from his first annual report. Seven schools were now in operation, ten teachers were on the payroll, while attendance numbered 158 boys and 22 girls.

The quality of Heyer's spiritual impact on life in Guntur during his first year is beyond statistics and exact evaluation. His preaching each Sunday reached an English group which averaged thirty; and judging from reports, he was indeed a pastor to these people living away from home. On Sundays, aided by an interpreter, he addressed a Telugu audience of about 200, which included a majority of the school children. But the number of actual converts was low. He had baptized only three adults. To these along with two Tamil Christian servants in the Stokes household, he had administered Holy Communion to natives for the first time. No one could be critical of even three converts, for many a missionary had to wait as much as ten years and longer for similar

results. Moreover, there was special significance in these conversions. Heyer knew that a convert cut himself off from all human ties; that in the eyes of relatives he was considered as one dead, for he had set himself beyond the pattern of life sanctioned by caste and outcaste society. To be the first to venture this momentous step therefore required more real sacrifice than stay-at-home Christians could imagine. Thus Heyer's original impact upon these people, whose language he as yet knew imperfectly, was promising.

In an old ledger one peers behind the scenes and sees how much it cost Heyer to run his mission. One notices also the mixed donors, American Lutherans and local British Anglicans. A rupee then being worth about fifty cents, the total cost the first year was \$1,585. Details:

English and Telugu books and tracts, paid by Judge Walker		Rs 350
Books, paid by Mr. Stokes		Rs 225
Books, on money from Dr. Mayer's congregation, Philadelphia		Rs 50
Munshi, books, etc., paid by the Missionary Society		Rs 129
School teachers, paid by Guntur friends		Rs 516
Teachers, paid by Dr. Mayer's congregation		Rs 200
Alms distributed, paid by Guntur friends		Rs 350
Articles of clothing, paid by Guntur friends		Rs 120
Schoolhouse built at expense of Dr. Mayer's (St. John's) congregation		Rs 30
Total		Rs 1970
Total in dollars		\$985
Missionary's salary, paid by Missionary Society		600
Total Expenditure		\$1,585

Breaking down these contributions, the total amount sent from American was \$804. Of this sum St. John's congregation was credited with \$140, leaving on the ledger \$664 contributed by the Missionary Society of the Ministerium. Over against this cautious support given by the Society to its missionary, the liberality of the English residents of Guntur is impressive. These few residents, members of the Church of England, with incomes not large like those of wealthy nabobs, gave the Lutheran mission a total of \$780. Deducting the alms they handed Heyer for distribution, they donated over \$600. From this it is unmistakable that if the way had not been prepared for Heyer, and if his British friends had not continued to support the new Lutheran mission as though it were their very own, then the first venture of the Lutherans of America on the foreign field might easily have died in infancy.

This deficiency on the part of the church at home added a note of anxiety to some of Heyer's earliest overtures of joy and hope. In later letters this note sank to an undertone of keen disappointment. For he understood that the generous aid of his friends in Guntur had a time limit. English officials were frequently transferred from place to place. Could one bank on the support of those who in the future would be stationed in Guntur, whose own this mission was not? Heyer saw the danger from the start. Unless more American help would be forthcoming, the mission must eventually be abandoned. As early as October, 1842, within three months after coming to Guntur, he warned, "In case the Church in America is not willing to do more than pay the salary of the missionary, I cannot remain in Guntur." In December of that year

he repeated his warning. And in January, 1843, he complained, "It seems wrong and unjust that the American Lutheran Mission should depend so much for support on a member (Mr. Stokes) of another ecclesiastical body." Repeatedly Heyer suggested co-operating with several German Mission societies which he found to be interested in this field. More especially he urged co-operation between the Missionary societies of the Ministerium and the General Synod. He even elaborated a plan whereby, as he thought, such joint effort would be feasible. The General Synod actually adopted this plan when, in 1843, it sent out its first missionary. But the plan later proved impracticable.

* * *

In looking back upon the situation at home, certain decisive changes had taken place. Before his departure, in 1841, Heyer offered to report regularly to the General Synod, provided it would annually contribute \$200 toward his salary. No doubt this offer had the consent of the Ministerium's Society. At any rate it left the way open for future co-operation. In the meanwhile, the General Synod had rescinded its intended collaboration with the American Board; a plan which had originally caused Heyer to decline the Synod's support. Thus at the annual meeting of the General Synod, in 1843, the way was cleared for co-operation with the Ministerium. Signaling this opportunity was the election of Walter Gunn as missionary of the General Synod. He was to serve as Heyer's colleague in Guntur.

Gunn was a young man, born in 1815, in Schoharie County, New York. His education for the mission field

had been a fruit of the "missionary spirit" for which the congregations of the General Synod had been asked to pray. In 1843 Gunn was graduated from Gettysburg Seminary, licensed by the Hartwick Synod, appointed foreign missionary of the General Synod, and married to Lorena Pults. With her he went on a summer's tour to deliver fifty-six mission addresses in forty-four churches in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland. The Gunns had no smooth sailing. Many people believed in the need of foreign missions. But many more disbelieved, while some even accused the Gunns of collecting money to open a store in India, or just to see the world.

Gunn was commissioned in October, 1843, and in response to the charge he received, said, "If it is our duty to go to the heathen land, it is yours to uphold us there. You give your money, we give more: we give our lives." These words were prophetic. November 18, he and his wife sailed from Boston. Seven months later they arrived in Guntur. It was on June 18, 1844, that Heyer joyfully clasped the hand of his first co-worker. His Timothy had come. Gunn's very presence symbolized momentarily the unity of purpose motivating the church in America.

The elder missionary told his new helper, "You have come to a difficult task. The harvest here is great, but the laborers are few. I am past fifty now, and I find it hard to keep myself adjusted to the new surroundings; it's like keeping a bow pulled taut all the time. But I have no regrets that my lot has been cast among these people."

"Well, Father," Gunn would reply, "your labor in the Lord's name has not been in vain. Certainly, what you

have accomplished in two years is amazing, at least to a newcomer."

"I feel very well," replied Heyer with animation. "This is the beginning of my third hot season in India. My health, thanks to the Lord's mercy, continues about as good as in America. Compared with many another former acquaintance or friend here on the India field, who has passed on since my arrival, I certainly have been fortunate. May God prosper you as He has me, my young friend."

New Horizons

HEYER HAD GONE prospecting. In a hopeful frame of mind he described his recent visit into the western region of the Guntur district, the Palnad. His companion was the Rev. Mr. Valett, of the North German Missionary Society. Valett had sat in Madras wondering where he might begin a mission. Heyer invited him to Guntur, and offered him all possible assistance. In February, 1844, Valett arrived, whereupon Heyer provided him with an interpreter. Valett then went prospecting northeast of Guntur. A month later he returned, having staked out the territory for his future mission which later that year he located at Rajahmundry. No sooner was he back than, according to Heyer's journal, "after prayerful consideration Mr. Valett and I concluded to visit the western part of the Guntur Circar."

This three-week tour later proved to be of great significance in Heyer's work and there is much of lasting value in his account. Stokes having provided Heyer and Valett with a driver, cart, and extra horse, the two set out. Heyer recorded in his journal:

"At five o'clock on Friday morning, March 8, we began our trip; reached Perrichirla about eight o'clock,

rested in a bungalow till four o'clock, when we continued our journey to Peringapuram. In order to have the use of our tent we must continue with the ox-cart and do not expect to travel more than twelve or fourteen miles a day."

In Pidugural, Valett complained that "the people appear to be more hardened than any other I have met in India." He attempted in several streets "to admonish the people," but as soon as they perceived his object they refused to have anything to do with him. Proceeding to Gurzala, the missionaries had a run-in with the local schoolmaster. "After this," according to Heyer, "a long conversation was carried on with the people in the street. Several Brahmins opposed us and we found but few persons who were willing to receive our books."

Heyer and Valett moved on to Rentichintala. Among the people who came to their tent were a number of Roman Catholics who were annually visited by their priest. The following morning, being glad to have intelligent hearers, Heyer preached from Matthew 18: 23, 27. "After the sermon," according to his account, "we conversed with the Catholics and found that they were tolerably well acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. They did not consider worship of the Virgin Mary and of the saints to be right. . . . During the afternoon they assembled again in and around our tent and expressed a great desire for printed books. They have a part of the New Testament in Telugu, written on palmyra leaves, but no printed books."

Going on to Timmeracotta they were met by the village officials at the behest of Stokes. Here they visited the English school and heard the boys recite their lessons.

Thereupon they traveled to Macherla where Heyer matched wits with the townspeople. Walking about town, Heyer and Valett came upon a number of large pagodas. Trailing the inevitable crowd of curious natives, the two men turned on them and said, "You have temples for Vishnu, Siva, Rahmaswamy, and other idols, but you have no temple for the only true and living God."

Some Brahmin priests retorted, "We do not worship wood and stone, but god in the wood and stone."

Hereupon Heyer cleverly inquired, "Do you believe that the true God can hear and see?"

They answered, "Yes, God is omniscient."

Then Heyer asked one of the bystanders, "Can you hear and see?" "Yes," came the reply.

"Well, then," he went on, "if you were stuck into a big stone or block would you be able to hear and see better than you do now?"

A ripple of laughter went through the group while Heyer took the opportunity to make the application. He urged the people to worship God not in idols but in spirit and in truth. Perhaps they understood.

"We spent nearly three weeks on this mission tour, mostly in regions where . . . the gospel had never been proclaimed before," Heyer concluded his account. "During all this time the Lord graciously protected us from harm and danger."

When the tour was ended, Heyer, of course, had no way of knowing what fruitful years of missioning lay ahead in that very area where he and Valett had just been. Soon he was again absorbed in the work at Guntur. He had just received word from two missionaries of the

Leipzig Missionary Society, Pastors Ochs and Schwartz, that they were about to leave Tranquebar and begin work among the Telugus. Heyer encouraged them to come. "I should heartily rejoice," wrote he, "if this large field could be occupied by Lutheran missionaries. Twenty or thirty of them would find enough to do in this part of India." They came after Gunn's arrival, so that, with Heyer and Valett, Guntur was for a few months practically besieged with missionaries. Stokes was so delighted that he offered to give \$250, to be matched by an equal amount from America, toward a printing press for Christian literature. But before anything could come of it, the Leipzig men gave up their plan and returned to Tranquebar.

* * *

A happy event took place on June 30, 1844, when the first mission house at Guntur was dedicated. Erected at a cost of \$800, it represented a gift, intended originally for the printing press, of \$500 from the South Carolina Synod's Missionary Society to which the Synod had then added another \$300. The new brick building was located on a two-acre plot recently acquired from the government at a rental of \$1.25 a year. During the week the mission house was to serve as school building, and on Sundays as a church. It contained also a small room in which lumber was stored. Heyer chose to make this his apartment, humorously calling it "the prophet's room." Many were delighted at the prospect of new quarters for the Guntur schools, for these now enrolled ninety boys and twenty-five girls. The day of dedication was one of the happiest in the life of the young mission. Gunn gave this interesting description:

“The services were conducted by Brother Heyer, Brother Valett and myself. The 84th Psalm was read in English, Telugu and Tamil. Singing was in Telugu and an appropriate address by each of us in English was translated by interpreters. Brother Heyer also spoke in Telugu. It was interesting to see nearly 200 persons seated before us upon their mats, dressed in their native costume and listening to the words of eternal life.”

Two months later the mission house was teeming with four schools, three Telugu and one English. Of the Telugu the most noteworthy was the girls' school which was attended by twenty-five. Schools for girls were still a novelty in India. For the sacred books, the Shastras, forbid the education of women, while they themselves considered it a disgrace to be educated, because among the Hindus only temple prostitutes had hitherto received any schooling. The pride of these four schools, according to Heyer, was the English. It had three grades, the first with fourteen pupils. In addition to arithmetic, geography, and grammar, there was a good course in Bible history. Among the pupils were Moslems, Sudras, a Rajput, and a Pariah, which was an uncommon mixing of castes for those days.

At the same time progress was evident in the growing number of converts. At the end of his first year Heyer had had but three baptisms. But by July, 1845, according to his last report before returning home, he had baptized eighteen adults and six children. The number of communicants was only four. Heyer purposely kept the number low, because, as he put it, “we do not deem it advisable to administer the Lord's Supper immediately to all who have been baptized.”

Growing Pains

A WELCOME SOURCE of support for Heyer's work was the Bible societies. One of these, the Madras Auxiliary Society, had sent Heyer, during his first year, 800 copies of the Gospels, Genesis, and the Psalms, separately bound, 500 in Telugu and 300 in Tamil. Meanwhile, Heyer had also engaged a colporteur at a monthly salary of \$2.50 to distribute them. A year later the American Bible and Tract Societies contributed Bibles to the value of \$200. These generous societies continued their valuable assistance through the succeeding years, while at the same time Heyer and Gunn, like other missionaries, had learned that it pays to be discreet rather than liberal in distributing literature.

American aid for the Guntur mission continued to languish. The Ministerium's Missionary Society expended annually between \$800 and \$900 for this station, which was more than half of its receipts which were intended also for home missions. The liberality of the English friends at Guntur continued and, for the present, gave the mission a favored youth. Added also were contributions from the General Synod which, however, did little more than pay Gunn's salary.

In America opposition became outspoken in some quarters against the whole foreign undertaking. The editor of the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung*, May 1, 1845, voiced the opinion of a group who saw the church's first duty among the unchurched at home. He marshalled plentiful facts regarding the westward push of population and the sad dearth of home missionaries and churches for both immigrants and frontier settlers. The situation, in respect to the Missionary Society of the Ministerium, became especially appalling when one learned that so far a total of \$5,500 had been sunk into the India venture. The editor concluded bluntly, "Could not the \$5,500 have been used to better advantage for home missions? This is buying honor at too great a price, and we believe that our foreign mission should be abandoned."

What filled this reproach with particular vehemence was Heyer's contemplated return to America. Ever since July, 1844, he had been expressing his desire to return. Without giving any specific reason for his departure, he fixed it at some time in 1846. Finally, the Ministerium's Society granted him permission at its meeting in June, 1846. It resolved to pay for his homeward journey, but therewith to discontinue his salary. Even so, Heyer "jumped the gun." On December 22, 1845, he quit Guntur, leaving it in the care of Gunn and his capable wife. By August, 1846, he was back in America.

Heyer's bolting for home may be accounted for on several grounds. He had motherless children at home. He was homesick as well as innately restless. Above all he was discouraged with the aid which the church had hitherto supplied the work in Guntur. He felt he could

risk the inevitable criticism which a precipitous return would heap upon him, and hoped in spite of it to stir up greater interest in missions among those who still favored the station in India. He probably was sufficiently sure of himself to feel that, as a missionary fresh from the field, his stories would do more to inspire the church to renewed effort than could all his letters from India, printed though they were in the church papers.

When viewed from the administrative angle, Heyer's impromptu return was a mistake. Hardly had the mission got started and his first colleague become fairly settled, than he let the affair shift for itself. In consequence, the Ministerium's Society, soon after Heyer's return, made overtures to the Society of the General Synod for a possible transfer of the Guntur mission. For Gunn, being supported by the Society of the General Synod, was alone at Guntur. The Society of the Ministerium ratified the proposed transfer in 1846. Soon thereafter it was consummated. And in 1848, at its annual meeting, the Society of the General Synod acknowledged its indebtedness to the Ministerium through which it had fallen heir to the pioneer work at Guntur.

"We feel constrained," ran its report, "to pay a passing tribute to the Missionary Society of the Pennsylvania Synod for their devoted zeal and activity in the mission work. To that society we owe the successful establishment of the mission at Guntur. To them belongs the proud distinction of having sent the first Lutheran missionary from the United States; and right and proper was it that the oldest Lutheran synod in this country, the

mother of us all, should have taken the lead in this noble enterprise. . . .”

Heyer himself upon his return was denied permission to campaign for the cause of foreign missions. Although he had hoped to visit congregations, conferences, and conventions, there to deliver educational and inspirational addresses on the work in India, the manner of his return muzzled him. In this embarrassing situation he swallowed his pride and remembered that there was still other work to be done.

“The Home Missionary Society of the General Synod,” organized in Philadelphia in 1845, presently called upon him again to fill the bill as a home missionary. A field awaited him in Baltimore. He accepted. January 1, 1847 he began. Within three months he gathered seventy German families and organized them into a congregation. They purchased a building formerly used by Methodists. A Sunday school was begun, four catechumens were receiving instruction, while attendance on Sundays averaged 300. Such was the beginning of St. John’s Church, Baltimore. Those were days when home missioning was rapid, especially among immigrants, for many of whom the church was part of a traditional way of life which they were eager to continue in the new world.

While Heyer remained in Baltimore, he resumed his course in medicine at Maryland University. At the close of the academic year, 1847, he received the degree of doctor of medicine. Having had not more than three semesters of medical lectures, including those of 1840-41, his being awarded the M.D. is another interesting comment on the times. To win a medical degree at the age

of fifty-four, in addition to his varied experiences of pastor and missionary, certainly marked him as candidate for a new and significant assignment. Such an assignment was already in the making.

Despite the apparent rebuff upon his return from India, Heyer clung to the hope of being sent there again. Some of his friends in the Ministerium urged him to volunteer his services to the Missionary Society once more. He expressed his willingness and replied in a letter which was published in the *Lutheran Observer*, April 9, 1847.

Soon thereafter events took a propitious turn. At the tenth anniversary service of the Missionary Society of the Ministerium, Heyer was the principal speaker. In the course of his address he declared, "I am prepared to spend the remaining portion of my life proclaiming the gospel tidings among the benighted but otherwise interesting people in the Telugu country." He concluded, "If, on the other hand, it should not be thought best to send me back to India, I am perfectly satisfied to continue my residence in Columbia's happy land. I leave it to the Lord and to the Church. . . . to decide." The effect of his address was that two days later he was called to return to India as the missionary of the society. Consent, also, was shortly obtained from the Missionary Society of the General Synod that it would pay his traveling expenses back as well as buy his tropical outfit. July 1, he resigned his pastorate at St. John's, Baltimore, and undertook a four-month speaking tour among the congregations of the Ministeriums of Pennsylvania and New York.

One of the first results of this trip was that, by his frequent reference to the Stokes family, a number of spe-

cial gifts were given him to present to his patrons as the marks of appreciation of friends in America. Besides he received considerable funds for school work and his own personal use. With the latter he bought himself a daguerrean machine with which he hoped to make photographs of his work in India. A hitch at the last, which threatened to prevent his departure, was unraveled almost providentially. The General Synod's Society had promised to pay Heyer's fare to India, yet within a month of his sailing no money was in sight. A special meeting was called in New York. As if from nowhere contributions suddenly poured in. Not only was enough raised for Heyer to book passage, but also to pay Gunn's salary for the next six months, while the treasury retained a balance of \$150.

With confidence renewed, friendships affirmed, and support vouchsafed, Heyer went to Boston, bound a second time for the Orient. On December 4, 1847, he boarded the *Mary Adams*. He was prepared to try again. His farewell greeting came in an open letter to the Sunday school children of the congregations he had visited. His closing admonition urged, "When you pray 'Thy kingdom come,' think of our Foreign Missionary enterprise, and the laborers engaged in it. . . ."

Return to the Natives

YANKEE CLOCKS, mahogany blocks, pine boards, turpentine, and that New England ice, loaded the hold of the *Mary Adams*, off on her maiden voyage. Her crew was busy trimming her down for the long run of 12,000 miles. She was a fine sail for her day, just before the glorious era of American clipper ships. Her 370 tons rode the swells with ease; yet her size may arouse wonder over how people ever entrusted their lives and goods to a hull 130 feet long and twenty-eight feet abeam. For Heyer, however, this was the order of the day. He was already a veteran, momentarily enjoying his sixth crossing of the Atlantic. The long voyage gave him not only time to rest, but to study.

"Early to bed" was Heyer's maxim at sea. "Dawn always finds me awake. And after raising my heart in gratitude to God, I arise, dress, wash, and put a few things in order about my stateroom; walk on deck till sunrise; then read my Telugu Testament or Psalms." After eight o'clock breakfast, he retired to his "office," a small space between decks where he kept his writing desk and a few books. After his dinner he paced the deck with the few fellow passengers and joined in their conversation.

Then he retired to his books once more, and became engrossed in such a variety of subjects as chemistry, geology, history, and travel. Supper being from six to seven, he closed the day with an hour's devotional reading, and turned in at nine. During the voyage his health was fine as usual, while mentally he was laying by a store of facts and ideas which he hoped to use in his missioning.

Without incident Heyer landed in Madras in mid-April, 1848. Some Tamil Christians from Tranquebar had settled in Madras. Being Lutherans by inheritance from the days of Schwartz, they seemed dissatisfied over their recent affiliation with the Anglican Vepery congregation. Thus they extended a call to Heyer, asking him to be their pastor. The florid language of their invitation is typically oriental. They wrote:

"To the Reverend German Missionary who wishes the eternal good of the Tamil Christian Church Society and their congregation.

"Reverend and worthy Sir:—

"Our friend, A. Mulla Mottoo Pilley, having expressed our desire that you would see us first, and if it pleases God, you would do to us our spiritual good. I beg you in the name of the Committee of the above Society, that we are willing and glad to see you this evening at seven o'clock precisely in our Prayer House. . . . The object of our separating ourselves from the English Vepery Church is only this, that our venerable ancient German Missionaries have devoted themselves . . . and even their lives entirely to ourselves and our country; but the English are quite different from them, which induced us . . .

to separate from them that we may endeavor to do good to ourselves and to our countrymen."

Touching as the loyalty voiced in such an appeal may have been, Heyer graciously declined and embarked from Madras for the last leg of his journey. Taking passage on a native coastwise vessel, he was delayed for days while the dilatory captain promised to put out to sea "tomorrow." The voyage itself, which Heyer admits he should not have risked in this native craft, took four days, while each night—for fear of losing his way—the captain anchored off shore. But these exasperations were forgotten in the joyful welcome extended him by his friend Stokes who, with his wife, was just then passing the hot season at Masulipatam by the sea. The Stokeses were delighted with the gifts which Heyer had brought them from their unseen friends in America; and Stokes, in his letters of acknowledgment, encouraged greater missionary fervor on the part of the Americans.

Heyer arrived in Guntur, May 15, 1848, where he found Gunn convalescing from a fever which he had contracted on a recent tour of the Palnad in company with the new German missionary, Heise, of Rajahmundry, and the Englishman, Beer, of Narsapur. Unfortunately the state of the mission was about as feeble as Gunn's health. Work was confined entirely to Guntur. A storm two autumns ago had wrecked part of the mission house but, thanks to Stokes, repairs had been made. Also a new bungalow had been put up for the use of the Gunns.

In regard to his work, Gunn had been very active before his health broke. In September, 1846, he had journeyed to Rajahmundry to assist Valett in the ordina-

tion of the two new missionaries of the North German Missionary Society, Heise and Groenning. The latter, in company with Valett, returned the favor by visiting Guntur. Thus a friendly relationship was formed between Rajahmundry and Guntur in the days when both were struggling for a foothold in the Andhra country. During the interim, Mrs. Gunn had been conducting the native girls' school where, by her grace and tact, she showed definite ability.

Likewise, Gunn had tried to bring the impact of the Gospel to bear upon the lives of the natives within reach. He had baptized but three children and two adults. Yet the latter both proved themselves marked assets to the mission. One was Stephen, a Mala, the former disciple of a priest, whom Heyer had first interested in Christianity, and who was now teaching in a newly opened Telugu school on the edge of Guntur. The other was John, a weaver, whom Heyer and Valett had met on their tour of the Palnad in 1844. Later that year John had come to Guntur. On his own initiative he wished to find out more about those tracts which had been left by Heyer in his native Polipally. Learning to read and receiving instruction, John returned to the Palnad, intent upon spreading the Glad News among his neighbors. In 1847, he returned to Guntur and was baptized by Gunn. There was uncommon significance in this lone native convert. His life reads in some respects like that of a native Tamil, named Asariah, who not only accepted Christianity but led the way to the conversion of his whole community of over 100,000, and subsequently he became the Anglican Bishop of Dornakal. Gunn thus baptized the first

native Christian teacher and the first native Christian missionary. Yet at the time of Heyer's return both of these men were still novices awaiting success.

The number of communicants in the congregation at Guntur was under a dozen, and the evangelistic intent of the schools was nullified by the necessity of employing pagan teachers. These teachers, like the pupils in the English school, looked upon their association with the mission chiefly as a means of preferment to the civil service. Labor and money had thus far been expended with much hope and little reward. It is idle to speculate what might have been the condition of the mission had Heyer remained and, for example, repeated his attempt to establish a boys' boarding school for training native workers. Yet, inasmuch as this had not been done, he had only himself to blame. Meanwhile the Gunns had proved their loyalty to the work and held the love and respect of the English colony.

With Heyer's arrival the schools were re-opened as soon as the hot season had passed. The English school had twenty-six boys, the Telugu forty-four. The Telugu school in Guntur proper, where Stephen and his baptized wife, Rebecca, taught, had eighteen boys and twelve girls. Mrs. Gunn's girls' school enrolled thirty. Soon two new buildings were added in the mission compound, one a teacher's residence, the other a school for girls.

Welcome support for the mission had come not only from Stokes, but also from his assistant, Newill. Besides contributing about half as much as his chief, Newill applied his excellent knowledge of vernacular Telugu. He

translated several religious tracts and prepared a small Telugu hymnal and an almanac for the year 1849.

This new year, 1849, began well for Heyer, if the undertaking of a 200-mile tour through the Palnad may be called that. He was persuaded that mission activity requires experimentation and the testing of different environments. Hence he was willing at least to go prospecting in an area which five years ago had shown some promise and at present boasted one hopeful convert, Weaver John.

Prospector's Journal

AT THE AGE of fifty-five one of the most fascinating periods in Heyer's life began. On January 22, 1849, he set out from Guntur to push past strange frontiers. His own story of this adventure was first told in letters to his young Sunday school friends in America. Both the *Lutheran Observer* and the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* ran them in their columns. These letters, which have not been re-published, portray the Heyer whose greatest admirers were young people.

How does one prepare for a long trip in India? Heyer bought a sturdy bullock-bandy, or two-wheel cart, for fifteen dollars. On its chassis he fastened an open box, six feet long, two and one-half feet wide, and three feet high. Some people have believed the story that this spacious box was intended to serve as an emergency coffin. Be that as it may, Heyer put hoops over its open top and then covered them with a bamboo mat and a coarse canvas-like cloth which was painted white on top and black on the sides. The finished product was a distant cousin to the American covered wagon. All items necessary for the trip were then stored inside the box, while on top of the load was a bed, in which Heyer could sit if he

wished. Among the baggage were 1,200 books and tracts, plus a generous supply of zwieback. The latter item was important because bread could seldom be bought in the villages along the way, although chickens, eggs, and milk could be had almost anywhere. For five dollars Heyer rented one-month's motive power; a driver and two bullocks. Then, with the obliging Nicodemus, first catechist of the mission, for an interpreter, the abbreviated caravan set out.

In Heyer's journal there is an illuminating review of this unusual tour. From his entries one may recover a picture of the little missionary making his preliminary contacts with the natives.

After a few days under way, the party stopped at the village of Vaicantapuram. "Early in the morning," Heyer wrote, "we found a Pagoda dedicated to Vaicataswaradu (a local deity), an incarnation of Vishnu. Soon the officiating priest arrived mumbling Sanskrit slogans as he ascended. When he came to the first small cave, which contained an image of Hanuman (a popular Aryan deity in the form of a monkey), he halted, opened a small bag containing flowers; a portion of them he threw into the cave, repeating additional prayers, before proceeding to the next idols. . . . After he had finished his idolatrous services, we entered into conversation with him, warning him of danger, and admonishing him to flee the wrath to come. . . . Returning through the village, some persons asked for advice and medicine."

The following day, January 28, Heyer and Nicodemus struck up a conversation with a goldsmith, two weavers, and a village astrologer. To these men Nico-

demus "preached Christ and Him crucified, in a plain but impressive manner."

That afternoon Heyer and Nicodemus went to the bazaar where they encountered opponents. Their leader, according to the missionary, was a "case-hardened, self-important pantaloo, or teacher" apparently about seventy years of age. Surrounding this "bigot" were some score or more of boys. As the conversation, via the interpreting of Nicodemus, became enlightening, some of the boys said, "We are willing to become Christians. But what will you pay us?" Heyer then found it difficult to explain to their satisfaction that the Gospel cannot be bought, but can only be caught. When the conversation had run its course, some of these Brahmin lads trailed the missionary to his camping place and received a couple of tracts.

Moving on to Crosoor, Heyer showed his audacity in a rather remarkable interpretation of Scripture. It was early morning, and the missionary was holding forth near the local schoolhouse. As the natives were seated or squatting before him, he handed the kornam, or head man of the village, a Testament and asked him to read the story of the prodigal son. Heyer explained the story verse by verse. The people seemed to understand that the father might signify the heavenly Father; the younger son, man in a fallen, sinful state. When the kornam read the words, "sent him into the fields to feed swine," Heyer asked if anyone could say what that might mean. One man suggested, "Feeding swine is the lowest form of occupation."

"You are right," answered the missionary, "but you can go still farther. The worship of idols is the most

degrading thing a man can do. Therefore, just as you do not want to make the feeding of swine your ambition, so do not make the worship of idols your religion. Swine in work and idols in worship are not the best you can do."

A murmur of surprise and hushed indignation ran through the assembled group. Yet there were no overt signs of displeasure and Heyer contented himself with the opinion that the impression was deeper and more general than he had made on any former occasion.

As his journey progressed Heyer met many types of people, such as a woman who faithfully tagged after him requesting more and more reading matter for her son who lay at home ill but literate; or a group of people who openly expressed being ashamed of their idolatry; or, again, a group of Brahmins who were hostile to his distributing of literature among the villagers; or gypsies who, when asked, said they worship "the One God;" or the great mass of just curious people to whom the presence of a white man was an event. Heyer kept eyes open for possible school sites, and wherever he went one of his first questions was to ask for the school and schoolmaster.

One thing that amazed Heyer was the natives' total lack of consciousness of sin. On several occasions Heyer asked his hearers, "How can we obtain forgiveness of sins?" Then he would offer a reward to anyone who could give a satisfactory answer. Almost without exception he kept the prize, because people of Hindu background could hardly be expected to think Christian thoughts. Yet the offering of a prize kept the people interested. When someone began asking, "How did sin, or evil, come into the world?" Heyer would have none of

this speculation, and endeavored to return to the subject by saying, "A drowning man would not refuse assistance simply because no one had explained to him how he got into his trouble. Instead, he would clutch at the line and hold on with all his might until he had been pulled to safety."

Heyer and Nicodemus found a far happier reception among the people whom Weaver John—the lone native convert in the Palnad—had for some time been preparing. For the first time Heyer experienced the joy of receiving suddenly a large number of converts into the church. It was as if clouds of spiritual darkness hovering over a people had rent.

At seven in the morning on February 10, 1849, Heyer and Nicodemus arrived at Polipally. John, the native weaver whom Gunn had baptized a few years ago, had come out some distance from town to meet the missionary and his party. Soon, John's family and relatives were swarming around the visitors and expressing delight over their safe arrival. The next day, Sunday, brought joy to Heyer. When it was over, he entered the following comments in his journal:

"Early this morning the children came with their books and repeated their lessons to me;—gave them each a small reward, and encouraged them to be diligent. At eight o'clock the people assembled for public worship, taking their seats under a large tree. Most of them were quite attentive to the preaching, and some joined in singing and prayer. After the benediction several persons came and expressed the wish to receive Christian baptism. After some consideration with them, notice was given

that we would assemble again for public worship at twelve; persons who wished to be baptized were requested to attend for conversation and examination." To Heyer's surprise the number of applicants, men, women, and children, amounted to thirty. He then scheduled a third service for four o'clock, at which time he based his discourse on the missionary text, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them . . ."

After the service Weaver John came forward with a small Telugu book in his hand. Holding it up, and speaking with all the seriousness at his command, he said to the missionary, "From this book, Sir, we date the beginning of the Gospel light in our midst." Pausing a moment, he then continued, "You gave it to me about four years ago, before you went back again to your own country. Since that time it has pleased the Lord to enlighten us more and more. Some of our children have learned to read, and a number of people desire that you should administer the rite of Christian baptism to them."

Here and there, in little clusters, stood the people to whom John referred. They were family groups, fathers, mothers, children; a few unattached persons also stood by. Conversation was mostly in whispers, being restrained partly by timidity, partly by curiosity. Tan faces had an inbred matter-of-factness about them, but the eyes of these people were expressive and followed Heyer's every move. He came toward one family group. He asked how long their attention had been directed to the Gospel. One of the grown sons replied, "Three years ago I received the first information about the Saviour. My father and mother

also have since then gained some knowledge of the Gospel, and desire to be baptized."

Heyer proceeded to other inquirers. A woman came to him with her two children, and with typical oriental elaboration relieved herself of a tale of woe. "Sir, I do not work on Sundays. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I wish to be baptized. But my husband is opposed to the Gospel. What shall I do?"

Heyer sent for the husband. In the presence of all the bystanders, he advised the woman: "For the sake of peace in your family, put off your baptism for a while. Pray and behave yourself like a Christian. Try in that way to win over your husband, so that he too may be willing to live according to the Gospel." The woman seemed to understand. Later she returned in company with her husband, saying that he had consented for her and the children to be baptized.

About sunrise, Monday morning, the twenty-two converts gathered. It was an open-air ceremony in the cool of the day. Scattered beyond the faithful was a fringe of inquisitive onlookers, perplexed by the unfamiliar ritual. There was no commotion, no overt unfriendliness. For converts and onlookers were accustomed from experience to do their religious exercises in public. Heyer himself, after a certain period of hesitancy, had shaken off all signs of self-consciousness in situations like this. This was the open manner of the Orient, which differed markedly from the individualistic and sequestered worship of the Occident.

Heyer wrote the strange names in his *Journal*, "Feb-

ruary 12. The holy rite of baptism was administered this morning to twenty-two persons, namely:

"From Polipally, 1st. John's family, according to their former heathen names: Nagana, Pitchi, Voboy, Pulloi, and Chinnoa Voboy. Christian names: Sarah, Ruth, Matthew, Mark, Luke.

"2nd family, according to their heathen names: Sayegadu, Channama, Chinna, Rawaya, Veneai, Muttai, Lutchai. Christian names: Isaac, Rebecca, Andrew, Peter, Paul, Barnabas.

"3rd family, Ramaya and Sandi; now Jacob and Rachel.

"4th family, Peddu, Veneai, Chennama, and Naraidu. Christian names: Joseph, Moses, Miriam and Joshua.

"5th family, Cotama, Chennadu and Chinnama. Christian names: Isabella, Solomon and Susanna.

"From Roiyavaram, Krishnai, now David.

"From Yelduru, Peddu, now Samuel."

All these converts belonged to the weaver caste—although the Mala are actually outcaste. As weavers they made sufficient money to be self-supporting in a frugal way. They spared their missionary the headache of finding ways and means of providing for them, as was necessary in Guntur. Heyer commented that these people "do not expect temporal advantages in consequence of the step they have taken. They are aware that the heathen village will oppress them still more because they have become Christians." He added that, to the best of his knowledge, these converts had become freed "from the bondage of idolatry." Because the Gospel had been known among them ever since Weaver John's baptism in 1844,

he felt that the present baptisms proved that "the Lord has drawn them with cords of love," and that they honestly desired to live the Christlike life. These baptisms were the first to be administered by a Protestant missionary in the Palnad district. When Heyer subsequently made his departure he said, "I hope to meet you all in heaven, though we may not meet again on earth."

The remarkable thing had been the preparatory work of John the Weaver. Almost single-handed he had prepared the way among people whom Heyer had hitherto known only by hearsay. Hudleston Stokes, the well-to-do revenue collector, had opened the field and financially primed the first American Lutheran Mission in India. A simple convert had, by his initiative and resourcefulness as well as by his faith and courage, opened a new area in that field from which for years to come the mission would draw its chief encouragement. Little more is known about Weaver John than the story of his deed in his native Polipally. He deserves to be remembered as one of those humble persons whose ardent souls make the movement of Christian missions at their best a common man's crusade.

Imagine now, by way of contrast, what must have been Heyer's reaction when, a few days later, he happened upon a huge heathen festival. The occasion was the annual festival in honor of a local deity. Roads leading to the scene were crowded days in advance. Pilgrims came as far as a hundred miles to pay homage to their idol. When festivities finally began over 40,000 people were assembled. Heyer commented that in comparison

with such a multitude of human beings, the usual camp meetings in America were mere trifles.

Cottapah, an incarnation of the deity Siva, sat in its pagoda on the hillside, peering out over the throng five hundred feet below. Leading up to the pagoda were broad stone steps. During the two-day festival the pilgrims climbed up and down as they brought their offerings to the idol. For Cottapah was said to have healing powers, and the pilgrim feared lest he fall out of the good graces of his idol. And there, near the idol, stood the bedecked officiating priests. With matter-of-factness they took in the offerings of money, rice, and fruits.

Many of the worshipers also made a pilgrimage around the foot of the hill. Over that winding path, some eight miles long, they paced not only themselves but also their sheep and oxen. Hereby they hoped to be exempted, together with their cattle, from sickness during the coming year. Other pilgrims, as they journeyed, carried stones on their heads. Then, having walked around the hill, they dropped the stones on a pile where the pagoda again came in view. Heyer learned that this procedure represented the fulfilling of some vow made during the past year.

Still another incident attracted the watchful missionary's eye. Two by two, girls and boys joined a procession which went around the foot of the temple hill. Without joining hands, or otherwise touching each other, the flowing garments of these young couples were symbolically knotted together. And the meaning of all this? It's the Hindu way of publicly announcing the engagement of couples who are to be married before the next annual

festival. Heyer could not refrain from musing how "in India the knot is tied literally."

On such occasions Heyer was more than a casual observer. Experience had taught him that words are not enough to attract people's attention. So he had provided himself with a few small items which might well arouse curiosity. Among these were an air pump, a compass, and a clock. The air pump suggested breath of life. The compass suggested direction, the goal toward which life may be aimed. The clock—a modern American product—suggested the passing of time. The natives would look at these gadgets with wide-eyed wonder. When Heyer would begin to explain, they would listen with profound attention. He would turn the hands of the clock, and it would strike the hour! This was nothing short of miraculous. This man from the far-off land, commented the people, was nothing less than a god himself! Here Heyer had his opening. The people began talking about religion to him.

A group of men came to him, convinced that the deity Cottapah had cured their colic or removed some other pain, and therefore they were resolved to bring thank offerings. Heyer noticed that a blind man was present. Pointing at him, the missionary questioned, "If Cottapah would restore this man's sight, I might perhaps believe that he has healed your diseases."

There was anything but finesse in Heyer's manner with these people. They in turn, hearing their own religion criticized, might put him down as a troublesome skeptic. His technique seemed to follow a general pattern. Wherever he saw an obvious bodily ailment, like blind-

ness, lameness, or physical deformity, he would call attention to it. He would remark that if the particular deity whom such things concern would correct or heal the defect, then he himself might become a convert to Hinduism. Heyer found this a crude but effective entering wedge. He saw that some began to reflect, and expressed doubts whether the idol Cottapah *had* done anything at all towards the restoration of their health.

Some of these pilgrims, in response to Heyer's questioning, were indeed ready to become skeptics, like one man, who said, "If that is the case, then I do not owe the idol any thankoffering at all. I might as well go home again without leaving any gift." To this Heyer countered with words that must have seemed strange to Hindu ears, when he answered, "Bring sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving to the only true and living God, from whom comes all our help."

Incidents of this kind have a way of accentuating the wide gulf between the thought worlds of East and West. One may censure the missionary for bluntness, or for easy arguments which may be flung back with equal effect, or for language that misses the mark. The task of the missionary, nevertheless, did not end at that point; rather, it began there. Somewhere, anywhere, a beginning had to be made, if ever so awkward or irritating. A festival of this kind, moreover, provided Heyer with an opportunity for meeting vastly greater numbers of people than ordinarily. To likely takers, who seemed really interested, he handed a tract or a small portion of Scripture. Who could tell but that one or another of these people might turn out to be another "Weaver John"? They were generally ap-

proachable under these festal conditions, and were good listeners. Missionaries have always made a practice of being on hand for such occasions. For that reason Heyer was not alone at this festival. With him was his catechist and interpreter, Nicodemus, while from Guntur had come Gunn, accompanied by Groenning, on visit from Rajahmundry.

After six weeks' absence, Heyer finally came back to Guntur. He informed Stokes not only of covering two hundred miles, but of baptizing twenty-two converts. Stokes was so impressed that he advised Heyer immediately to establish a station in the Palnad district, and offered to build him a house. Thus, as originally at Guntur, the wherewithal of the collector made the new work of the missionary financially possible.

Even before seeing Stokes, Heyer himself had resolved to begin a new station in the Palnad. In his *Journal* he jotted down:

"March 6. Halted during the day near Corsolu. Whilst reading and meditating on Deut. I, 21—'Behold the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee: go up and possess it; . . . fear not, neither be discouraged'—a letter was handed to me, containing the information that Mulla Mottoo, a native catechist (who at Madras had invited Heyer to become pastor of the native congregation), had accepted the invitation to become an assistant in our mission. This will decide the question about my going to the Palnad to commence a new missionary station." April 12, 1849, he settled at Gurzala, in the Palnad.

Hermitage in Gurzala

"MY PRESENT residence," wrote Heyer to Benjamin Kurtz, editor of the *Observer*, "might be made an earthly paradise, if it were inhabited by men of angelic dispositions." Perhaps he was thinking of Schiller's couplet about the world being long on beauty and short on angels. For the experiences of his first year at this outpost seemed to bear out that fact. Missioning meant nothing less than bringing beauty into human souls. Around him were plenty of natives whose souls needed to be made beautiful. Around him was also the beauty of nature, modest but inspiring.

His mission compound covered some nine acres of good land. It was surrounded by a three-foot wall. Through it flowed a stream which watered the ground almost eight months of the year. At the far end of the compound the stream was dammed, and the resulting reservoir, or tank, was stocked with several kinds of fish. Scattered here and there were some fifty tamarind trees and a number of more ornamental shade trees. In the fields of the compound Heyer had planted rice, cotton, wheat, bengal grain, castor plants, and several other native grains. A small well provided him with drinking

water. His house, built of brick, was a customary one-story affair twenty-five by forty feet, and its eight doors opened out on all sides. It was furnished with monastic simplicity; two tables, three or four chairs, altogether not worth more than \$15 or \$20.

Amid such surroundings Heyer strove to create an environment whose outward beauty would suggest an inward counterpart in the souls of his people. They were his people, for he was living among them as the only white man as well as missionary in that region. He sought constantly to overcome the sordidness of life as he beheld it among the natives. What else was it but another parable in sweat and toil when he planted seventy-five orange trees, knowing that they would add considerable beauty to the place. Gurzala's little hermitage is thus the story of one man's faith and labor. Robust health enabled him to go about his work with almost untiring energy.

Education was the focal point of Heyer's activity. Schools are often the measure of a mission's effectiveness, for through them Christianity sinks its roots into new ground. But the task of setting up even the simplest kind of school caused the missionary many a headache. Lacking trained teachers, he had to employ the best among his recent converts. Thus John the Weaver was teaching in his native Polipalli, Samuel in Veldurti, Jacob in Tumurucotta. A later convert, Appiah, was employed as colporteur.

School in the American manner could hardly be conducted under these conditions. Nor was it Heyer's purpose to do more than give these underprivileged craftsmen and peasants a reading knowledge of their language,

plus some other useful information. The main thing, particularly in the initial stages, was to provide the people with the means of reading their Christian literature, both tracts and Testament. Because this was the ulterior aim of mission education, the local heathen, inspired by their Brahmin leaders, either opposed the setting up of schools in their villages, or, upon discovering the Christian implication of the proffered education, parents generally withdrew their children. Heyer's graphic account of the planting of a school in the town which he made his headquarters, throws light on both the local mood and the missionary's cleverness.

"Here in Gurzala," he wrote in August, 1849, "with regard to the school, the people have been rather careless. They support no teacher themselves, and when we first commenced our work here, they were unwilling to have a Christian teacher; not one could be induced to attend the school. 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' . . . According to this maxim we have endeavored to manage things, . . . and it has not been in vain. During the first month I employed a Brahmin as teacher; after this a young man who had been trained in our mission school at Guntur, but who does not profess to be a Christian. . . . At present a native Christian (Devaskamani) has charge of the school, and there are four or five girls who attend in addition to a small number of boys."

Soon after Heyer had taken up residence in Gurzala, he made his first attempt to establish a boarding school for boys. His object was to begin immediately with the training of native Christian workers. "At a monthly cost

of six dollars," he reported, "I have taken in five Christian boys from three different villages, who are provided for by the contributions which you (the children of several Sunday schools in America) have heretofore sent. I indulge the hope that the Lord may be pleased to call some of these youths into his vineyard."

In practical matters the pioneer missionary had also to be on his toes. Among these was the securing of school sites. Regarding one of these, in Weaver John's Polipalli, Heyer wrote, "I have procured a lot of ground containing about three-quarters of an acre; on this ground a place for public worship and a school house are to be erected, and a part is to be used as a graveyard. . . . I intend, the Lord willing, to commence the first small mission chapel in these parts. Our people in Polipalli are poor, plain people, and the building will be accordingly; \$30 or \$40 I think will be sufficient. . . ."

More unusual was the site at Macherla, which adjoined the big Hindu Pagoda. Imagine Heyer, standing on the site surrounded by curious natives, addressing the people like a bold prophet, saying, "This large idol temple must be forsaken and come to destruction; but that small building which we are about to erect will gradually be enlarged until the worship of the true and living God, and of Jesus Christ whom He has sent, shall be fully established in these parts." In a more cautious postscript he writes, "The people who are favorable to our enterprise, evidently were pleased . . . and felt encouraged."

Bold words were these. For the loyal Hindu the whole procedure was about as welcome as for a Christian would be the opening of a communist local next to a

church. Nor could a thinking Hindu forget that a mission school could obtain land next to a temple just because of the influence of the powerful East India Company, exercised in this case by the benevolent collector Stokes. Be that as it may, here was clear evidence of the manner in which missionary zeal was massing what strength it possessed to dent a caste-hardened society. For society was stratified into castes, and the maintenance of the caste system was inseparable from the prevailing religious system.

To preach the Gospel meant to preach not only religious but social revolution. While this portion of Christ's message may have been ignored or forgotten at home, men like Heyer were recovering it on the foreign field. For Christians to be united in Christ implies a Christianity which demands the abolition of the caste system—as well as social snobbishness—among its converts. The people among whom Heyer was now working were Malas, or outcastes. Underprivileged as they were, they too were part of the caste system and had their own set of religious rites and social ceremonies. But in practice they were the forgotten men of India; the transmigrated and reincarnated souls of men who had done wrong in another age. Those looking down at them from above, the Haves, said the condition of these outcastes, the Have-nots, was their own fault; and the caste system was there to keep the Haves safe from contamination. Very much like words of social agitators in our own time, were those uttered by Heyer under the shadow of the Pagoda as he spoke to the disinherited who massed around him.

For these people, though not the poorest of the poor, had no prospect of escape into better circumstances. Like all others in India their lot was predetermined. They were weavers, not making so little as to be crushed into apathy, but just little enough to desire something better.

Heyer observed that every house contained one or two small looms of very primitive construction. On this simple machine each family depended for its living. A person could earn from six to nine cents a day working one of these machines. But Heyer was impatient with the slowness of these cumbersome devices. Indeed, a family could support itself from even such paltry earnings. But why not, mused the missionary, provide them with better equipment? These Indian looms cost two or three dollars. Small modern looms, on the other hand, were about \$40. The investment would likely pay for itself.

One idea led to another and soon Heyer had visions of a rising Christian village. Near Gurzala he procured a plot of ground on which he planned to erect the first small houses of a new community. He asked friends in America for funds with which to buy modern looms. When he used to walk out from Gurzala and ponder over the site, his imagination pictured a textile community, self-supporting and exclusively Christian. He saw his converts moving in bag and baggage from the near-by villages. He saw primitive weaving transformed and modernized, not into factory production but into a sound home industry. He saw this system as being just enough ahead of the prevailing standards to provide economic security for the converts and to arouse interest among the inquirers.

This dream of a "new order" was not original with Heyer; other missions had tried it with varying success. Unfortunately, he never secured sufficient funds to make a beginning, and the "Christian village" as such remained a castle in the air.

Even without benefit of Utopia, the Christian weavers were making enough headway to arouse the jealousy of the pagan Malas. Heyer noted that in some villages the heathen weavers were forming combinations in opposition to the Gospel. He discovered that these people refused to have anything to do with the catechists and evangelists whom he sent out on periodic tours. He concluded that the heathen weavers had evidently taken alarm on account of so large a number of this class of people having embraced Christianity. He saw in this anti-Christian movement a defense mechanism which proved that the pagan Malas considered their heathenish customs and religion in danger.

Heyer came to know country and people better by his frequent excursions to neighboring villages. Hiking sometimes fifty miles, he traveled with apostolic simplicity. Yet because there were no roadside taverns or stores, even one who went on foot required a certain amount of cumbersome luggage. On his journey he generally took "a light table and chair, a pillow, two blankets, bread, tea, plates, etc. The table is turned upside down, and the other things being placed thereon, the whole is fastened with ropes to a strong bamboo, and then carried by two coolies. Sometimes when I can find no better shelter, I spread a blanket over the legs of the table, to exclude the

night air, and then sleep beneath it, as though it were a small tent."

On such trips his missioning technique is of special interest. As soon as practicable he employed a definite form of worship. Of this he said, "In those villages where we find one or more Christian families, we generally have a public service; in other places we talk to people in the streets or near pagodas. Our usual mode of conducting public worship is the following:

"At the beginning we read one or more of the Psalms of David; I read the first verse, and the persons who can read and have books, the second verse, and so alternately to the end; after reading, we sing from the small collection of Telugu hymns, which . . . H. Newill, Esq., has got printed at his own expense. We next unite in the confession and Lord's prayer, all kneeling. After this I read a portion of Scripture, and then we sing again. . . . At the close of the singing the congregation arises and all unite with the minister in the (Te) Deum and in repeating the articles of the creed. Next follow the sermon, prayer, singing, and the benediction. . . . At morning prayers, I generally have all the people who are with me say the ten commandments, and thus by frequent repetition I endeavor to inculcate a knowledge of Christian truth upon the minds of all who are willing to hear and receive the Gospel."

Heyer spent most of his time in Gurzala where his young "disciples" in the boarding school absorbed his special attention. He remained there even through the hot season, during which time he translated Luther's *Small Catechism*.

There are places where the devil will sit and wait—until he sees his chance. In the Palnad his chance sometimes came after the worst of the hot season had passed. Then there was the horrid prospect of cholera, and for the natives an epidemic of this fatal disease was the devil's harvest.

Heyer's first summer in the Palnad was darkened by such an epidemic. "Cholera! Cholera! The Ammovaru is traveling!" Word raced through the communities as soon as the symptoms appeared and the first death gave proof of the returning scourge. Terror sank its talons into cringing souls. All communication between Gurzala and the near-by villages ceased. Guards stood watch on the roads and enforced the primitive quarantine. In Gurzala itself the people were so terrified that they kept mostly to their houses, blindly taking traditional precautions against the dread disease. Streets and bazaars were deserted, and death-like silence hung over the community.

Now and then the villagers ventured forth to perform such religious ceremonies as were hoped to bring relief. With shouting and tom-toming, they marched through the town to pacify the tutelar goddess of the village. Here was a first-class spectacle of appeasement as the officiating priests led the noisy procession to the swamy house or idol temple of Tetuguis-Ammovaru, Our Lady Mother. Here sheep, bullocks, and chickens were slaughtered as bloody offerings of propitiation. Then the people returned to their houses, awaiting relief. Morning and evening, the priests in attendance at the temple doused the supposedly hot-tempered goddess with water in order to cool her displeasure. For, as they feared, she had a way

of wielding great power, both evil and good. When she is good, she stays at home, and blesses the people with riches, new clothes, jewels, and material benefits. But when she stalks abroad, she inflicts disease and spreads epidemics. So when the cholera rages, the people say, "The Ammovaru is traveling through!" or, when a person gets smallpox, they say "The Ammovaru has caught him." Mere chickenpox has the name of "Little Ammovaru." Eventually Our Lady Mother was appeased, and the plague retreated into its mysterious lair.

For a lone white man to experience the awfulness of such a plague was in itself stark adventure. The effect was heightened by the possibility of him himself being carried off. He could see the smoke of distant funeral pyres, heavy against the twilight sky. The waning firelight was the only brightness amid those woebegone mourners silhouetted by its glow. Those of the dead who were not burned were buried in shallow graves, or, if infants, were laid without ceremony behind some hedge. In either case, jackals and vultures would consume the human remains. Once Heyer discovered that such was the sickening end of a young woman who used to attend services at the mission. After that, he wrote, "You may easily imagine how unpleasant my feelings must have been when I saw vultures during the day, and heard the howling of jackals during the night, knowing that they had devoured a person piece-meal whose image I could not yet efface from my memory." In a mood such as this he might look over toward the wall. There on the floor stood that sturdy six-foot box in which he had brought his

things from Guntur. It could serve also as a coffin—and a grave had already been dug.

In February of the following year, 1850, Heyer could tell his young friends in America with lively enthusiasm that recently in Gurzala he had enjoyed the most interesting meeting of any he had so far attended in India. A week before the meeting he announced in the villages that all persons who had been baptized, or desired to be, were invited to spend the coming weekend at the mission campus in Gurzala. The following Saturday afternoon they began coming in. Groups of five, twelve, and even sixteen came. The missionary had them camp under the shade trees near the well. He supplied them with provisions. "These people," he wrote, "are very simple in their mode of living; give them rice and water, pots and fire to boil the rice, add a little salt and pepper and ghee, a kind of fat, and they ask no more." Such was Heyer's recipe for hospitality on the frugal scale, while the provisions were only a "trifling expense."

As his guests had come distances anywhere up to twenty miles, he knew they must be tired. About sunset he walked out to the encampment, took his place under a tree, where the people were seated on the ground, and gave out the hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," in Telugu. When they came to the words:

"Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through,"

he pointed to a cloud which appeared in the west, and reminded them of the manner in which the children of Israel had been led through the wilderness. He spoke

about the manner in which the Lord now leads His people through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan. After singing, they united in prayer, and he parted with them for the night.

Eighty-one persons, including his twenty school children from Gurzala, were on hand for worship at eight the next morning. Heyer elaborated his sermon around the perennial question, "What must I do to be saved?" In Telugu: *Nenu raksinsha badutaku yemi cheya valenu?* At the second service, in the afternoon, he dealt with the ethical implications of the Christian life (Luke 6: 46-49), "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

During the afternoon service a number of inquisitive Brahmins dropped in. They marveled "that so many poor weavers could read, sing, and pray." For they claimed literacy as their own monopoly, and relegated the lower classes exclusively to physical labor. Heyer saw them leaving the campus, more astonished than pleased.

As this weekend ashram ended, the genial host, in true oriental style, gave every guest a gift. Each child received a little booklet of Bible stories, while the head of every family got a Telugu version of the Ten Commandments printed on heavy cardboard. As he gave them out he suggested, "Hang these Commandments on the wall of your house in some place where they can be seen. Not only will they remind you of God's will, but, when others come to visit, you can point out some of the things you now believe."

For the remainder of the day Heyer turned physician. He diagnosed and prescribed for the many ill who had

been brought to him from a distance. He was sure that for many miles around there was not another missionary station where so many natives could be collected, who had received or would be willing to receive the holy ordinance of baptism. "It must appear the more remarkable," he mused, "when you consider that our Palnad station was commenced less than a year ago. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Let the Converts Learn

IT IS EASY to see how Heyer's success in the Palnad soon drew a response. Among the friends back in Guntur, Stokes felt that such a strong start should be followed up. He offered to contribute \$250 a year—that is, half the salary—if a single missionary would be sent from America, and \$400, should a married one be sent. But this offer could not be matched by the missionary societies at home, and Heyer had to continue alone.

News of success spread to other mission stations. Valett visited him from Rajahmundry and delighted in the contrast which had taken place since he and Heyer had first passed through the Palnad six years before. Also, Messrs. Sharkey and Darling, serving at the Church Missionary Society's flourishing station in Masulipatam—whose work Heyer had earlier described as the most promising among the Telugus—now came to see him. Later, in thanking Heyer for his hospitality, Sharkey commented, "Your work is ours. We therefore wish you Godspeed, and pray that an abundant blessing may rest upon your labors. . . ." Yet he cautioned Heyer against the inevitable dangers of rapid growth, and the difficulty of consolidat-

ing these quick gains. The risk of converts lapsing back into their former ways was great.

Well did Heyer know the spiritual state of his converts and the weakness which nourishes mushroom growth. He admitted that most of these people scarcely knew the first letter of the Christian alphabet. Still there seemed to be "a remarkable moving among these dry bones; the more remarkable because it has taken place in India, where hitherto the progress of the Gospel has been so very slow, and where even the servants in European Christian families cannot be prevailed upon to embrace the Gospel." Although few of the old people could read, they were willing that their children should be instructed. "Upon the rising generation, taught by Christian teachers," Heyer asserted, "we build great hopes—if it please the Lord to bless our endeavors—so that by them the community may be influenced, and in the future become a Christian community."

Heyer weighed the merits of twenty-two applicants for baptism in Macherla. He knew they gathered regularly in their homes for morning and evening prayers; also that they had memorized the articles of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and some of the Commandments. They seemed to be decent people except for one fault: they drank toddy. Now the juice of convivial palm is a sweet drink at the end of a day's work. But for these prospective Christians to stop in at a bazaar and to drink toddy publicly, raised the issue of discretion. Heyer pondered. "The Brahminical religion abhors and the Mohammedan Koran forbids the use of intoxicating drinks. Ought a Christian missionary be less strict about this matter in introducing

the Gospel among these people?" He knew that living beyond the bounds of the Brahmin code or the Koran, they never had been reproved. They saw no evil in their toddy drinking. Though he resolved to begin his new congregation with a clean moral slate, he knew that it would be as difficult to induce them to discontinue this habit as it used to be to persuade some of the people in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania to quit distilling and using ardent spirits.

Scrupulous thoughts like these crowded his mind on the eve of the greatest event of his ministry in the Palnad, and of his entire career in India. The moment was crucial. During his first year in the Palnad he had baptized, as he put it, "only thirty-nine." Compared with the result of his first year in Guntur, this was superb. But since then he had acquired much more experience and the people, as villagers in an out-of-the-way part of the country, were more receptive than the townspeople of Guntur. At any rate, in November, 1850, Heyer went on tour to examine the candidates for baptism in the villages near Gurzala. Having selected those whom he considered eligible, he designated Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, December 15, 17, and 19, as baptismal days for his latest converts.

"On Sunday morning," in Heyer's words, "after the sermon, the families from Polipally . . . were given to the Lord in baptism; altogether, parents and children, twenty-two. About noon, seven persons from Atmasoor were baptized.

"During the afternoon I proceeded to Colacotla, two or three miles from Polipally, where the people assembled in a house belonging to one of the weavers. After the

preparatory service . . . two grandfathers and two grandmothers with their sons and daughters and grandchildren, together with some other families, presented themselves. . . . The number baptized here was the same as in Polipally, namely twenty-two."

That night he went on to Veldurti, pausing only a few hours to rest himself and his horse. Arriving early Monday, he examined the prospective members. Then, following the sermon on Tuesday, he baptized forty-four. Thirty-four were grownups and children from Veldurti, while five came from Gudlipaud and five from Bodaleed. At dusk he was on his way again, this time heading for Mutcoor. Here he had a rendezvous with the mission school children and the applicants for baptism. Imagine that meeting! It was four in the morning, and the setting tropical moon cast its brilliance slantwise through the trees. Seated on the cool ground was a handful of would-be Christians. In joyful conversation they spoke with their missionary about desiring to be baptized. "Not yet, my friends. But in due time I shall come again. Children, learn your catechism well. And you parents help your children with it. Soon, then, will come your new birthday, when you will be baptized as members of the church of Jesus Christ." The moon had set, and the gray light of approaching dawn softened the shadows. As the party broke up, he admonished the people once again to be faithful in their new way of life.

Then, by way of Polipally, he traveled to the toddy-drinkers at Macherla. Things were rapidly in the making there, and he lodged in the unfinished chapel on which construction had recently been started. Seven o'clock

Thursday morning, December 19, the people assembled for the opening service. At noon came the main service at which time thirty candidates came forward to receive the sacrament of baptism. In his sermon Heyer referred to toddy, and how the abstinence from it would henceforth be one of the marks of the new life in Christ.

Altogether, Heyer had in three days baptized one hundred twenty-five people! He returned tired but grateful to his station at Gurzala. In respect to the total population of the area touched by the mission, these new accessions were infinitesimal. But the fact that even so many had joined the church could not help but leave its mark upon the community. The disintegration of the old pagan way of life had begun, and these one hundred and twenty-five souls—like Saint Paul's original converts—were the first fruits of a new age.

This new age had its festivals. It was not long before the people began to inquire, "When does our festival come?" Almost like an anniversary of those great days of baptism in the previous December, Heyer arranged to have Christmas, 1851, celebrated as an all-mission affair. Although fever prevented his personal participation, he arranged through his helpers that on Christmas day a love-feast was to be held in the mission compound in Gurzala. From six different villages one hundred and fourteen people came together. Children, parents, and old people partook of the "feast" which Heyer had provided at his own expense—three dollars. After worshipping together, they enjoyed their native rice and mutton under new circumstances. A note of fellowship prevailed which was novel to people long accustomed to rigid separation.

But as most of the converts belonged to the same social strata the love-feast was not as revolutionary as if it had witnessed the mingling of several castes. But it was a beginning.

* * *

The real strength of the mission lay in Heyer's educational policy. In four villages Heyer had succeeded in erecting stone school houses, each on its own little compound, or campus, surrounded by a stone wall. The schools cost about \$40 each. Smaller temporary schools were put up in villages where people had asked for instruction. But Heyer explained that in several of these places the applicants did not behave as persons who were in earnest about the salvation of their souls. Consequently the schools were discontinued.

From the standpoint of enrollment, teaching staff and administration, Heyer had set up an apparently sound school system within a very short time. Starting almost from scratch when he first settled in Gurzala, in April of 1849, he had shown his mastery with a medley of hopeful but limited followers. With all the ingenuity of an inventor, Heyer knew how to create the things which he lacked. Unlike one who asks for colleagues, Heyer traveled up and down the Palnad training disciples. He mastered the art of keeping people busy. Those in whom he saw special ability he gave commensurate tasks. Those who showed they could do more than just teach were sent out as colporteurs, later as catechists. Every young hopeful had his assignment. And all the while Heyer knew that what he did was more than his own creation; it was a trust, a talent given him by his Lord to increase.

The soundness of his method of education in the Palnad is expressed by the following analysis, in which he said: "Our schools are attended by the children of baptized parents only. We do not exclude the children of heathen parents, but they exclude themselves because our teachers are not of their religion. The appointment of a native convert to the position of schoolmaster (and no other are employed in the Palnad Mission) has hitherto been regarded all over India, by heathen parents, as the signal for withdrawing their children from the school. This circumstance will account for the number of children who attend Christian schools in the Palnad not being larger. . . . There are from ten to twenty in each school, but we hold it to be one of the first duties of every Christian community to attend to the Christian education of its baptized members. On Sundays our teachers also act as lay preachers, who assemble the baptized persons in their respective villages to engage in religious exercises. We cannot expect to be successful in persuading the heathen to join the Christian church unless we provide for the spiritual wants of those who belong to it."

The apex of Heyer's educational plant was the boys' boarding school which he himself conducted. From among the sixty to eighty-odd children in the village schools he selected the most promising to come to Gurzala and live with him on the "campus." Parents at first objected to having their boys leave home. But soon they saw the advantage, and before long Heyer had more applicants than he could accommodate. Twenty or so were crowded into limited quarters. His object in calling them to Gurzala was to qualify them gradually for teach-

ing school. The undertaking was proving to be satisfactory and economical. He hoped that as a result he would have better qualified teachers for his schools than would be otherwise obtainable.

From a boy's letters, which Heyer quotes, one gathers that his "teachers' college" had also its gay side. Little Matthew, with a typical greeting, wrote: "Matthew, to his dear sister Ruth and all the rest of the family, sends many kind salutations. Through the Lord's goodness, myself and all the other children who are here from Polipally continue in good health. During school hours we study diligently; after that we run like antelopes, and joyfully play like lambs. If you were to send me sweet things, don't you think it would be nice? By the hands of Robert, who will take these few lines, I send a little sugar for you and the other children. Gurzala, September 9, 1852." Perhaps the fatherly missionary suggested the contents.

Grief came to the campus one day when, without warning, death claimed "Little Moses." He was the most promising boy and his schoolmates called him, in Telugu, Chinna Moses. His home was in Weaver John's village, Polipally. He had been among the first converts whom Heyer had baptized in February, 1849. Having been promoted to the boarding school, he rapidly learned many hymns and Bible passages, knowing by heart also the whole of Luther's catechism. He studied grammar, geography, arithmetic, and managed to read but not yet speak English. As Heyer's favorite, he distinguished himself by his quiet behavior and diligent application to his studies. His sweet voice in singing attracted much atten-

tion. Heyer frequently directed him in school and in the congregation to sing alone, so that the rest might learn the tune. Yet Heyer's medical knowledge was insufficient to diagnose the disease which claimed "Little Moses." He was buried in the grave the missionary had reserved for himself.

Generous help from friends at First Church, Pittsburgh, made it not only possible for Heyer to keep a boarding school, but soon permitted him to solve one of the most critical problems confronting a young mission: the problem of training a native ministry. Fifty dollars came one day from the Sunday school children in Pittsburgh, earmarked for training two "pious and promising young native Christians, in order to qualify them to become teachers and preachers among their countrymen."

Heyer found two. One was another promising John, aged seventeen, and the other, Barnabas, aged fifteen. As sometimes customary in those days, the donors in Pittsburgh wanted these two boys named according to their own specification: "Martin Luther" and "William A. Passavant"! As they had already been baptized, Heyer simply added these famous names to their others. Significantly Heyer wrote his thanks to the Pittsburghers, adding that, "Preachers have come to India from distant lands, but it is desirable that from among the native Christians themselves teachers and ministers should be raised up."

* * *

If a mission's strength is measured by the number of its converts, then the Palnad station was strong indeed. It was the strength of youth, reinforced by faith in God's promise. It was strength counted in terms of baptisms

and commitment to the new Way of Life. From his preliminary tour of the Palnad until his departure four years later, Heyer had been approaching the eternal shore on a wave of success. His first baptisms, on February 12, 1849, had numbered twenty-two. His last, on January 15, 1853, numbered nine. Over one hundred had taken place in the intervening period, giving him a total baptized membership of 236! Of these only one had reverted to heathenism. Geographically the converts were lumped conveniently in groups. With Heyer in Gurzala were thirty converts; in Kolacotla twenty-two; in Adujopala nineteen. In Macherla lived forty-four; in Veldurti forty-nine; and in John the Weaver's Polipally seventy-three! Surely Heyer was no longer missioning alone.

Over against this, put the results of the first twelve years of the Guntur mission, with its baptisms totaling 104. Guntur was a different kind of field. Heyer, therefore, in following his own conviction, plus the advice of Stokes, had experimented successfully insofar as he discovered a field of labor which would be a source of hope and encouragement for the church. In all this God had led the way. His Spirit had first gripped the soul and converted the heart of John the Weaver. And this transformed plain man gave Heyer the clue which led to his hermitage in Gurzala.

Yet it takes a remarkable man to live in this remarkable way. For a man of sixty to thrive in such an environment was a feat of survival. Its secret lay in his frugal existence, in the simplicity with which he sacrificed all his customary desires and adopted the native mode of living. A bowl of rice, curry, and tea could satisfy him. A mat

and blanket on the ground would do for shelter. At all times he showed an imaginative domination over his experience and remained peculiarly indifferent to things which others regard as necessities of life. As a widower, he reverted to the bachelor type which might drive a woman crazy. And on occasion, when he acted the host, his technique outdid apostolic simplicity. For, as Groening used to tell, one day an English official, passing through Gurzala, was invited to breakfast by Heyer.

"Please be seated," said the Englishman's host, who then proceeded to extract a suspicious looking leg of mutton from inside an old boot. Placing the mutton, along with a bowl of cold rice, before his guest, Heyer bade him "Lend a hand."

"I say, Mr. Heyer," fumbled the Englishman, "wouldn't it be just the same to you if I contributed my end of this meal? You know, I just remembered I've got some things of my own out in the cart."

"Do as you wish, my friend," responded the host, as he watched his guest nervously retiring for his own supplies. It isn't every man who could live like Heyer.

* * *

Once again, just when the mission had entered upon a period of unique promise, Heyer struck up his familiar refrain: I want to come home. Persistently he had sung it not long after his arrival for the first time in Guntur. And now he raised it again. He had from the very beginning of his pastorate been put on assignments which required more the laying of a foundation than routine occupation. His old refrain thus characterized his whole ministry. Wrapped in its words was the deeper meaning

that he had finished his job and was now ready to move on to the next place where the church might need him.

From Gurzala, in July, 1852, when he told his friends at home, came the confession, "I have lately entered upon the sixtieth year of my earthly pilgrimage; it seems to me that it would be no more than just and fair if I were permitted to retire from the foreign service; not to lay aside the Christian armor . . . , for I desire to be useful to the last. Nevertheless . . . it would be well if younger, more apt and skilful laborers were to occupy the foreign field. Sexagenerians . . . might encourage the churches at home."

Heyer saw his own work not as a steady, plodding through many years with the same people. Instead, he was a pilgrim with a gypsy itinerary. He was a trusted worker of the church who stuck by each assignment till he had finished the foundation, or repaired damages done by others. He was at home on frontiers, and like the frontiersman, he pushed ever onward. He remembered the ground he had covered and returned to it from time to time, yet never to stay. And when he longed for home, it was only that from there he might soon be off again, with new fields to conquer. His pilgrim's refrain now sounded from Gurzala, and he was ready for a change of scene.

The time to depart had come. With the farewells of scores of friends echoing in his heart, Heyer went on his way. Returning to Guntur with mingled feelings, he arrived there on January 29, 1853.

Indian Summer

FOR THE PAST four years Heyer had stood apart, and alone. But back in Guntur once more he was drawn into the complexity of mission activity. Besides geographic climate, there is the climate of human endeavor; and the remaining years of Heyer's term in India may be likened to Indian summer in America. After the flourishing summer of harvest in the Palnad, there now came an autumn, halcyon and warm with hope for the cause of Lutheran foreign missions in India. But Indian summer has a way with it.

* * *

Four years of absence, 1849-1853, had brought many changes to Guntur. A half year after Heyer's departure to the Palnad, Gunn's failing health forced him to withdraw to Masulipatam for rest and recuperation. To take his place, young Groenning, of the new North German mission at Rajahmundry, who at the time was stationed alone at Ellore, was persuaded to administer the work at Guntur. At the same time additional help arrived when, in September, 1849, George Martz, a Marylander, and a recent graduate of Gettysburg Seminary, began his activities as the second missionary commissioned by the Gen-

eral Synod. By June, 1850, Gunn was back in Guntur again, not recuperated but strong enough to do some work. Under his guidance Martz was slowly finding himself. But on July 5, 1851, death at last claimed Gunn. A victim of consumption, Gunn's was the first life claimed among the American Lutheran missionaries in India. He was mourned by his widow and two children, by the English residents, and by the native Christians. For in spite of his being so long an invalid, he had cheerfully aided the mission by his counsel and exemplary character. He lies buried in the Christian Cemetery at Guntur, whither an infant son of his had already preceded him.

Until Heyer's return from the Palnad, in 1853, Groenning managed things at Guntur, while Martz for a while took over Groenning's post at Ellore, and then returned to America. Mrs. Gunn, in the meanwhile, continued to work at Guntur. She conducted the girls' school and became the first regularly called woman missionary among the American Lutherans. But almost simultaneously with Martz's departure occurred the arrival of two new missionaries and their wives. One was William J. Cutter. Born in Germany of Roman Catholic parents, raised in Kentucky and confirmed in the Lutheran Church there, he was trained in theology at Hartwick Seminary. Upon his graduation in 1851, he was married, ordained, commissioned for the foreign service, and sent out as the third missionary of the General Synod. The other, William E. Snyder, a miller's son from New Jersey, and likewise a Hartwick graduate, was commissioned for work in India by the Hartwick Synod. Snyder was the fourth General Synod missionary to reach India. With the coming to

Guntur of the two latest missionaries and their wives in February, 1852, it seemed that the work might now progress rapidly. The Snyders stayed in Guntur to assist Groenning, while the Cutters proceeded to Rajahmundry to aid Heise in conducting the General Synod's newly acquired station there. But amid this influx of new workers a decided loss was sustained by the Guntur mission when the Stokes family was transferred to Madras. Although until his final retirement to England in 1856, Stokes and his wife continued to contribute liberally to the mission, their departure as friendly neighbors left an embarrassing void. But the work went on, having spread lately to Rajahmundry. Special meaning was thus attached to the journey of the Cutters thither.

* * *

Through Heyer's hospitality and encouragement Louis P. Menno Valett had finally selected Rajahmundry for the work of the North German Missionary Society among the Telugus. A hearty friendship bound these two men together, and through the years they preserved an active interest in each other's work. It all began when they toured the Palnad together in 1844. Then Valett opened his field in Rajahmundry in 1845. Gunn later risked the journey up from Guntur to assist Valett with the ordination of Frederick A. Heise and Charles W. Groenning, the first two recruits for the new work. With Rajahmundry staffed by three able men, it bid fair to give Guntur a friendly race. And with the pledged moral support and financial aid of Sir Arthur Cotton and his assistant engineers, working near by on the site of a huge dam, the fledgling station had a good measure of material se-

curity. Among other things, here was again an instance of British liberality which gave many a mission project of another nation its local priming. Lacking this generous aid, such enterprises as those in Guntur or the Palnad would have fared poorly, if at all.

In spite of much early promise, Rajahmundry within five years was relinquished by the North German Society to the Missionary Society of the General Synod. Reasons for this lay not so much with the field itself as with the disturbed conditions in Germany. For with the year of revolutions, 1848, had come hard times, and mission contributions fell off. Amid such circumstances the North German group had to retrench. Rajahmundry, being a new undertaking and expensive, was put on the block. Yet the early friendship between the missionaries of that station and Guntur, as well as their common Lutheran faith, made the General Synod's Society the logical taker. First Groenning and his work at Ellore was offered; then Valett and Heise together with the properties at Rajahmundry. In August, 1850, the former was transferred to the supervision of the General Synod. In October the latter followed suit. At the close of 1850, the General Synod found itself in possession of a mission staff no longer of three, but of six. Financial obligations jumped proportionately. An indication of this was that whereas the expenditures of the General Synod's Society in 1850 were a little over \$4,000, by 1853 they reached a high of about \$14,500. Certainly the "mission spirit" which had so long been sought seemed at hand.

Letters from the missionaries on the field were published in the *Kirchenzeitung* and *The Observer*. These

told at some length of the progress being made. On the other hand, certain pastors of the Hartwick, New York, and Pittsburgh Synods, who were mainsprings in the General Synod's mission power, stirred up larger support in their congregations. Also the executive committees of the Missionary Societies of both the General Synod and the Ministerium of Pennsylvania provided aggressive leadership for this advancing foreign mission movement. Those were balmy days—warm Indian summer—early in the decade before the Civil War.

Rajahmundry rolls off the tongue and sounds impressive. More than that, it *was* impressive as an addition to the India mission of America's Lutherans. Missionary Heise, writing in April, 1851, gave the Americans their first complete account of this new field. According to him, the natives call their town Rajahmahendrawaram—which is the hard way of saying "the great Indrudu's gift." As an ancient town, it boasted some 14,000 inhabitants. Lying on the northeast bank of the Godavery River, and 460 miles north of Madras, it was at the head of fertile Godavery delta and its densely populated villages. Besides lying on the bank of a sacred river, it had political significance. In Rajahmundry were two judges and a revenue collector of the East India Company. As such, the town was the seat of government for the Rajahmundry District, whose population numbered 700,000.

A big works project was in progress at the time. Four miles south of the town, at Dowlaishwaram, about nine thousand natives were employed building a dam. The man in charge of this project, Colonel Sir Arthur Cotton, was a devout Christian. The staff of a dozen engineers

plus a number of other British military men assured the mission of at least some patronage.

As Heise sized up the missionary prospects, he commented that "the people generally surround the preacher, appearing to pay attention. But the majority of listeners I dare scarcely compare with the wayside of our Lord's parable." Stony ground and choking weeds for the Word might well be expected here, although there were some who seemed dissatisfied with their philosophical religion, and appeared interested in the Gospel. Heise was impressed by the tenacity with which the natives clung to their ancient customs, and also by the sensuous nature of their mind. He admitted that so far "the visible fruits of our missionary labors are rather meager. Only four adults have been baptized."

Heise seemed somewhat downcast. He was working alone, because poor health had caused Valett to return home. The backbone of Heise's activity was the English school which nineteen boys attended. At the same time one of his converts was teaching a dozen kids at the station's Telugu school. Five years of labor had not brought forth much fruit. Yet Heise now saw hope in the promised help from America. He had to wait almost a year. But at last in March, 1852, young Cutter and his wife arrived as his co-workers.

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With Heyer's return to Guntur, nothing could now be more appropriate than to bring together all the American Lutherans in the Telugu field. The result was the formation of "The First Lutheran Synod in India."

This annual gathering of the missionaries was apparently suggested by the mission officials in America. Even so, every missionary knew how much he desired the guarantee of fellowship at regular intervals with others of his own religious group. For this reason Heyer had returned, now for the last time, from his beloved Palnad. Heise and the Cutters had come from Rajahmundry. They all met together with the Groennings and the Snyders in Guntur. Apparently Heyer and Heise brought with them a few of their converts, giving the gathering the atmosphere of a synodical meeting, of clergy and laity assembled together. On January 31, 1853, in the chapel at Guntur, the first Lutheran Synod in India was organized. The Synod's five charter members were Heyer, Groenning, Heise, Snyder, and Cutter. This synodical meeting elected Heyer its first president, and Snyder secretary. In addition, it was resolved to allow Heyer to exchange stations with Groenning. For the next two years, 1853-55, Heyer was to be in Guntur, while the Groennings were going to try holding the lonely hermitage in Gurzala.

The early development of the new synod presents Heyer's usefulness in broad outline. At the first annual synodical meeting, held in Guntur on January 1, 1854, a common order of service was adopted for all stations of the mission. This liturgy, to be used by the natives, included the following: 1, Opening Hymn; 2, Prayer, kneeling; 3, Scripture lesson; 4, Hymn; 5, Sermon; 6, Hymn; 7, Prayer, standing; 8, Benediction. Here was the forerunner of the Common Service which Heyer later translated into Telugu, and by means of which the historic form of Lutheran worship was introduced in far-off India.

Among the other synodical business was the vital issue of training native catechists who should later be ordained as pastors. Three were selected: Chinsa Ramurdu, Rajahmundry; William Barnabas Passavant, the Palnad; and Joseph of Guntur. Their ages were, respectively, twenty-two, sixteen, and fourteen.

In his annual report, Heyer touched upon the question of Lutheran unity in all India. His friend Buehler, one of the Basel Society's missionaries, had written him regarding the possibility of a united effort of the Lutheran missionaries in India, connected with the different German and American Societies, to obtain a more legal position as a church in India, by making application for this purpose to the Parliament of Great Britain. To this ambitious proposal Heyer added his own recommendations, which were acted upon favorably. They were:

"1. To take some steps towards establishing official correspondence with all the Lutheran missions in India, which might eventually lead to the formation of a General Synod.

"2. To invite such Lutheran ministers (like Valett, now working for the British Church Missionary Society) who are employed by the London and other Missionary Societies, but who are not connected with any Synod in India, to attach themselves to our ecclesiastical association."

Heyer regretfully reported that the India Synod's request to join the General Synod in America had been turned down. In matters of more local concern, the new synod resolved that Heyer's brief and objective history of the Guntur mission be recorded in the Church Book. Likewise it was voted to establish a library in the Guntur

Mission. Heyer suggested that an appeal be made for all Lutheran periodicals published in America to be made available to the India Mission. He gave the library his own copies of the Minutes of the General Synod since 1823.

A year later, the minutes of the second annual meeting of the Synod, held in February, 1855, recorded the sad news of another horrible outbreak of cholera in the Palnad. Twelve native Christians were its victims. Death had also struck into the small missionary group with triple force, carrying off not only the first-born of the Cutters and the Snyders, but also Mrs. Snyder herself.

Otherwise, too, an inventory on the state of the mission was not encouraging. The Guntur station had lost three communicants, the total number falling to thirty-two, while baptisms dropped from twenty-four to seven, and the enrollment in the schools declined from one hundred and forty-six to ninety. Meanwhile the Palnad had lost more by deaths than it had gained by baptisms, although among the total baptized membership there were now forty instead of thirty-six communicants. Here, too, the number of school children had lagged from eighty-five to sixty-two. In Rajahmundry, on the other hand, baptisms were up from one, in 1853, to ten in 1854; and the small group of communicants inched from thirteen to fourteen. Yet here, too, the number of pupils in the schools had fallen from 225 to 203. Greater consolidation may have compensated for these paper losses, yet the light which radiated from these three stations was now before very long to grow dim with the waning of Indian summer.

Heyer was back in Guntur to stay. This change in locale was accompanied by an apparent change in his

climate of endeavor. During the past five years he had sent letters monthly to the Sunday school children in America, telling them of many interesting things about his work. Back in Guntur, however, he lamented that henceforth he would not have much to write about.

Heyer was not inclined to sulk or be moody, but Guntur—if you please—was a come-down, not a come-back. He told friends that a man can be more comfortable at Guntur than in Gurzala; but small consolation that was. Here in Guntur's mission schools the children were mostly heathen, while in the schools around Gurzala they came from Christian homes. And to one who loved children as Heyer did, what a difference that made. There was also the economic angle. Guntur's converts were not self-supporting but had to be given jobs as servants or teachers. The Palnad's Christian weavers, on the other hand, were poor but economically independent. Finally, Heyer lamented, "except for the small congregation in Guntur, we have no disciples in the surrounding villages. But in the Palnad we have several as large as the one in Guntur." But how could a man like Heyer stay long in any one place? Transition has its bittersweet charm.

Undaunted, Heyer had a way of creating his own environment. He summoned five of his boys, whom he had boarded and taught on the "campus" at Gurzala. He thus set up the first boys' boarding school at the Guntur station. Unquestionably Heyer's capacity as an educator gave him his stature as a missionary. Yet his immediate concern was that his friends, especially in Pittsburgh, who had so generously financed his boarding school in the Palnad, should now send their money to the Groennings.

Mrs. Groenning could take better care of the girl boarders. For Heyer had even accepted girls in his boarding school, segregating their lodgings and engaging an elderly widow to care for their personal wants. Despite his new school in Guntur, he desired to have this school in Gurzala kept up.

Trouble, meanwhile, was brewing in the girls' boarding school at Guntur. Having been first in the hands of Mrs. Gunn, then of Mrs. Groenning, it was now headed by Mrs. Snyder—until her death in September, 1854. This delightful little school suddenly became a storm center in the spring of 1853. Three promising girls decided they wanted to turn Christian. But there was danger of conflict with the natives, for one of the three was a caste girl. Upon becoming a convert she would not, according to Christian rules, be allowed to keep her caste.

On April 11 the war began. It was precipitated by an ultimatum. Little Monga, the caste girl, refused to go home after school that morning. She remained in the mission compound with "Sister" Snyder, and sent word to her mother that she had resolved to become a Christian. It was not long before "the enemy" appeared on the school campus and demanded that her daughter surrender. Besieging the little girl with alternate threats and enticements, the mother tried in vain to dislodge the stubborn resolve. The "sword and olive branch" technique proved futile. Then the mother threatened to drown herself. Nothing but an I-dare-you sort of look came back from the twelve-year-old girl.

Heyer was summoned to conciliate. His first move was to arrange a cooling-off period. "Please, Madam, will you go home until this evening! Then, if you can persuade

Monga to go back with you, we promise to let her go." The mother agreed reluctantly. But by three in the afternoon she was back, kicking up a terrific wail. That sort of thing soon had a crowd at the gates of the mission. Heyer and the staff feared that the people might storm the place and forcibly carry off the little girl. So the servants closed the gates, while the mother and some relatives were permitted to come inside and speak to Monga.

"Will you young men please step inside?" Heyer asked three individuals at the gate. "I want you, as impartial judges, to see for yourselves whether we are holding this girl here against her will. You may speak to her in her room."

Again and again Monga told her angry mother that she had made up her mind. Heyer then requested the young men to go outside and tell the people how the case stood, and to urge them to go home. Accordingly, the crowd dispersed, while the mother wept and wailed her way home.

Heyer, in explaining the incident to the local judge, requested an official investigation, and upon its declaration cleared himself and the mission against the danger of future charges. An incident of this kind affected the enrollment of the school. Monga and her two friends—all of them intelligent girls—were baptized. But for months parents kept most of the other girls at home.

* * *

With regard to the physical plant of the mission compound, twelve years after Heyer arrived, there were on these five acres of land two missionary bungalows—to-

gether worth \$1,400, a chapel which had cost \$200, and two small school houses each valued at about \$25. At the same time, Hudleston Stokes, although now in Madras, offered to give \$500 toward the erection of two missionaries' bungalows in the Palnad, provided a second missionary was stationed in that district. Yet his offer went begging and was withdrawn when the Stokeses left India in 1856.

During Heyer's residence at Guntur the number of prospective converts increased. Already by September, 1853, there were fourteen applicants for baptism. But the process was slow and not only was the sacrament involved but also the prospective convert's employment. Once he had turned Christian, he stood a good chance of finding himself without a job. Then it would be up to the mission to help him earn a livelihood. This is still one of the most difficult problems of the young churches abroad. Various solutions have been tried, such as the former industrial workshops of the Basel missions or the agricultural colonies of the Leipzig society. Yet these have generally proven too costly to maintain, as Heyer himself found when he attempted to set up a Christian village in the Palnad.

Under such circumstances each missionary had to have ready command not only of the Gospel message, but also knowledge of the sociological environment in which he was working. That different environments require different missionary techniques was clear. Heyer knew that he was dealing with two different problems in Gurzala and Guntur. Gurzala represented the "village system" of congregations in a group of small communities. Under this

system a missionary devotes his whole time to preaching, teaching, and proselytizing.

Over against this rural setup is the "urban system" whereby missionaries work in larger centers of population, like Madras, and bring their influence to bear upon the community through English schools and seminaries.

Guntur, like several other missions located in towns, represents a compromise between the village and urban systems. It has a little of both: concentration on a small group of believers through native schools and the like, and impact through English schools on a non-Christian community. Manifestly the village, or rural system, often encountered little resistance and bore results more rapidly. Yet the need which Heyer saw rising above all these considerations was that of a trained native ministry. Where the Guntur and Rajahmundry fields today (1942) have almost three thousand native workers, among whom are scores of ordained pastors, those were times of small beginnings and few helpers. Heyer's insistence on training native pastors was timely.

Yet Heyer could be grateful for the auspicious beginning at Guntur. With the number of baptisms slowly growing, and with a faithful little group of over thirty communicants, he and his colleague Snyder had a hopeful nucleus with which to work. That this little group had learned also the art of Christian sharing was strikingly illustrated in the contributions to the Jubilee Fund of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Three of the poor natives gave one rupee, or fifty cents, apiece, which, as Heyer noted, would be equivalent to a contribution of ten or twenty dollars from an American tradesman.

The Old Refrain

TIME NOW CAME for Heyer to leave Guntur. At the second annual meeting of the synod, Heise had been scheduled to go on furlough from Rajahmundry. Snyder, having lost his wife in 1854, desired to calm his grief by a change of scene. He agreed to transfer from Guntur to Rajahmundry. At the same time the Groennings faced mounting difficulties in their Palnad hermitage; for Groenning, unlike Heyer, was no medical missionary, and in case of illness the nearest physician was over fifty miles away. Then, too, not everyone could endure the isolation of this station. Groenning offered to keep in touch with the Palnad, should he be allowed to return to Guntur, where in time past he had served successfully. In that case, nothing remained for Heyer to do but to move on again, and to try his hand at Rajahmundry. When spring came, in 1855, he and Snyder packed off to Rajahmundry, while the Cutters and the Groennings came to Guntur. This shake-up was to prove unfortunate.

Once in Rajahmundry, Heyer began again to create his environment. He established the first boys' boarding school at that station when he summoned young William Barnabas Passavant, John Martin Luther, and Enoch to

continue their studies with him. The first two, having been with him almost from the beginning of his Palnad ministry, had so far made the rounds of the three earliest Lutheran boys' boarding schools in the Telugu country. Their loyalty to Heyer proved his power to draw disciples.

Then tragedy struck the little group. Barnabas, swimming one day in a large tank or reservoir, was drowned. This tragedy was doubly sad insofar as it cost Snyder, who had valiantly attempted a rescue, his good health. A promising young native worker was lost while a rapidly rising young missionary was forced to return to America to regain his strength.

Almost simultaneously mental illness claimed Mrs. Cutter in Guntur, so that this station also, in the spring of 1856, lost a missionary family which sadly returned to America. By April of this critical year there were only two missionaries remaining of the five who had hopefully formed the first Lutheran Synod in India.

Confronted by a common plight, with their missionary staff cut in two, both men now faced a joint problem. In Guntur and Rajahmundry the question arose as to the advisability of applying for a government grant-in-aid for the Anglo-vernacular, or English, schools in their respective stations. In Guntur, that year, the community was astir over the first conversion of a Brahmin in the mission school. This prompted the Brahmins to petition the government for a secular school. But the government Inspector of Schools, William MacDonald, favored the mission school, and offered Groenning a monthly grant of \$100, provided he would secure an English headmaster. Groenning submitted the offer to the executive committee of the

General Synod's Society, giving assurance that the character and aim of the school would in no way be compromised. He pleaded that final decision should rest with the missionaries in the field. Heyer, facing a similar situation in Rajahmundry, seconded Groenning's appeal. Reluctantly the authorities in America gave in, and sent Snyder back to take charge of the school in 1858.

Heyer, likewise, had been approached in Rajahmundry by MacDonald in regard to a grant-in-aid. He, too, willingly applied to the government, stating optimistically that, "I promise to get an A.M. or A.B. from America. This gentleman, who may or may not be an ordained minister, will share the management of the school with the missionary; but the missionary must always be regarded as the principal of the school." But Heyer failed, and the station in Rajahmundry was henceforth handicapped by the presence of a secular government school near by.

Heyer thereupon devoted more attention to the seven Telugu schools of this station, as well as to evangelistic work. In this he met with fair success, for late in 1856 he baptized five persons, three adults and two infants. In his work, he enjoyed the friendship of Henry Newill who was now collector in Rajahmundry. He paid the salary of the native colporteur and teacher, Philip, and, in a measure, compensated for the recently retired Stokes.

These closing months of Heyer's second term of service in India found him deriving great satisfaction from his work. Particularly charming is Heyer's account of the girls' school in Rajahmundry which, in 1856, was flourishing. It was staffed by two teachers, one of whom was

Monga, of Guntur fame, now called Ruth and happily married. She instructed the thirty-two little girls in reading and writing Telugu, in the multiplication tables, and in sewing. The other teacher, Joanna, was an elderly, motherly woman only two years a Christian. She made a first-rate matron and was popular among the children. This spared Heyer many a headache, inasmuch as the girls ranged in age from five to fourteen years. "Some of the older pupils," he wrote, "have commenced patchwork quilts and appear to be pleased with the variety of colors which they are putting together. They are generally as lively and happy as little ducks. The eldest girl in the school is an applicant for baptism."

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One may here inquire: Why the generally slow progress of the American Lutheran mission among the Telugus? Aside from the Palnad, which was a different type of field, neither Guntur nor Rajahmundry had gathered much momentum. Instead, what force they may have had was static rather than dynamic. One may, like Drach and Kuder, in their thorough work, *The Telugu Mission*, find a number of plausible reasons, such as the fact that the work lacked sufficient *financial support* from home. Thus—to cite the extreme case—a station like Rajahmundry received only \$125 annually toward its practical needs over and above the missionary's salary. Against this paltry sum, the help of a man like Colonel Cotton was indispensable. His annual contribution of \$500 made field work possible. The physical plant at Rajahmundry was a donation from the North German Society, and comprised two sturdy dwellings plus a mission compound.

There were men in America who chafed under this reproach of inadequate support. One writer in the columns of *The Observer* characterized the illiberal Lutheran Church as "a communion of paupers." Yet phrase-making by well meaning individuals, like exhortation by committees, could do little, especially when, following the panic of 1857, it was momentarily respectable to be without money.

Another reason for the failure of Guntur and Rajahmundry to grow faster was the lack of *out-stations* in the surrounding villages. The missionaries desired to draw converts from a wider environment, but physical and material handicaps were too great.

Coupled with this, the Mission was confronted with a third lack. There were as yet no sufficiently able or trained *native catechists*. The prospect of a native ministry was still only a hope. Heyer, Gunn, Groenning, and the rest had to work with green timber, while either they themselves or their subsequent colleagues were not yet sufficiently seasoned.

Perhaps the chief defect of the entire undertaking was the *service schedule* of the missionaries at the different stations. Neither in Guntur, nor the Palnad, was there anything like a really sustained period of service on the part of any one missionary. True, Valett had been seven years in Rajahmundry, but though aided by two colleagues he could claim only four converts. These three missionaries had been trained at the Mission Institute in Hamburg with the idea that they must meet the philosophical Brahmins on their own level and reason with them. This proved to be false assumption. They had to unlearn

much before they could be practical with plain people. For this reason the work accomplished by the less academically prepared Americans was fully as effective, because they—particularly Heyer—were inclined immediately to concentrate their efforts on the outcastes. They knew without defining it that the missionary movement was at bottom a plain man's crusade. As in most crusades their zealous hurry seems to have deprived them of that patience whereby they might stay put long enough at one place, and in their lifetime draw enough disciples among the native converts to carry the work forward. Furthermore, illness and death waged their conspiracy, making frequent changes necessary. These early crusaders expended much energy without counting the cost. When the price of victory was high, they did not retreat, but paid with their lives.

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Heyer had struck up his old home-coming refrain as early as 1852, while drawing to a close his work in the Palnad. He repeated the theme again in Guntur, louder and with added *forte*. He accompanied it with the plea that he could not well spend another hot season in India, and that, before the end of 1857, he hoped to have the joy of seeing face to face those many Sunday school children to whom he had been writing. His superiors at home agreed to let him return as soon as Heise, then touring America in the interests of the mission, would again be settled in India. But Heise was long coming. "Having waited for him," wrote Heyer to the officials at home, "two years instead of one, as at first arranged, I do not feel inclined to stop here longer under such uncertainties."

Anticipating Heise's return, Heyer made arrangements to leave Rajahmundry. On April 15, 1857, when the hot season had already begun, Heyer embarked at Madras, on the steamer *Bentinck*, for Suez, Egypt. He delighted in this journey, as it was his first on a steamer. He called Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, where they coaled, "one of the most gloomy, volcanic looking places to be met with on the face of the earth." Yet he soon found compensation in the austere grandeur of the red-fissured cliffs crowning the Sinai Peninsula. Within sight of them, on a Sunday in May, he had the thrill of preaching to the ship's company—a hundred homeward-bound Britishers. He spoke on the obvious theme, Moses receiving the tablets of the Law on Mount Sinai. From Suez he intended to go over to Cairo and visit the neighboring pyramids; then to double back to Jaffa, the port of entry to Palestine, and to pay his respects to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Whether he accomplished all this, is not recorded. He was always planning adventures, and he may be assumed to have made this coveted pilgrimage.

Heyer had left India just on the eve of the first violent clash in the East against the West. It was a revolt—the Sepoy Rebellion—among the native soldiers in the India armed forces. Many a British officer and peaceful civilian paid with his life, while India suddenly felt strength returning and discovered that she could fight back. Few people at that time could estimate the ultimate significance of this upheaval. For the country calmed down after it had been disciplined. The scene of the outbreak lay in the central and northwestern district provinces, far from Guntur and Rajahmundry. Yet a con-

tributor in the columns of *The Observer* warned that one of the chief causes for the mutiny was the East India Company. He contended that it had openly been exploiting India, and had shaped the subsequent governmental policy whereby Britain ruled the country and introduced a secular school system. This system, so the writer believed, was one of the chief undoings of the people. "For," he charged, "in these government schools, nothing is taught directly against Hinduism or Mohammedanism, or in favor of Christianity as such. The result is that the native mind is cultivated, through the sciences, to a necessary rejection of its own religion, while Christianity is not allowed to come in and occupy the mind thus vacated. Hence the government schools are educating their classes to skepticism and infidelity."

These were the larger implications of the widely ramified relationship between West and East. Out of this complex setting Heyer now emerged, breathing a sigh of relief. On August 6, 1857, he set foot in New York. From there he went to Stoystown, Pennsylvania, the oldest congregation in his former Somerset parish. He stayed with his daughter Henrietta, who had some years earlier been married to George H. Snyder. Just about a month before his father-in-law's return, George had deserted his wife and two children. From Johnstown, Pennsylvania, he sent a cryptic message to his brother, with whom he conducted a store, saying, "If I have wronged you, please forgive me. Take good care of my family until I return. I go to make a fortune." Rumor had it that during Heyer's absence George Snyder had made some poor investments of money with which his father-in-law had entrusted him.

Apparently this had caused him to brood and to think of himself as a failure.

Bereft of savings on which he might have been able to retire, Heyer now could look forward to no such thing. It is doubtful, moreover, whether he could have enjoyed simply taking his ease. He was happiest when at work.

PART IV

Minnesota, Here I Come

(1857-1869)

The North Star State

HEYER WAS ON his way to Minnesota. Stopping over in Pittsburgh in October, 1857, he made final arrangements with the Rev. Dr. William Passavant regarding the manner in which the first English Lutheran home mission project in that territory should be promoted. Passavant, ever on the alert for new needs, had been in St. Paul just the year before and had secured \$1,200 by subscription for a church lot. But the present year, 1857, was witnessing the evils of another financial panic. So Passavant warned Heyer, "The money may no longer be available. You may have to start from the bottom." He added, "The German Lutherans unfortunately are altogether neglected and it is pitiful, in traveling from place to place, to find that our energies are weakened and our forces are scattered by internal feuds, and that, too, among brethren."

There was something breath-taking about this interview between Passavant and Heyer. They were men of rich experience and ready resourcefulness. It had been only on October 5, 1857, that Passavant had persuaded the East Pennsylvania Synod, at its annual meeting in Lancaster, to appropriate \$500 for the support of an English Lutheran mission in St. Paul. The Synod approved Heyer

as the man for the job. And now, a little over two weeks later, Heyer was on his way.

On his last Sunday in Pittsburgh, Heyer preached morning and evening at two of the churches he had founded in the year 1837. The afternoon was given over to a special gathering of Sunday school children whom he held spell-bound with his vivacious and genial manner. An excerpt from his address conveys this spirit. He was speaking on the words of St. Paul—I Corinthians 9:24—which compare the Christian life to a race. "It was customary," said Heyer, "among the ancient Greeks and other nations to encourage a variety of exercises among their young men, for the improvement of their bodily health and strength. Such exercises included running, wrestling, jumping, swimming. On certain occasions multitudes of people met to witness these exercises—and to see those young men who excelled the rest receive prizes and be crowned as victors. On one occasion, to the surprise of everybody, a young man carried a large live ox on his shoulders."

At this point Heyer demonstrated how this was possible, then he continued, "This shows what can be accomplished by patient and repeated practice. Remember, the Christian life is like that. It has been compared to a race. The disciples of Jesus are represented as being on their way to heaven, as running to obtain a glorious prize. That means activity here on earth, . . . activity in which we use all the talents God has given us. To be active in the right way, we must obey God's commands according to which we are to run this race. But more than this. We do not run empty-handed. We have a burden given us; a load

to carry. The Cross is in our way; it must be taken up and carried, if we are to follow Jesus. This may appear like a needless burden, but God has put it in our way for a purpose. He wants to make us patient and cheerful even amid hardships. By means of the Cross, God changes the nature of the race, too. It is no longer simply like the races we see on earth, where all the contestants are selfish and only one receives the prize. But the Christian race is free from envy and jealousy and self-interested competition; for the stronger helps the weaker go forward so that all may obtain the prize. That prize is certain. Therefore St. Paul urges everyone of us: So run that ye may obtain."

Then the way was open for making the contrast plain between the Christian life and the pagan life of heathen countries, and for stirring up enthusiasm for the cause of Christian missions at home and abroad.

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Heyer was on his way to Minnesota. Passavant had sent a letter of introduction to Eric Norelius, a young Swedish pastor in Red Wing, whom he had befriended on his visit in 1856. "You will rejoice," wrote Passavant, "when I inform you that I have (under God) succeeded in obtaining the services of an admirable minister for St. Paul. It is none other than Father Heyer, late of India. He will probably accept a call from the German Lutheran congregation there, and at the same time seek to build up an English congregation, or at least labor to collect the scattered members and prepare the way for the sending out of a faithful English Lutheran pastor by spring. Pray

for him, and if you can, do your best to slip up to St. Paul and see the dear old man sometime soon."

Meanwhile Heyer was marveling at the changes which had come over the West since he had last seen it. Over twenty years had elapsed since he had trekked this way. Instead of sailing slowly down the Ohio on a river boat, or spending hours in the saddle to reach isolated communities, the railroad now carried him with incredible speed to Chicago—a place which in 1835 had still been of too little importance to warrant a special visit. But now it was a sprawling metropolis, a center of railroads and navigation, the home of 150,000 people, and the gateway to a new and fabulous West. Thanks to the railroad, this gateway was now only two days' journey from Pittsburgh. From Chicago, Heyer proceeded to Galena, on the Mississippi, where he took passage on a river steamer.

Another turn of the wheel and the steamer had rounded the last bend in the river before reaching St. Paul. From behind the forest Heyer, standing on the deck with the other passengers, saw the almost miraculous city burst into view. In an amphitheatre-like basin stood the commercial part of the city, replete with puffing steam mills and a variety of business houses. On the surrounding bluff stood the residential section from among which the spires of churches and cupolas of public buildings rose in sharp outline against the autumn clouds.

In the early forties this pleasant city had been called "Pig's Eye," in honor of the suggestive appearance of a one-eyed half-breed Frenchman who lived there. But by 1847, so Heyer was told, the first American settlers were living here in a neat cluster of frame cottages. Now the

place was booming, and the number of inhabitants was climbing to 10,000. It was important, too, as the capital of the newest state in the Union.

Land hunger, deep-seated and strong, was drawing people to St. Paul. The usual brisk trade of summer tourists had subsided, but Heyer was not lacking company. The boat on which he arrived was crowded; other boats were crowded. Here in the city, hotels and rooming houses were crowded, and so were the streets. Heyer was caught in a phenomenal rush. Everyone seemed rushing hither and yon as though the devil was after them. They were coming in from Wisconsin, from Illinois, and up from Iowa. They came from England, Norway, Ireland, Sweden, and Germany, chests, bags, baggage, whole families of them, lured across the Atlantic in an epic migration, herded onto trains, shuffled aboard lakeboats, transferred to sternwheelers on the Mississippi, and deposited direct from the Old World in the bedlam of the New.

There was Heyer's mission field, on the hoof, so to speak, or on the run; bewildered, home-seeking, looking for roots in new soil. The streets of St. Paul echoed with a medley of tongues, with the promises of land agents, or the confused ejaculations of newcomers. At home in many languages, Heyer got more than a drift of what went on. He picked up handbills of hotels, boarding houses, general stores, outfitters of all kinds. He acted as interpreter for many a helpless European family; often the man of the family would still have the original leaflet of advertising clutched in his hand, asking, "Where is all this fabulous wealth? Where is this wonderful opportunity to start again which made us leave the homeland? We

read it on paper over there—railroad and ship agents gave us this; now where do we find it?”

Then there were the typical promoters. Heyer heard them as they swapped yarns and delighted in expansive boastfulness. Tall stories were believed as gospel truth, having been repeated often enough. Heyer, the man who had seen the world, chuckled when he read one of the local advertisements, “This part of Minnesota is the prettiest country lying wild that the world can boast of; got up with the greatest of care by old dame Nature ten thousand years ago.” When he picked up the *St. Paul Pioneer*, or other papers, there was the same story. “Immigrants pour in by the thousands. . . . Instead of an uncultivated waste, now on every hand can be seen fields of all the cereal grains, potatoes, and corn.”

St. Paul was a whirlpool. Settlers were sucked in, and then spun on their way out into the country. But for the time being Heyer’s work would keep him in St. Paul. He arrived there on November 16, 1857. As might be expected, the other Protestant denominations had already a strong hold in the city, while the Lutherans—as Passavant had warned—were scattered and unchurched. Settlers of New England background had made the greatest gains both in religion and education. They had erected churches and planned a school system and chartered a university, all before Minnesota had been granted statehood.

The panic of 1857 wiped out a lot of things. Among them was a new congregation, called Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, which a certain Pastor Wier had gathered in 1855. Heyer could find no trace of it. Instead, he

found a good representation of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Roman Catholics; while the Methodists, most enterprising of all, had five places of worship in St. Paul, two for English, two for German, and one for Swedish preaching. Heyer lamented that he could find practically no English-speaking Lutherans, so that almost from the beginning he concentrated on the Germans. He carried on his bi-lingual work chiefly as a matter of duty. During December, 1857, he conducted services in German and English in a new public school. His attendance at the latter varied between thirty and fifty. In his first report he stated that he had "no more than two or three members who would prefer English to German."

In regard to his German services, Heyer stated that the number of hearers grew from Sunday to Sunday, so that on December 25, 1857, the audience included one hundred persons. It was a blessed Christmas in Heyer's estimation, and soon thereafter the congregation was incorporated as Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church. By the end of January, 1858, Trinity had its first constitution and by-laws. In February the people bought a building lot, for \$1,500, at Tenth and Wabasha, in an excellent location near the new state Capitol.

These were hard times and, in the wake of the financial crash, money was scarce. But Heyer had used his ingenuity in securing land for the church. Having been evicted from the schoolhouse where they had fairly decent quarters on Sundays, and being denied the use of the local court house, the migrant congregation had been meeting in a dance hall over the farmers' market. Such hardship provided an opening for Heyer, about which he

told Passavant. With characteristic generosity Heyer led the way. "I made the offer," he said, "that if nine in the congregation were willing to give \$100 each, I would be the tenth, to make up \$1,000. This proposal was accepted and the number required is already made up."

He had considerable difficulty in finding a suitable lot. "I ran about," he said, "hunting and inquiring until I almost made myself sick. Eventually, however, the Lord be praised, it was made easy for me. I found the man who owned the most desirable lot in the city for our purpose."

By March things began to brighten. The congregation at last received permission to meet in the court house. Between fifty and sixty attended English worship in the morning, while from one hundred to two hundred came to German in the afternoon. Besides several baptisms, marriages, and funerals, Heyer was instructing a class of sixteen catechumens, a few in English, the rest in German. Prospects for the coming summer encouraged him to consider traveling east in order to raise additional funds. Apologetically he rhymed,

"See Father H. stands at the door,
He humbly knocks—has knocked before,
He hopes that you will help the poor,
And promises to ask *no more*."

Building operations were continued as far as available cash would allow. When the basement was completed the congregation moved in for worship. But Heyer advised against borrowing money to finish the church. In spite of having passed through a lean summer and facing

a winter which promised little cheer, the congregation gratefully held its first service in the new basement on October 17, 1858, and by Christmas the number of communicant members had grown to a hundred.

Various other items in Heyer's sketch of the church show how this enterprise depended on friends outside the parish. Permission, for example, was granted to use as a temporary cemetery the plot of land on Lake Como which had been donated to Passavant for a hospital and orphanage. During this first year, St. John's English Lutheran Church in Philadelphia sent out a few boxes of Sunday school books. Heyer went about his work with accustomed vigor, enrolling some fifty children in his parochial school where he gave instruction in both English and German. His chief regret seems to have been the difficulty in persuading his adult members to become teachers in the Sunday school.

Heyer did not stay put in St. Paul. There was an abundance of work in the outlying country. By 1860 Minnesota had a population of 172,000. Fifty thousand of these were foreign-born. There were over 18,000 Germans; more than 12,000 Irish; over 8,000 Norwegians, and 3,000 Swedes. Of the 53,000 persons who were gainfully employed, over one-half were farmers. There were Lutherans by the thousands who needed shepherding, out there on their scattered homesteads. Quartersections did not make for close neighbors, as had been the case abroad where farmers lived in little villages while their fields fanned out over the countryside. That changed the nature of church life, too. The old community spirit was hard to keep alive under these new conditions. Who, for ex-

ample, would put up a village church when there was no village? Or, inasmuch as church and state are separated in America, how would the newcomers find ways and means of calling a pastor, or of building a church? Stewardship was something new. Church taxes and state-appointed clergy had been the old order of the day. Who would teach them the new order? Methodist circuit riders were already coming around, also among the Lutherans, giving the newcomers their first taste of American church life. When would a Lutheran circuit rider come that way?

From Scott County, sixty miles from St. Paul, came a request addressed to Heyer. It was sent by a group of pioneers who had been on their new homesteads three years without having seen a Lutheran pastor. Ministers of other denominations had passed their way, but these people wanted to remain in the faith of their mother church. In March, 1859, Heyer paid them a visit. Negotiating the last twenty-five miles on an ox-drawn sled, he would gladly have got out and walked instead of doing two miles an hour behind the oxen. But the snow and mud made walking next to impossible. When he finally arrived, he received a hearty welcome.

The people began relating the usual story of homesteading, especially about the hard winter. They spoke of the endless wind and snow; the frozen water barrels and inch-thick frost on the windows; the all-night stove fire, with sleeping in red flannel underwear, while shoes, boots, and outer socks dried around the fire; the quivering light of the candles or oil lamp while the women and girls knit more woollens; the black desolation of night and the early morning chores done hurriedly in the bitter cold

barn; the bringing in of a load of wood behind the slow-moving oxen while the men and boys flailed their arms to keep warm. All this was part of the game of sinking roots into new soil. It called for faith and love to undergird life. Heyer knew that as well as anybody.

That afternoon Heyer held the preparatory service for communion. After the service he wrote down the names of the communicants in his journal. In spite of continued bad weather, fifty people communed on Sunday morning. Heyer's sermon drew appropriately from the words of Jesus, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." (Matthew 9:12.) After the service he baptized nine children, and for the rest of the day enjoyed the hospitality of people who were delighted to have him stop in their new homes. He found the community still poor. Not one family owned a horse. When Monday came, he set out for St. Paul, again behind the poky oxen.

Heyer took leave of his congregation from May until November, 1860, to collect funds among his friends in the East. When he returned to St. Paul, he brought \$1,200 to be used during the following summer toward the completion of the church building. At the same time he had left a favorable impression among some of his friends in Philadelphia and Allentown concerning his method of raising money. His technique was to preach or make an address in which he would tell stories about the Telugu mission in India. He then concluded with a vivid account of the need of the faithful in Minnesota. He desired no offering to be taken up at the service, but asked the people

to bring their gifts to the parsonage or the schoolhouse. Results justified the method.

Another version of his ingenious way with people and finance is a story which may be apocryphal, although it appeared in the *Lutherische Zeitschrift* the year before his death. It is reminiscent of his pastorate at Trinity, St. Paul, and repeats the substance of a brief address he made one morning. He was speaking of the nature of his own contribution to the local building fund. "Dear friends," he began, "the first \$500 which I paid, you may regard as my tobacco money. It is meant this way: fifty years ago, like many other boys, I could have begun smoking cigars, which would annually have cost me about \$10; thus, in fifty years, without counting interest, \$500. But I never had a cigar in my mouth, nor have I spent money for tobacco in any other form; thus I have saved money.

"Those other \$500 paid toward the church fund you may regard as my liquor money. I have never made use of the insidious drink; so, in fifty years I have saved much. I have children and grandchildren some of whom are poor, and who would have been delighted had I divided this money among them. But then, they smoke and use alcohol; therefore I do not consider it proper for me to give them this money which I have saved, just to see them smoke and drink it away.

"I thus hand it over to this congregation, on the following condition: until Christmas, 1870, no interest should be paid on the \$1,000. But from Christmas, 1870, onward, this congregation shall annually at Christmastime distribute sixty dollars' worth of flour, wood and clothing among the poor widows and orphans of the parish."

This story portrays the heart of a man who, in a career of long but poorly paid service, had saved a tidy sum. And as his sons had not chosen to enter the ministry, he felt himself constrained in some manner to return his money to the church.

* * *

By 1860 a sharp drop had occurred in the number of immigrants arriving in Minnesota. Trinity Church, St. Paul, showed no decided increase. From November, 1859 to November, 1861, however, one hundred and twelve had been baptized, and twenty-three confirmed. Heyer now gave his people due notice of his intended departure, and arranged for George Fachtmann, pastor of the Lutheran church at La Crosse, Wisconsin, to succeed him. He resigned in May, 1862, explaining to the people that now "with God's help I have attained the objective for my coming to St. Paul, namely, to gather a congregation and to build a church." That was his way, businesslike, straightforward as a handshake. On Sunday, July 13, he preached the sermon at Fachtmann's installation.

Open Country

IN MID-SUMMER, 1862, Heyer entered upon the second phase of his activity in Minnesota. His winter trek to Scott County, in 1859, indicated that he was keeping in mind the larger aspects of his task as home missionary. Were it not for his undaunted nerve to venture into the unknown, where he knew he was needed, his frequent appeals to friends in the East would have been an empty refrain. One such appeal, addressed to his friend Pastor Brobst, editor of the *Lutherische Zeitschrift*, in Allentown, declared, "It is most important that we hunt up capable young men who as preachers and pastors may live among the people. If we do not succeed in this, not *much* can be achieved by the traveling about of a single individual."

Heyer never asked others to do anything he himself was not ready to do. At the age of sixty-nine he planned a missionary tour through newly settled areas of Minnesota. The effects of his impending journey might be evident in a few years. But for the present he could at best blaze a winding trail, now here, now there, among pioneers scattered over the broad reaches of central and southeastern Minnesota. Like his trip through the Palnad, in India, thirteen years before, the record which he has

left in letters and reports tells his story. As a document it is neither original nor sensational, yet with the passing years his work, along with that of many another journeyman of the church, must necessarily be looked upon as invaluable in the spread and development of Christianity in this country. His era, made painful, as well as hopeful by the Civil War, is gone forever. And a journey, like that which he was about to undertake, was strikingly primitive, considering its relatively modern date. Yet it was possible only because America was still moving westward, had still a frontier where men and women, forsaking the maturing East, cleared homesteads in a raw but fabulous Land of Dreams.

Before his departure he celebrated Holy Communion in St. John's Church, Red Wing, Minnesota, which had recently been organized, and where he had spent the latter part of the summer. Thirty-four communed, while after the service came three baptisms. Then he arranged with his faithful young colleague, Eric Norelius, pastor of the Swedish church, to keep a watchful eye on St. John's during his absence. The next few days found him busily engaged in final preparations for his trip. He stocked his covered mission wagon with supplies, and made friends with the blind horse which was to pull him over the trail. These blind horses were rightly dubbed "old plugs." Circuit riders preferred them because they shied less and obeyed their driver's reins better in precarious situations, such as the fording of a stream or the crossing of a shaky bridge. To many a home missionary his blind horse was a perfect illustration of faith.

On Thursday, September 11, 1862, the sky cleared and at two in the afternoon Heyer was off, bidding a cheerful farewell to his parishioners. That night he camped under the open sky, about six miles east of Cannon Falls, on a wide prairie. Sitting in his covered wagon, which served as bedroom, he prepared a frugal supper over a portable alcohol stove. Going westward through Cannon Falls and Northfield, by Saturday he was making contact with homesteads scattered in the vicinity of Brush Prairie.

The settlers here had a way of making a pastor feel welcome. News traveled fast that a Lutheran preacher was stopping by. At Sunday morning service, in spite of rain and mud, about thirty people were on hand. They were all Germans, and had brought enough hymnals with them so all could sing without the bothersome procedure of reading out the stanzas line by line.

"Pastor, will you not celebrate Holy Communion for us?" some of the people inquired.

"Not this time, friends," replied Heyer, "for I hope to pass this way again in six weeks. Until then, use the time for self-examination, that you may worthily receive the sacrament."

Apparently Heyer was not the kind to advocate frequent communion. Instead, he tried to foster an independent devotional life among the people which, in the absence of organized churches, might sustain them in the wilderness. Both to him and to his particular group of settlers it was a disappointment that he should leave with them neither a book of Luther's sermons nor a copy of the liturgy for their use at Sunday worship. It was plain

to him that these settlers needed something to steady them. Just at this time the air was full of rumors of renewed Indian outrages like the recently perpetrated massacre not far from here. The people had a bad case of frontier jitters. During the night a few weeks before the people fled through the rain to Dundas, six miles away, when they heard rumors of Indians near by.

Because of the small shanties in which most of these new settlers lived, it was convenient for Heyer to sleep regularly in his mission wagon. Had he simply ridden his circuit on horseback, he might have made better time but his contact with the people would more often have been an imposition than a help. This way he remained independent and had relatively few wants.

Leaving Brush Prairie, he doubled back through Cannon Falls to a German settlement of which he had heard, called East Prairie. From there his journey took him past the rising settlement of Owatonna, eastward through Dodge County, on to Rochester, the seat of Olmstead County. There he came across a new German settlement twelve miles farther to the northeast. Deciding to visit there on his return trip, he continued southward toward Marion. Here was the home of old "Father" Plank, a native of Adams County, Pennsylvania, and formerly chief elder in his home church on the Canawaka.

"Blessings on you, Brother," said Plank to his visitor, "you are doing the Lord's work in a fine way, I hear." He continued, "For some time I've been urging them to get a Lutheran church started here. But it has been like moving mountains; the people are so busy getting settled,

they don't figure they can spare enough time for their religion to become organized."

"Indeed, Father," replied Heyer, "but while they work so hard, perhaps you have more time to give toward the church."

"And that I have, Brother. Listen. Did you pass a little frame church on your way here? Well, that's ours! We haven't done the painting yet. But a couple of months ago it was dedicated. It's the first Lutheran church in Olmstead County."

"Who helped you?" inquired Heyer.

"Well, it was Mallinson, one of our first pastors in these parts, who finally listened to me and came down here. He got right to work, and in a jiffy he had the people seeing things his way. Huh, they sometimes listen to a young chap quicker than to an old codger like me. Mallinson got Thomson down here for the dedication. Two pastors in that new church surely looked fine. Anyway, nobody's going to get credit for it personally. God's help is what did it."

Heyer rested a day at Plank's, and then went on through Chatfield toward Hamilton. Four miles from Hamilton he spent the night on the prairie. Next morning he came upon a new German settlement. The people were just then in the midst of threshing. It was, of course, an inopportune time for him to stop. The people, being preoccupied, paid almost no attention to him. As it was Saturday, he asked where he might conduct worship the next morning. He got the curt suggestion to go to the near-by schoolhouse, but not to stay around the threshers. To the schoolhouse he went, and then made the rounds

announcing Sunday service. More English than Germans showed up, so he conducted the service in both languages.

Finding it hard sometimes to make a favorable impression, Heyer was cheered by the evidence of others' success. On the way from Preston to Caledonia, he found a fine Norwegian Lutheran church built of stone. Two teamsters, happening by, told him they were Norwegians, and admitted with pride that they had a pastor of their own at that church.

Here and there Heyer found settlers, many of them poor, who urged him to remain with them. Sharing their simple fare with him, they satisfied another kind of hunger from his presence—the hunger for sociability, for talking to a man who spoke their language. Heyer understood such people. He knew how frugally they were getting along, short-rationed not only in diet but also in social relationships and spiritual comfort. Repeatedly he wrote to his friends, "The dear people are poor, but treat me very hospitably." Or again, stopping with an isolated family by the name of Stoll, he remarked, "The husband was so glad to see a Lutheran pastor that he handed me a dollar toward my traveling expenses. I promised to send him the *Lutherische Zietschrift* for it."

* * *

Brilliant autumn colors had already left the landscape, and only the brown of the fields and the deep green of the pines remained. Late in October the high-pitched squeaks of Heyer's mission wagon announced his return to Red Wing. With much effort and patience he had made the rounds. But conviction told him it was more than that. Trivial as small beginnings sometimes seem,

the organized church, with its conferences, districts, and synods, owes these later developments to the faithful plodding of men like Heyer. To anyone who has recently been over the ground which he covered in Minnesota, the contrast between then and now is amazing. The privation and patient endurance of this man and his people almost beggar description. Heyer's own account of his work bears the stamp of matter-of-fact objectivity, and from the standpoint of human interest his narrative suffers from over-simplification. But for him, personally, Minnesota meant the repetition, in a new setting, of the rigorous years in India. It was part of the life so familiar to him that he could see little reason in telling others. He had his eye on the larger issue. For the church as a whole this was a critical hour; it would decide the spiritual growth or atrophy of a people converting the wilderness.

* * *

It was good to be back in Red Wing, thought Heyer. Once more he could mingle with his people without needing to be up and saying good-by every day or so. Again he could be a real pastor, with time to listen to his parishioners' stories, to ponder their problems, and to give them counsel. He also enjoyed the almost daily stimulus of being with young Pastor Norelius and his charming wife. Norelius, in turn, admired Heyer as a born missionary. The four years that Heyer had been acquainted in Red Wing, filled the place with associations. Its picturesque location on the Mississippi, its hilly streets, brought recollections of Cumberland or Somerset, and made him happy. It was easy to feel at home here.

For two months he enjoyed the brisk life in Red Wing. Meanwhile, plans were again taking shape in his mind. Having just visited southeastern Minnesota, he now felt that the northeastern area, beyond St. Paul and north along the Mississippi to Stillwater and farther on, required attention. In soldierly fashion he planned his tour, which turned out to be more taxing than any of his previous ventures. Christmas, celebrated frontier style, came and went. Heyer timed his departure with that of the old year.

It was the dead of winter. The last day of December dawned late and gray over Red Wing. A spare, little man of ruddy complexion, hawk-eyed and clear-voiced, wearing a beaver cap, and wound up in muffler, greatcoat, and buffalo robe, bade good-by to his friends who clustered around the wagon to see him off. They solicitously inquired whether he had forgotten anything. No; he had his provisions, portable stove, bedding, changes of clothing; also his stock of Bibles, hymnals, sermon books, and tracts. Friends and neighbors loved this kindly old soul; they admired his courage and daring; they called him "Father," which was simpler than his appellation back East where people revered him as "the honorable Father Heyer."

Frost rose from the breath of the bystanders as they wished the traveler well. In Swedish, German, and English they shouted a last, "God be with you, Father." A jerk of the reins, a curt "giddap," and the horse set the wagon in motion. The crunch of wheels on dry snow, the pitch of the wagon on the rutted road, the steady tug of the old "nag"; then, the infinite expanse of white, the slim signs

of life—what was his presence here but duty? The little missionary saw beyond the winter darkness that New Year's eve.

Finding the snow that winter passable, and the cold severe enough to put a crust on the lakes, which could carry a horse and wagon, Heyer trekked slowly from one settlement to another along the western bank of the Mississippi. Toward the end of January, 1863, he reached Stillwater, a lively, sprawling lumber camp with the atmosphere of a boom town. There, in near-by St. John's Church, which he had recently organized, he communed forty members. His ears rang with stories of poisonous rivalry and spitefulness among the Lutherans. Therefore his thoughts dwelt mainly on the state of the church as he found it. Saddened by the disunity and open conflict among fellow believers, he entered the comment in his journal: "If in this neighborhood there would be unity, then a fine, strong congregation could be organized. But alas, the particular viewpoints of the Buffalo and Missouri Synods have here also caused schisms. As elsewhere, their people go after each other with such vehemence that they disregard entirely the admonition of our Lord, John 12:35: 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' The sectarians can not proselytize with any greater zeal than these parties of the Lutheran Church show in trying to destroy each other."

As the journey wore on, its rigors grew. Here is a sample: "February 2d I set out for Wyoming, (Minn.). The route lay along an ungraded road through a sparsely settled region. It was almost too cold for man or beast to be out. In the afternoon I rode over the ice on a lake,

then another mile overland to another lake. But the wind had drifted the snow and the trail was closed. I thus had no other choice but to retrace my wagon tracks till I came to Centerville, a little village inhabited by French Canadians." The next morning Heyer made a second attempt to get through. By eleven o'clock he reached Columbus, a town of two taverns and three houses. But Christian Lent's place was still ten miles off, and Heyer had promised to conduct service there that Tuesday morning. It was three in the afternoon before he finally reached his destination. "Well, well, Pastor," greeted Lent, "better late than never! We surely thought that it was too cold for our preacher to come. But indeed you are most welcome—even though most of the people went home at noon."

"I'm very sorry, Christian."

"No harm done, Pastor. I took your place as best I could. I didn't want the neighbors to go home without any meditation. So, what should we do but hold a service among ourselves. We sang the old chorales, prayed, recited the creed, and then I read two of Luther's sermons."

"Congratulations," interjected Heyer. "Now what am I supposed to do?"

"Why, there's only one thing you can do. We'll give you a bed; we'll feed you well; we'll put your horse in the stable; and then you stay with us till Sunday. Promise? Then we'll have a real service. At the same time we can enjoy your company, and you can visit in the different homes. The people will want to see their traveling missionary!"

Such hearty sociability was the essence of good fellowship. Laughter rang through the Lents' compact little home. Heyer mused to himself, "It is good to be here."

On his homeward journey he stopped at Cambridge to baptize a child, but he could not administer the Lord's Supper because nobody within twelve miles had any wine. He comforted the disappointed people by telling them that he would probably return in the spring. At Wyoming, he found that some German Lutherans were the object of regular visits from a Methodist circuit rider. This annoyed him because, as he put it, "This is done ostensibly out of Christian love. . . . Still we know from experience what lies behind it. Just as a cat cannot leave off catching mice, so also this class of preachers cannot give up proselytizing." That was a natural response from one who jealously guarded his work and did his duty. But, as everyone knows, there were not nearly enough Lutheran itinerants to care for their own people. Hence, proselytizing was not all the Methodists' fault.

The Second Lap

MAKING A BRIEF stop in St. Paul, after returning from the northeastern part of the state, Heyer drove on into the territory north and west of Minneapolis beyond the Crow River. In the middle of February, he wandered through new and almost roadless country which was thinly settled. He lost his way for nearly a day, slept out overnight in his wagon. He had reason to be happy when he chanced upon a Lutheran family. It turned out that two years ago in St. Paul he had confirmed the children of this household. But that was only the beginning of surprises. Here was a small community of Lutherans. Sunday worship was scheduled in the home of a family named Hohenstein. After the service a man came up to the pastor and said, "My name is Seip. I came from Pennsylvania. More than thirty years ago we had a pastor in Somerset County who was called Heyer."

"Well," countered the pastor, "I am that same preacher!"

The coincidence was delightful, and set the whole group talking about home towns, backgrounds, neighbors, and what-not. But much as Heyer would like to have stayed, his schedule made him move on. There was no

telling, moreover, what the next stop would bring. That very night he happened to put up with a boy of about sixteen who was tending cattle and spending a few days alone on the homestead. The boy seemed glad to have the missionary stay. "Let me help you with the cooking, son," suggested Heyer, "I've done a bit of it in my day." Later in the evening the boy impressed his guest by bringing out the Bible and asking him to say an evening prayer. Surprises like this warmed a missionary's heart.

As he prospected on through the Crow River country, Heyer found several Lutheran families among the more numerous German Catholics. Some of these Lutherans, who had come from Prussian Poland, still kept up the religious customs of the homeland. In connection with a Communion service near Montecello, he observed that the dozen communicants had prepared themselves for the sacrament by fasting. Such a deep spiritual tone seemed to pervade that little gathering, that Heyer noted in his journal, "Truly the Lord was in our midst."

This second lap of the mid-winter journey almost ended in tragedy. The old missionary was urging his nag over a frozen lake about ten miles from Hastings. It was near the middle of March, and the ice was beginning to break up. As he neared the opposite shore there was a sickening crash. His horse had broken through the ice! In the contortion the shafts ripped from the wagon and the horse settled on its side. As Heyer jumped out, another crash resounded, as his wagon went through. It settled in about three feet of water. There was no use to halloo for help, but fortunately the water was shallow. So the old missionary jogged back over a mile to the nearest

farmhouse. Here he found "nothing but women and children, and they, of course, were not available." At the next house he got help. The good man ran on ahead of "the Reverend," and then both together extricated the dripping nag. While the man repaired the shafts, Heyer exercised his horse to keep it from freezing. After two hours' delay, he was on his way again, "thankful to the good Lord that I had been rescued."

After such an experience Heyer returned to his headquarters at Red Wing. The winter journey had been exhausting, and for one traveling alone it required plenty of courage, especially in view of the warlike mood of the Sioux. As Heyer learned first-hand, many of the families among whom he visited were still fearful of a possible Indian attack. Shortly before his departure in September, 1862, there had occurred a widespread Indian massacre, perpetrated by the Sioux on the frontier settlements in Minnesota. This act had struck terror into the hearts of the people, and its memory lingered through the long winter, vivid and agonizing. The cold intensified their poverty. The house and barn on many a homestead had been burnt to the ground, and—as Heyer estimated—almost a thousand men and boys had been slain, while the women and girls had been taken captive. He noted that the German populace had been as hard hit as the rest, and appealed to his friends in the East to hurry in sending aid. In the meanwhile, to relieve the distress, Dr. Passavant, in Pittsburgh, co-operated with Norelius in Red Wing, and Fachtmann in St. Paul, by shipping out crates of supplies. Yet the suffering was a long time being relieved.

A newly arrived pastor at Hastings, Minnesota, whom Heyer had visited during this winter, wrote to Norelius, "A few days ago our very Rev'd Brother C. F. Heyer from your place was here on a visit. He told me that you are in possession of a box for me containing several things. You would very much oblige to send that box to me as soon as possible because I am in great need of shirts, etc., etc.; all my bedding and everything I had is lost, my house, furniture, library, etc., etc., were destroyed by fire when the Indians began to attack New Ulm, where I lived nearly seven years. . . . I am very hard off about bedding, if you can do something for me in this line, I would be very much obliged to you."

One cannot put the entire blame for this Indian uprising on the Sioux Nation. Consciously or not, the white settlers shared the responsibility. For the land belonged to the Indians, and in Minnesota the government had guaranteed certain territory to the Indians. The more adventuresome white settlers gradually encroached upon it. The Sioux, being about 30,000 strong, and the most powerful among the northern tribes, took the initiative in avenging their being dispossessed. Doubtless this massacre was one of the prices the white man had to pay for taking a whole continent from the Indians. Heyer, in summing up the situation, regarded the Indian menace as Minnesota's equivalent to the Negro problem in the South, while Passavant considered it providential that on the edge of Lake Como, near St. Paul, he already owned land for an orphanage which might soon be erected to aid the needy.

With returning spring, in 1863, the second phase of Heyer's activity in Minnesota came to an end. He reflected gratefully on the divine guidance which had led him over this strenuous field. He was now almost three score and ten, and he felt himself entitled to a rest. In this mood he left the promising Northwest, and came back to Somerset.

While his young friend Norelius was sending his trunk after him from Minnesota Heyer began busying himself with a new project. "I have concluded," he wrote to Norelius, "to erect a shanty on my lot of ground adjoining the borough of Somerset. . . . My summer residence is to be at the foot of Laurel Mountain, where trout in the water, birds in the air, may still be caught in a snare." The venerable Father was going to enjoy his retirement with boyhood zest for the out-of-doors.

He invited his daughter, Henrietta Snyder, and her two children, Ann and Sidney, to join him. The new cottage would give them a home again. He sketched plans for the house, and then during the summer took Ann and Sidney almost daily down to the building site. He told them that here was a dream in the making which he had always kept in the back of his mind. He would repeat, "I am now over seventy, and I wish to spend a quiet evening."

The little cottage had five small rooms, while its remote location satisfied Heyer's desire for seclusion. While the carpenters were at work, he laid out the garden and decided where he would plant the seeds, roots, and bulbs which he had collected on his travels in Germany and India. He put stones across the lazy stream which flowed

near by, making a dam for a fishpond which he stocked with trout. Ann and Sidney were delighted while they watched their grandfather's dream come true.

Toward the end of August, Heyer made a hurried trip out to Minnesota, to settle some congregational difficulties in Winona, but in another month he was back. Yet he was disturbed. While returning through Pittsburgh, Dr. Passavant had asked him to undertake some home missioning in Chicago. Placing duty before personal comfort, Heyer lamented to Norelius, "My cottage is built, but I am doomed to dwell in a big city during the approaching winter. . . . Whether the old missionary will be more successful in Chicago than his predecessors, time will make known. The Lord willing, I shall commence my work early in November."

When November came Heyer was still in Somerset. Again his plans had been changed. He had received word that he would not have to go to Chicago. With all the jubilation of a grandfather enjoying his second childhood he told Norelius, "My sky blue cottage is finished. I have taken possession, and this is the first letter I am writing in it."

This little home was Heyer's castle. He at once planned a personal routine whereby he hoped to get the most out of recreation, study, and rest. His daughter Henrietta agreed that nothing should interfere with this daily schedule, and to see it carried through she promised to serve his meals in his study. Sidney and Ann were given to understand that their grandfather enjoyed their company at certain specified hours.

Heyer was too active to be confined to his castle.

Before Christmas that year he traveled to Birmingham, near Pittsburgh, to help settle a congregational quarrel by persuading a hard-headed pastor to resign. As the new year, 1864, dawned, he was back in Somerset. Here he befriended about thirty German immigrant families who could not be benefited by English preaching. By spring the people had saved enough to buy an old church. Each Sunday, Heyer preached to them in their mother tongue. He took no money for his services, but was grateful that God was permitting him to be a home missionary almost in his backyard.

Minnesota Synod

IN THE SUMMER of 1865 the magnetism of the Northwest drew Heyer to its territory again. Of course it was more than Wanderlust that urged him. He was president of the young Minnesota Synod, and his presence was necessary at the annual meetings. Simple as it sounds, there was a peculiar mixture of circumstances that had called this Synod to life. These will bear retelling, inasmuch as the Synod's position was of strategic importance in the trend of Lutheranism in this region.

Among the men involved in the formation of the Minnesota Synod, Dr. William A. Passavant stands foremost. He made his celebrated journey to Minnesota Territory in 1856. He befriended the young Swedish pastor, Norelius, and kept in close touch with the fortunes of Scandinavian Lutherans in these parts. And he secured none other than the veteran Heyer to promote the cause of English and German Lutheranism in the Northwest. Thus Passavant was the man of imagination and resourcefulness who envisioned the local future in terms of a synod embracing all the Lutherans, Scandinavian, German, and American. Toward this end he had encouraged Norelius to throw in his lot with the growing number of pastors in

Minnesota, citing to him also the expense of at least an annual pilgrimage to the meetings of the Synod of Northern Illinois, to which the majority of the Swedish Lutherans then belonged. Passavant added, "It is true, you would also lose the advantage of the counsel and guidance of men like Esbjorn and Hasselquist, and it cannot be expected that the brethren in Minnesota will always be able to make these long journeys to Illinois. Please, therefore, give me your views fully on this subject and at the same time write a letter of inquiry to Brother Esbjorn and Hasselquist, so that no step be taken without these worthy fathers, who have done so much for the welfare of the Scandinavians."

Largely because of Heyer's presence in St. Paul, since November, 1857, Passavant was able to speak with such firmness to Norelius. For, while writing straightforwardly to Norelius and his superior, Passavant remained in communication with Heyer in order that the various parties concerned might first be "felt out." Foremost of these men, among the American pastors, was William Thomson, of Prairieville. Ever since 1855, he had been pioneering in Minnesota under the missionary auspices of the East Ohio Synod. According to reports, Thomson was an ardent "New Lutheran."

When Norelius, always orthodox, learned that Thomson would be one of his colleagues in the proposed synod, he began to have doubts. Norelius proceeded to do some inquiring on his own and asked Thomson point-blank for his theological views. Thomson reciprocated with the sentiment that he was sorry to learn that "we shall differ with regard to a doctrinal basis upon which to form a

Synod for the Northwest. . . . For my own part honesty and candor compel me to state to you that I am most decidedly opposed to symbolism and formalism and fully satisfied with the doctrinal basis of the General Synod. . . . I am heartily sick of this church controversy and hope the breach may be healed by mutual concessions from both parties, in such a way as not to bind the conscience of the brethren of either side to anything which in their judgment is manifestly wrong."

Unlike Thomson, Heyer leaned toward conservatism. The veteran missionary himself had been through the mill, having imbibed much of the spirit of frontier religion in his earlier years. He had staged revivals—the first recorded in any Lutheran church in this country—while pastor in Cumberland, Maryland. In the thirties he had been in close association with Samuel Simon Schmucker of Gettysburg Seminary, and with the inner circle of so-called "American Lutheranism." He understood, on grounds of friendship, the working of the "American" type of religious mind. But in recent years he had joined the growing ranks of orthodoxy. Manifesting his rising conservatism, he insisted that the proposed synod must adopt the Unaltered Augsburg Confession. Like Norelius, Heyer had doubts about Thomson and some others. But Heyer's assurance to Norelius revealed his caliber as a churchman, when he contended that if Thomson "were connected with an orthodox Lutheran Synod his superficial views might undergo a change and he might become more and more convinced of the soundness and scriptural correctness of the true Lutheran doctrine."

Heyer impatiently awaited the formation of a synod, lest by delay the extraneous influence of the unorthodox would disrupt the entire venture. To his friend in Red Wing he averred, "At present there is a decided majority in favor of the Unaltered Augsburg Confession. If we wait, a synod on a different basis may be formed—but by going ahead now, this could not be done easily. . . . I do not see how the formation of a new Synod at present could have an unfavorable influence on the Swedish portion of our church. At present in the new Synod, the Swedish members would constitute the majority. Nor do I perceive how it would be disadvantageous to the Northern Illinois Synod."

Upon Passavant's suggestion, Norelius took counsel with his two superiors among the Swedish churchmen, Esbjorn and Hasselquist. Esbjorn advised against Norelius and the Scandinavians joining hands with their German and American brethren; Hasselquist was unqualifiedly opposed to the plan. For both of these men, witnessing the growing tension in the Synod of Northern Illinois between the "new measure" men and the neo-orthodox, surmised the day not far distant when the more conservatively-minded Swedes would find themselves obliged to sever from their American associates. For the General Synod, to which the Northern Illinois body was joined, was animated by a brand of Lutheranism which seemed strangely uncongenial not only to most of the Scandinavians but above all to the Germans of orthodox cut who fell in line with Dr. Walther and the Missouri Synod. Esbjorn and Hasselquist, like many others, had premonitions that the Swedish Lutherans would soon be

forming their own Synod, perhaps on a nation-wide scale. Should that be the case, then—so they argued—it would be wrong for the Swedes in Minnesota to belong to a “mixed” synod. Passavant, having consulted with Hasselquist and other representatives of the Northern Illinois Synod, saw the handwriting on the wall. Reluctantly he deferred to the Swedish brethren, and abandoned his cherished plans for an all-Lutheran synod in Minnesota. He expressed his regret to Norelius in May, 1858, admitting, “while it is not pleasant for flesh and blood to see cherished plans thwarted for a season, . . . I think it is your duty to yield to the advice and counsel of the brethren in Illinois. Even on the supposition that they may not and cannot see things as they really are in Minnesota, it is better to suffer elsewhere than to have any division in our weak forces among brethren of the same church.”

Passavant proposed an alternative to Norelius whereby the Lutherans in Minnesota should band themselves together in “a kind of Lutheran Church union . . . which would meet annually for mutual conference and co-operation — without assuming synodical power — the brethren meanwhile remaining in their former synodical connection.” A month later, in June, Passavant pointed out to Norelius the growing conservatism within the ranks of the General Synod, which “is rapidly assuming a most hopeful Lutheran character—as the radical brethren only too plainly see.” This gave point to Passavant’s proposal for the establishment of a “Lutheran Church Union” as a temporary expedient, which then would “prepare the way for the speedy organization of a Synod.”

While Passavant counseled moderation, Heyer was impatient to see things organized. Assuring Norelius again that the Unaltered Augsburg Confession and Luther's Catechism would necessarily be the foundation for a synodical organization, Heyer included the following notice which later was distributed. It read, "The Lutheran ministers residing in and near the territory of Minnesota are respectfully invited to attend a convention to be held on the fourth of July next, in the Rev. W. Thomson's congregation, at Prairieville, six miles south from Canon City, Rice County, Minn. The object of calling this convention is to organize the first Lutheran Synod in this region of the country. This notice is published by request of several ministers who expect, the Lord willing, to be present at the convention."

From July 3 to 5, 1858, eight pastors, four of them Swedish, and six laymen, of whom five were Swedes, came together. The experienced Heyer was elected chairman, with Thomson serving as secretary. The leading question was whether or not the organization of a synod for Minnesota was expedient at the moment. Heyer, never slow to express an opinion, led the Germans and Americans in advocating a synodical organization. Nor were the Swedes openly opposed to such a plan. Nevertheless they withheld outright concurrence, resolving to consult with their colleagues in the forthcoming meeting of the United Chicago and Mississippi Conference to which they at the time belonged as members of the Northern Illinois Synod.

Despite this discouragement, the non-Scandinavians went ahead with their formation of the Minnesota Synod. Its first clerical members were Heyer, president; Thomson,

secretary, along with Mallinson, of Minnieska. A synod could hardly start with less. Meanwhile, the Swedes held an informal "convention" to discuss the problems which confronted them. Whatever their predilections in regard to a synod, they soon had their answer. In the following September, when their Mississippi Conference, and then their larger body, the Northern Illinois Synod, convened, they were positively forbidden to join the Minnesota Synod. Instead, the Minnesotans were permitted to organize their own Swedish conference—the outgrowth of the informal convention in Prairieville—which was to remain within the Synod of Northern Illinois. The conference was formally constituted at Chisago Lake, Minnesota, October 7 and 8, 1858.

Two Lutheran bodies, the Synod and the Conference, thus occupied the same field. Norelius and Heyer might indeed remain warm friends and guide their colleagues along paths of peace. Yet friction was inevitable. There was in 1860 the case of a certain B. G. P. Berglund. This young man was a licensed minister of the Synod of Northern Illinois, who had found his way to Minnesota not so much for the sake of preaching the Gospel as for escaping the discipline of his local superiors in Illinois, from whose good graces he had fallen. Known as a trouble-maker, he found no entry among his fellow Swedes in Minnesota. But certain of the pastors of the Minnesota Synod promised him ordination and membership in their body. Amid such divided counsels, Heyer did his best to prevent Berglund's reception, while Thomson seconded this opinion in writing to Norelius. Momentarily, however, the fat almost fell in the fire.

The decisive factor in the deflection of the Swedes from an inclusive Minnesota Synod, in the considered opinion of Professor George Stevenson, was their *nationalism*. This fair-minded scholar, who has done exhaustive work in the field, lets Norelius give the answer in his own words. To quote the pioneer churchman, "What restrained us from joining the Minnesota Synod was simply the sentiment of nationality. We felt the compelling force of the argument that we Swedes must stand united. It was this that we had desired the whole time but could see no realization of within the Synod of Northern Illinois."

This turn of events in Minnesota was symptomatic of the larger movement toward Swedish unity. From the northern state, this mood of separatism spread southward among the larger groups of Swedes. These soon broke away from their American colleagues in Illinois and in the General Synod. On June 5, 1860, in Jefferson Prairie, Wisconsin, in a Norwegian Lutheran church, they organized the Scandinavian Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod. It was still too early for Lutheran union beyond national frontiers.

If what took place in Minnesota had barometric significance in terms of religious climate where Scandinavians were concerned, it was beginning to show what was in the air for the German Lutherans. Heyer's own conservatism had placed the Minnesota Synod on the orthodox foundation of the Unaltered—with a capital "U"—Augsburg Confession. This was in keeping with Passavant's own theological tendency. But it was to take fourteen years, from date of the formation of the Synod, for this

conservative tendency to reach full expression. This process has special appeal, as far as synodical biography goes, and depicts the larger pattern of Heyer's activity.

Heyer, Thomson, and Mallinson came together for their first annual meeting on July 1, 1859, in Trinity Church, St. Paul. Heyer retained the presidency, while Thomson, now of Owatonna, continued as secretary.

By the time the second annual meeting convened, again at Trinity, St. Paul, on July 6, 1860, the number of clerical delegates had grown to six. Among the three new names was that of the Lutheran pastor who had been longest in Minnesota, F. W. Wier, formerly of the Buffalo Synod, who in 1855 had gathered the first Lutherans in St. Paul. The two other pastors were A. Brandt, of Frank Hill, and Charles Yough, of New Oregon. Although Heyer was at the time in the East collecting funds for Trinity Church, he was re-elected president for the second biennial term.

These six pastors came from as many different backgrounds and represented little more than a pious effort to establish some kind of fraternal bond among at least some of the Lutheran ministers in Minnesota. There were also pastors from the Missouri and Buffalo Synods on the field, besides a small number of Swedes and Norwegians. Although the Scandinavian pastors could not be persuaded to join the new synod, a man like Norelius, who had been befriended by Passavant and associated with Heyer, found it difficult to cast his lot wholly with the Swedish Augustana Synod. The ideal arrangement might have been territorial solidarity among all the Lutherans in Minnesota. Heyer strove for this ideal while presiding

over the affairs of the synod. But as differences in language made the Scandinavians hesitate, so too, though with different emphasis, the Missourians avoided the new synod because they considered it lax in Lutheran doctrine.

Not often does a newly organized synodical group find it possible to be rigorous in its policies or in its enforcement of discipline. And the Minnesota Synod was no exception. In a man like Heyer there was too much of the ecumenical spirit to tolerate bickering over the more obscure points of theology. In matters of doctrine he became more conservative as he grew older, but this did not cool his desire to include all his fellow Lutheran pastors within one unified, territorial body. He hoped for orthodoxy in others, perhaps even to a fault, while he had little time for pastors who were normally lax in their own way of life. His successor in Red Wing, being one of the newcomers to the Synod, caused him considerable disappointment. Heyer confided to Norelius that this man was "too *smart* to become a useful Lutheran pastor." Heyer had not recommended him to the congregation in Red Wing. He brought shame upon the church by appearing drunk in public on Christmas Day, and later, by his own demands for salary and his dislike for Heyer's discipline, refused to urge the congregation to pay his predecessor's back salary. This is one example of irregularity among the personnel of the young synod. Yet such cases were by no means confined only to the frontier.

Of the more constructive aspects of the synod there is a fairly sharp picture in the report of its secretary, Pastor Fachtmann, regarding the annual meeting in 1865. Of special interest was the work being done by the four mis-

sioners who were at that time being supported by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Some of the place names, too, which appear in the report, indicate a successful follow-up of openings which Heyer had found in the course of his journeys.

The first of the four missionaries was C. F. Blecken, who had two parishes. That in Red Wing was composed of twenty-eight families and sixty-four communicants, and owned a frame church. The other in Westerville, twelve miles away, had twenty-two families, forty communicants, and a Sunday school, but no church.

The next was F. W. Hoffman, whose work was scattered from Stillwater westward. He served a rural parish four miles from Stillwater, which owned its own frame church and had a Sunday school. This was St. John's which grew out of Heyer's visit three years earlier. Then in Stillwater, seat of Washington County, Hoffman had almost thirty families. They lacked a church building but had the privilege of worshipping by themselves in other churches. In Cottage Grove, twelve miles from St. Paul, he had a congregation of twenty-five families with their own place of worship; in Prescott, Wisconsin, twenty-eight miles from Stillwater, another small congregation and Sunday school. Finally, he was organizing a fifth congregation in the Crow River country, where Heyer had prospected.

A third missionary was Julius Wolf, of Sand Creek, Scott County, who had four small congregations and several preaching stations. His little group in Montgomery was almost disrupted when the Civil War draft took away half of the twenty-two fathers of families in his congre-

gation. Wolf himself was drafted, and managed to have himself excused from service only with great difficulty.

L. Ebert, the fourth man, served in and around Brownsville, Houston County, and energetically followed up the work Heyer had encouraged there. During the past spring he had baptized twenty-five, confirmed seven, and communed a hundred.

Pastor Fachtmann, describing the work of the synod to friends in the East, said, "At the present time there are thirteen of us brethren working among the German population of the State of Minnesota. Our honorable President Heyer guides and supports our work from Pennsylvania. The curse of the Civil War has hit the young State of Minnesota hard, but especially its German population. August 18, 1862, the Indians broke into the peaceful settlements of the West, and about 1,000 persons, mostly Germans, fell victims to their bloody wrath. Thereupon the again and again recurring draft system depopulated our still new mission fields. In spite of all these judgments which come from the Lord, our work has not failed. . . ." Despite his absentee administration of synodical affairs, Heyer was again re-elected president in 1865.

The following year found him once more in Minnesota. Early in 1866 he arrived in New Ulm. Next to St. Paul, he regarded this settlement as the most promising in Minnesota. Originally it had been an idealistic colony founded by German faddists who were interested in free thinking and physical culture. Desiring to have their ideals unfold without interference, they had located on the frontier. Although there were several Roman Catholics in the settlement, no church building was permitted.

Then came the frightful Sioux massacre in 1862, and New Ulm suffered heavily. Many of the surviving settlers moved elsewhere, and the utopian experiment came to an end. Gradually newcomers moved in. It was less than four years after the great tragedy that Heyer arrived. His ears rang with the tales of barricades, street fighting, cold-blooded murder, women and children hiding in cellars. The anti-Christian spirit had largely disappeared, and the people were willing to listen to a preacher again. By June 17, 1866, a fine brick Lutheran church was dedicated. Heyer's tact and enterprise were rewarded. Today New Ulm is a strong parish of the Missouri Synod.

An attack of facial rheumatism prevented Heyer from undertaking new projects in St. Anthony and Minneapolis. He did find time to see that the congregation in New Ulm was properly supplied with its first resident pastor, the Rev. Frederick Papp.

The General Council

RETURNING TO the East, Heyer rendered significant service as delegate of the Minnesota Synod to the preliminary convention of the General Council. The meeting took place in Trinity Church, Reading, Pennsylvania, in December, 1866. In August of that year the "Fraternal Address" and "call for a convention," prepared by Charles Porterfield Krauth, had been sent out by a special committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. It was addressed to "all Evangelical Lutheran Synods, ministers, and congregations in the United States and Canada, which confess the Unaltered Augsburg Confession." It invited them to join with the Ministerium "in a convention, for the purpose of forming a Union of Lutheran Synods." Representation at this convention was to be on the basis of one minister and one lay delegate for every twelve pastors in a synod."

Heyer, whose doctrinal stand had already put the Minnesota Synod in line to qualify for this invitation, eagerly accepted the invitation, and urged his successor, Fachtmann, at Trinity in St. Paul, to join the convention as an observer. Fachtmann, as secretary of his synod, held

the key position from which to guide the destiny of that body during Heyer's absence.

When the convention opened Heyer was one of thirty-three ministerial delegates upon whom fell the task of working out a practicable union—or actually federation—of the thirteen participating Synods. For the future of the Lutheran church in America this was a momentous occasion because, aside from the progress which the Missouri Synod had already been making since its organization in 1847, this represented the first attempt of nation-wide scope to draw together all like-minded Lutherans in America. Where the General Synod had proceeded on the basis of a centralized and organizational union among the different Lutheran bodies, the General Council now sought to unite the various groups on the basis of agreement in matters of faith and doctrine. Making organizational affairs secondary, the General Council—under the impetus of a re-born conservative interest in both Europe and America—chose to stand on the ground of Scripture as interpreted by the historic Lutheran Confessions and declarations contained in the Book of Concord of 1580.

One of the first matters to be considered by the preliminary convention in Reading was worship. A Church Book Committee was appointed. Qualified scholars were to serve on it so that as soon as possible there might be unity in worship throughout the General Council. At the same time its eleven members were selected to represent eleven different synods. In this capacity, and more by way of liturgical appreciation than of scholarship, Heyer was placed on the committee. He was in company with such

outstanding leaders of the church as Dr. Passavant, of the Pittsburgh Synod, Professor Sigmund Fritschel, of the Iowa Synod, and the Rev. Beale M. Schmucker of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. At the same time Fachtmann, unofficially representing the Minnesota Synod, was put on the Committee for the German Hymn Book.

Fachtmann went back to his newly dedicated Trinity Church, now the largest Lutheran congregation in Minnesota. Heyer returned to his sky blue cottage in Somerset. Here he associated almost daily with young Pastor Hentz who, just in this year, 1866, had been called to the local congregation. Hentz and Heyer were kindred spirits, both loyal orthodox Lutherans and both interested in the newly formed General Council. But their neighboring colleagues, being all members of the Alleghany Synod, were just as devoted to the more liberal General Synod. A situation was in the making.

Hentz was inspired by Heyer's conservatism and looked to him as a spiritual father. Heyer in return defended Hentz amid the rising tide of criticism. Charges of "symbolist," "errorist," and "semi-Romanist" were brought against the young pastor. In March, 1867, the crisis came. At the spring meeting of the pastoral conference Hentz's brethren attempted to oust him from his charge. But Heyer accompanied his protege to the meetings, listened attentively to the proceedings, and arose in defense.

Aged and venerable in appearance, Heyer was listened to with profound attention. Passing by what had already been said, he at once assumed the aggressive. He charged those present with disloyalty to Lutheran doc-

trine and practice, and of assuming a name to which they had no claim. He traced the history of revivalism within the Lutheran church and cited all its accompanying evils. "In doing so," as one eyewitness related, "Heyer availed himself of facts and illustrations, and anecdotes, wit, and sarcasm, with a skill, an aptness, and a readiness that surprised all present, and completely captured the sympathy of the audience." The silence of the opposition admitted their defeat, and Hentz's position was no longer attacked.

Continuing his role of mediator, Heyer journeyed to Cumberland, Maryland, where he spent the spring conciliating the factions in the church he had served forty-eight years ago. Finally he got the people to agree as to the pastor whom they should call. His tact and diplomacy won the day, and a new pastor was called unanimously. The people were so grateful for Heyer's help that on June 1, 1867, they published a resolution of thanks which was printed in the church papers.

By the middle of June, Heyer set out for Minnesota again. Arriving on the second day of the annual synodical meeting, he was re-elected president for the biennium, 1867-1869. He stayed on during the summer, acting as pastor of Trinity, St. Paul, while Fachtmann went on a home missionary journey, visiting the already established parishes and organizing new ones.

For Heyer it must have been an inspiration to work at Trinity, now in its tenth year. How much planning, labor, encouragement, and patient waiting it had called for; how far-flung were its ties of friendship, which stretched from Minnesota eastward and touched many a well-known or anonymous contributor. Now it was a

firmly established church, having outgrown the petty problems of its beginnings, and exchanged them for the larger ones brought on by becoming a large congregation in a thriving city. In a reflective mood he pored over the early entries in the Church Record. There, before him, were two hundred names, signed in 1858 to the statutes of the church, pledging loyalty to the Old and New Testaments "as God's revealed Word," and to "the Unaltered Augsburg Confession as the symbol of its faith and basis of its teaching." There were the duties of the pastor, as he himself had outlined them; there, the half-forgotten items arising month after month and preserved in the neatly inscribed minutes of the church council. These were little items now, dropping back into a larger perspective, yet at the time they had been vital; for example, like deciding to raise the walls of the new church two feet, or borrowing one hundred dollars from Dr. Passavant for the purchase of a cemetery on Lake Como, or agreeing to pay the janitor ten dollars a year for his services, or excluding that troublesome "Frau Sauerwein" from the church.

Heyer remembered, too, how he had dug into his own savings and loaned the congregation \$2,000 to tide it over the period of slow growth. And he knew the misinterpretation which some had put on such kindness. Some had been indifferent about paying back this debt, and had interpreted every reminder as extortion. They had circulated stories that Heyer was a rich man, who made his money from land speculation and lending money at high rates of interest! But the old missionary had outlived the criticism. Now he had the honor and respect

of all. Marvelous how these scattered experiences blended in a mid-summer reverie, while the heat hung over the city and a voice told him to "Ponder anew what the Almighty can do."

God had been good, Heyer reflected, in granting the church a rich harvest in this great state. Five years ago "The Synod of Minnesota and Adjacent States" had two German and two English pastors, and a few parishes. Now it had twenty-two pastors and almost fifty parishes! He counted up the different places from which ministers had come in response to his and others' pleas. Some of these men were of the drifting, rootless kind, at home on the frontier, momentarily in Minnesota; they were typical of the adventurers the church usually has among its clergy. Then there were men from abroad. The German language was a necessity in this period of transition, and thus some had come from Berlin, others from the mission seminary at St. Chrischona, near Basel, Switzerland. The Macedonian cry for German ministers had been heard even as far as Russia, for there was Pastor Jahn, fresh from Courland.

Such rapid growth had its disadvantages. Problems which it created within the personnel of the Synod drew the fire of other Lutherans of the territory who were not in sympathy with its progress. Heyer knew the Missouri minister in St. Paul, Pastor Rolf, and remembered how he had written in *Der Lutheraner*, of June, 1865, "Like the Methodists, so also the preachers of the so-called Minnesota Synod are at work in this state. To a high degree this Synod is guilty of proselytism insofar as it has no scruples about receiving unbelievers or errorists into its

membership. The Unionist Mission school (St. Chrischona) sends over its seminarians, whereupon they are installed here as Lutheran pastors. These people are not concerned about Lutheran faith and practice, but help themselves to the use of the Lutheran name only to gain adherents to their cause. Lutheran Christians are therefore asked zealously to avoid them. . . . May I be allowed to point out that those who intend to settle in Minnesota avail themselves of places which are served by pastors of the Missouri Synod."

Heyer was not averse to these Missourians. In looking about for a successor for Pastor Fachtmann, who had subsequently become a full-time traveling missionary for the Minnesota Synod, he came upon the Rev. J. H. Sieker, of West Granville, Wisconsin, whom he recommended to Trinity Church in St. Paul. As a member of the Wisconsin Synod, Sieker belonged to a group which, for the time being, had joined itself to the General Council. At the same time it had been developing ever more friendly relations with Missouri.

Here Heyer's generous conservatism drew certain inevitable consequences. With the coming of Sieker to St. Paul, the bond with Rolf and the Missourians was knit. Through Sieker, "the spirit of Missouri" entered the Minnesota Synod. This spirit was measurably registered by the withdrawal of the Wisconsin Synod from the General Council in 1869, and by the Minnesota Synod's growing concern over the General Council's vague position on such matters as pulpit and altar fellowship and secret societies. Finally, under Sieker's presidency, Minnesota followed the example of Wisconsin, and in 1871 declared

its formal withdrawal. Sieker stated that, "In accordance with the just demands of Scripture, the Synod of Minnesota withdraws from the General Council because the latter does not want to apply the Confessions against errorists; and thereby (the Council) makes a dead letter of the Confessions."

Joint conferences between the Missourians and Minnesotans had taken place in Pastor Rolf's church in St. Paul, in which they discussed such matters as: What is a true Lutheran? What constitutes true Christian unity? Missouri sent two delegates to the annual meeting of the Minnesota Synod in 1872, who, among other things, examined the Minutes of that Synod for the years 1870 and 1871. Upon finding these to be satisfactory evidence of the orthodoxy of Minnesota, the way was prepared for that synod to join the Synodical Conference, which came into being in 1872 under the leadership of the Missouri Synod.

For Heyer there was little joy in observing this turn of events nor, in the last year of his life, was he glad to read that "the Minnesota Synod has furthermore signified its earnestness in (church) practice by disciplining and excluding Pastor Fachtmann. . . ." Moreover, in filling vacancies, Sieker drew preachers from Missouri into the personnel of the Minnesota Synod. Thus the work begun by Passavant and Heyer, supported first by the General Synod, and then, after 1866, by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, passed rapidly into the hands of the most conservative Lutheran group in America.

This shift was accompanied by a delay in the transition from German to English among these Lutherans of

the Northwest. Heyer had originally been sent to establish an English Lutheran church in St. Paul, but it was now clear that his generation would have to forego, and only the next generation could enjoy the cherished hope of English Lutheranism in Minnesota.

This was but one of the many phenomena peculiar to the history of the Lutherans in America. It shed light on the larger implications of Heyer's career as a home missionary. That career came to an end now. It was autumn, 1867, and he bade farewell for the last time to this captivating territory. In November, just ten years after his first arrival, he departed. Accompanied by his loyal friend, Fachtmann, the two set out for Fort Wayne, Indiana. There, from November 20 to 26, they represented Minnesota Synod as its delegates to the first regular convention of the General Council. The militant mood of this convention was symbolized by the fact that it was meeting in Trinity Church where, only a year ago, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania had quit the General Synod. That the infant General Council chose to convene here signified its intention to emphasize both a break with the past and a larger continuity with it. Heyer was in agreement with the spirit, although he too might have liked to see present such major groups as the United Synod of the South—separated from the General Synod by the Civil War, as well as the Missouri Synod.

These broad questions may have caused Heyer to reflect on the possible future of the Lutheran Church in America. It was exactly fifty years since he had returned from Germany as a university-trained theological student. He had seen the church grow at a rate faster than that of

the country itself. He had given the best of his long life to the cause of missions on receding frontiers. As he watched his own children grow to maturity and establish homes of their own, gay with grandchildren, so too he had seen how one by one his little mission undertakings—at least in America—had taken root, become established, and given birth to new missions.

Wanderlust

"HOWDY, STRANGERS," nodded the bartender as two men entered the inn and tramped the snow off their shoes. "Two whiskies?" the man behind the bar anticipated. "No, thank you," came the reply, "we just want a place to sleep. Our sleigh broke down ten miles back, and we want to spend the night. We're heading for Somerset." "Sorry, gents. Got only one bed. All full up, this bad weather." While the younger man offered the bed to the older, the bartender added, "Whoever ain't using the bed can sleep on top the bar here when it's closed up for the night."

With considerable apprehension Hentz obeyed and took the bed upstairs, while the teetotaling Heyer made himself comfortable atop the bar. "If teamsters can sleep here, so can I," he assured his young colleague. Heyer, for that matter, was feeling good. The Reformation celebration in Bedford, from which they were just coming back, had been a success. The people there had lionized him, and he had done a good deal of talking. He chuckled within as he realized how varied were his experiences in connection with this 350th anniversary of the Reformation. The local fervor to celebrate had caused the season

of observance to be extended clear through the winter; and here it was January, with bitter weather honoring the great Reformer.

Next morning Hentz was almost stunned when he came down and saw Heyer promenading the room, singing and whistling. "You look bright and sound as a new silver dollar," complimented the younger pastor. "Why not," answered Heyer, "call me happy as a boy in an apple orchard?"

After a hot breakfast the two were off for Somerset, Hentz admiring his companion's hardiness and toughness of constitution and recuperative energy. As the tests of travel help to reveal the character of a man, so the young Hentz came to know the character of Heyer, the traveling Heyer. On this trip, as on others, the old missionary impressed Hentz as "one of the happiest and most happily constituted men it has ever been my privilege to meet."

Heyer had an inborn sociability which pleased people. When, on occasion, he happened to be invited out to dinner, he was the center of attraction. He had much to relate about his travels, and "his conversation ran so pleasantly and entertainingly, and his wit and humor were so sparkling, that everyone was delighted with him." People would say, observed Hentz, "What a wonderful man Heyer is."

There was unquestionably something unusual about this popular missionary. His spare figure was erect, except for a slight stoop in walking. But when people watched him come up the street from his little cottage in Somerset, they admired his firm, elastic step. His hearing was unimpaired. His sight was good; he needed no glasses except

for reading. His voice was strong, clear, and still sonorous as when he had first joined the choir in Philadelphia. His red hair was now iron gray, but the curl at the neck was still there, thick and draping the coat collar. His features were marked by a much-furrowed brow and lined cheeks. His attire was very plain, but neat and clean.

Those who spoke with him were impressed by his keen mind and clear thoughts. He never hesitated with words, and his memory gave him no trouble in recalling details either recent or remote. With all this was combined a remarkably youthful and even temperament. Some persons, who did not understand, now and then accused him of levity and lack of seriousness. But it was this humble, childlike spirit which enabled him to overcome his opponents in debate so that he made no permanent enemies.

Perhaps Heyer was at his best with children. He was always ready to enter into the innocent sports and amusements of boys and girls. A favorite stunt of his was to jump in the air and click his heels. Without fail, he would have the youngsters imitating him almost immediately.

One fine spring day, in 1868, Heyer was in an especially good mood. He was taking his favorite granddaughter, Sidney, for a walk. Jokingly he suddenly asked her, "Sidney, do you think you'll ever amount to anything?" The little thirteen-year-old girl answered of course she would. Then her grandfather went on to explain how much more she could be if she would listen to his suggestion.

"You are going to be a beautiful woman some day,

Sidney," forecast Heyer, "but wouldn't you also like to be intelligent and cultured as a fine lady?"

It took little persuasion to have her promise to join him in a trip to Germany! "Yes, your mother has already consented," continued the grandfather, "and I shall foot the bill."

Abruptly this notice appeared in the church papers, dated from the sailing vessel *Bremer Barque*, heading down Chesapeake Bay for open water June 22, 1868. "I am on my way to Europe," Heyer explained, "having a granddaughter in her thirteenth year with me, and plan, God willing, to spend four years in Germany and France, to give the dear child a good education. Address: Doctor C. F. Heyer, Helmstedt, Germany."

Heyer knew that to give a girl a first-class education in America was the privilege chiefly of those who had money. He had decided to combine his own desire to revisit Europe and the higher education of his granddaughter. Although the American public school system at that time provided education for all, its facilities for what would today be equivalent to a high school education for a girl were hardly begun. There were finishing schools for young ladies, the so-called Female Seminaries; but these were expensive. Heyer decided to be more thrifty.

For one thing, he chose to travel to Europe on a sailing vessel rather than go by steamer. What could be cheaper than two persons to make Europe on only fifty-four dollars? Five weeks at sea during the best season of the year, with a good captain, a crew which never "cussed," good food, and the ship practically to themselves; such

things delighted Heyer. At the same time he kept Sidney amused, reading with her and retelling romanticized stories of his past journeys.

Upon arriving in Helmstedt, Heyer found an inexpensive two-room suite on the ground floor of a large house on the main street. With evident satisfaction he related that room and board in this place, furnished, and provided even with a piano, would cost the two of them only \$123 per year. He readily passed this information on to his friends, "because," said he, "it will thereby become all the more plain how much cheaper one can live in Germany than in America. In the big cities like Hamburg and Berlin, the difference is not so great—there one can get rid of as much as in New York." But he was comparing costs in a small European town, like Helmstedt, with those in a frontier town like St. Paul, which was then only a little larger in size.

While Sidney was being educated, Heyer had occasion to wander about town to his heart's content. The contrast—to compare one of these ancient cities with the brand new ones of America's mid-west! St. Paul had been a place not yet ten years old when he had come there. He wrote to friends in America that, "Helmstedt is a pretty old town; but I have not yet been able to find out in which century it began. From the inscription on a little monument not far from town, it is evident that already before the year 1070 the Gospel had been proclaimed in this region, and that St. Ludgerus, in 798, baptized many of our Saxon ancestors at a spring which today still provides a part of the town with water."

A place like this had a perfect right to its crooked streets, its quaint buildings, its stale odors, for they told the story of slow growth, over centuries—like an old gnarled oak. Towns and cities in America, with their straight streets, were more like the bamboo in India which grew straight up almost while you watched.

Speaking of church conditions over there, Heyer could hardly help but notice the solidarity. Of Helmstedt's 7,000 souls, practically all were Lutherans; a few were Reformed. Most of them were parishioners of St. Stephen's Church. All of Helmstedt had but four pastors, which again bore striking contrast to the multiplication of preachers, as well as of denominations, in an American town. Judged by American standards, this ancient town was amazingly peaceful and well ordered. Heyer complained that attendance at church was far from what it should be. Less than half the people ever came, except for baptisms, weddings, or funerals at which times the church was the indispensable adjunct of the state.

Heyer more as an old man than formerly as a youth, let his imagination coax meaning from the tight-lipped past. He was profoundly moved by the sight of the parish records, kept for centuries in the archives of St. Stephen's. Describing them, he wrote, "Since 1569 these church records have been kept in German; in earlier times, before the Reformation, the baptisms, etc., were probably entered in Latin. But these old Registers are no longer to be had. The penmanship of these books begun three hundred years ago is indeed different from that of today, yet I could read everything very easily. The sight of these folios, which contain the names of so many thousands

who have been born or who have died in Helmstedt during the past three centuries, makes a strange impression upon my mood, which is hard to describe."

Overnight the scene changed. Believe it or not, there was still work for him to do. News had suddenly come that the mission in Rajahmundry was in desperate straits; that it was about to be transferred from the Lutherans in America to the Church Missionary Society of the British. The news drew fire from the old man's soul. His response was immediate.

It was April, 1869. Leaving his grandchild in the good hands of relatives, he hurried to Apenrade, Denmark, to confer with his old friend and colleague, Groenning. After talking things over, both men were convinced that, apart from their personal attachment to the Rajahmundry enterprise, the original stipulation should not be violated. It had been transferred to the Foreign Missionary Society in 1850 by the North German Missionary Society on condition that it would remain a Lutheran mission.

There in Groenning's home Heyer also discovered a potential solution to the problem. He met two young men, Hans Christian Schmidt and Christian F. J. Becker, whom Groenning had been training for service in India. The latter had intended them to serve under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Society of the General Synod, but it had called neither of them. Given ways and means, both expressed their readiness to go to Rajahmundry. Arrangements were made whereby both of them should immediately accompany Heyer back to the United States and offer their services to the Ministerium of Pennsyl-

vania, in the hope that the work at Rajahmundry might thus be continued by Lutherans. Only Schmidt found it possible to leave Germany at once. He and Heyer sailed for New York. If the steamer held its schedule, they could still attend the annual meeting of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, for Heyer, a new adventure in faith was gathering force. Whether he had planned it or not, once more he was heading for India!

PART V

Outward Bound

(1869-1873)

"I Am Ready Now"

HEYER AND SCHMIDT made their unexpected appearance in Reading, on Trinity Sunday, May 23, 1869. At Trinity Church, where the Ministerium had just opened its annual meeting, they caused a stir. Two days later things reached a dramatic climax with an evening celebration of the anniversary of the Ministerium's Missionary Society. Heyer was the last of four speakers. He referred to the vastness of the work in India, to the difficulties lying in the way of real accomplishment, of his own experience in India; to the insignificance of the church's small missioning force among 140,000,000 people. He pleaded for more missionaries; for men who would be capable and well trained. They were needed—and needed now!

With white locks curled at the ends and reaching almost to his shoulders, and with agile movements and rapid speech, he captivated everyone's interest. Among those present was Dr. Henry E. Jacobs, who has perpetuated the story of Heyer's vigorous appeal. Standing on the low platform of the old colonial chancel, the missionary held forth before a hushed audience. "I appeal to you," he exclaimed, "the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, to

intervene and prevent the transfer of the Rajahmundry station to the Church Missionary Society of the Anglicans. You, as the Ministerium under whose auspices I was sent out to India in 1842, should again assume the responsibility of supporting some foreign missionaries. It is *not* too late. If this venerable body consents, I shall plead with the General Synod's Board to rescind its decision to abandon Rajahmundry; and I shall communicate with the Church Missionary Society in England to reconsider the grounds on which it would be accepting this station. More than that, Brethren. Although I am nearly seventy-seven now, I am willing to go to India myself and reorganize that work!"

A murmur of surprise ran through the spell-bound convention. Heyer went on, "Twelve thousand miles lie between us and our objective. But let not distance alarm us. If there is someone else who would be more capable of restoring order in our Rajahmundry station, may he be sent forth by this Ministerium. But if not, then, Brethren, I repeat, *I am ready to go.*"

Someone jumped to his feet and asked, "Will Father Heyer tell us how soon that would be?"

Stooping to the floor, Heyer picked up his ever present valise. Holding it so all could see, he replied, "*I am ready now!*"

On Thursday afternoon the Ministerium resolved solemnly to protest against the transfer of Rajahmundry to any but a Lutheran Society. It designated Heyer to lay the matter before the Foreign Mission Board of the General Synod, and authorized its own executive committee to take whatever action it deemed proper in con-

junction with the committee on Foreign Missions of the General Council.

Heyer experienced no difficulty in winning the General Synod's consent to the transfer. Its negotiations with the Church Missionary Society in England were stopped short, and by August 27, 1869, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania formally accepted its new mission station. Its executive committee went on record thus: "Resolved, That we accept the transfer of the mission stations at Rajahmundry and Samulkot; that the Rev. C. F. Heyer, and Rev. H. C. Schmidt (the latter already examined and ordained by the Ministerium), and Mr. C. F. J. Becker be sent to labor at those places; that the necessary traveling expenses of Heyer and Schmidt be paid; that the sum of \$150 for an outfit be paid Rev. Heyer; that \$100 for each of the others be appropriated; and that the whole expense do not exceed \$1,500.

"Resolved, That the salary of each missionary be \$500, gold; that the missionaries be authorized to expend for native missionaries and schools a sum not exceeding \$300, gold, a year; that information of this action be transmitted to the committee of the General Council on Foreign Missions; and that the delegates of the Pennsylvania Ministerium of the General Council lay this action before that body and offer to transfer the mission to their custody and control."

The General Council subsequently, at its convention in November, 1869, approved the course taken by Pennsylvania. It designated the Foreign Missions committee of the Ministerium to act as the missionary agency for the

General Council as a whole, and pledged itself vigorously and faithfully to support Foreign Mission work.

Meanwhile, Heyer had spoken in a number of churches on behalf of the new undertaking, had procured his outfit for the journey, had helped Schmidt become acquainted with life in America, and had even found time to rest for a while in Somerset. The last Sunday before his departure he visited in Allentown where his friend Brobst, who was keenly interested in missions, engaged him to preach in three different churches. Brobst did so only after asking Heyer, "How often can you preach on a single Sunday?" Heyer promptly retorted, "Five times, if I must. I don't get tired."

On August 31 he sailed from New York, bound for India at the age of seventy-seven! He was making his third trip by the shortest route. Again he would pass through central Europe. He had time to visit his brother, now an honored church official in Mecklenburg, and also Groenning, at Apenrade. Then he stopped at Hermannsburg for a conference with Pastor Ludwig Harms and Inspector of Missions Anstaedt. He had been instructed to try to gain the support of the Hermannsburg Missionary Society in order to strengthen mutually the position of neighboring Lutheran stations in India. The German society declined the invitation.

Heyer soon reached Trieste, then Suez, and finally Bombay, where he arrived October 23, 1869. From this famous city on the northwest coast of India, Heyer used a newly finished railway as far as its terminus, at Sholapur. From there he had still over two hundred miles

to Hyderabad, in south-central India, and then still farther to the Palnad, where he would meet his friends.

When the agent at Sholapur learned that Heyer was engaged in mission work, he made an offer. "I'll let you ride free if you won't mind going on top of this bullock cart."

"Well," answered the missionary, "how do you think I'll manage to stay up there?"

"Oh, that won't be much trouble," answered the agent. "You see when it's loaded you'll have a pretty solid bed right on top."

Almost against his better judgment Heyer agreed. The terms of the free ride, however, turned out to be pretty stiff. To a friend in Reading he later wrote, "Think of an old missionary, seventy-seven years of age, lying horizontally on top of store-boxes in a common country cart, and being carried two hundred miles by day and night!" Given passable roads and decent weather, the trip might not have been so taxing. But the second day out the monsoons began. Rain by the bucketful drenched the little man, in spite of the covering over the cart. As night approached the cart stuck tight in the mud. After a hectic night, Heyer stood by while his driver borrowed an extra team of bullocks to free the cart. Hardly two miles farther on, they came to a washed-out bridge. Nearly a hundred carts were waiting to get across.

For six days he put up with this sort of thing, contenting himself with "progress" at the rate of two miles an hour. He was sure he had undertaken more than he ought. And when on November 5, at Secunderabad, he at last parted company with his "coach," he was more

bruised and sore than ever before in his life. No wonder he was agreeably surprised that the good Lord had enabled him to stand the ordeal.

With still one hundred and seventy miles to go, Heyer hired a palanquin for twelve dollars. Finally, on November 16, he put in at his beloved little Gurzala. The return of the old missionary created a sensation among the natives. Visitors came all day long. There was the mais-tree, or headman of the village coolies, who fell at the feet of his former master and wept for joy. Then came the village chiefs, paying homage to the honored visitor. Later, Cully, the new native catechist, bade the missionary welcome. Next morning things began all over again. Native Christians from neighboring villages called on him in groups of five and ten to "fall at his feet." The third day, Heyer took the initiative and held a prayer meeting which about fifty persons attended. Then he hiked to the neighboring village of Adigapalla where, in a convert's house, he conducted a second prayer meeting. On the fourth day, Heyer and Cully made the rounds, riding to Polipally and Veldutry where he met with hearty receptions among his converts. When Sunday came he conducted the service in Polipally before a congregation of almost two hundred. In summing up his impressions, Heyer rejoiced that, "Boniface himself could not have been received more joyfully and respectfully by his German converts than these natives received their old missionary."

"Old" typified Heyer's own estimation of himself. In America he could read about himself again and again as, "Father Heyer, who in spite of his great age . . ." was still active. Had thoughts of death ever occurred to him?

It seems so. His close friend, the Rev. Dr. John G. Morris, of Baltimore, said of him, "It would be most unwarranted to say that he had any morbid fears of death, but he seemed to be constantly anticipating it." During the cholera, when Heyer was alone in Gurzala in 1849, he had had a grave dug for himself, and eyed his sturdy wooden chest as a possible coffin. More recently, he imagined that his latest trip to India might eventuate in death. There was even doubt in his mind, before he sailed from New York, whether he could survive the voyage. Hence he penned an appropriate epitaph, just in case. Except for the last line it reads more like a toast to his health,

"To Heyer, Cosmopolite!
Born in Europe,
Minister in America,
Missionary in Asia,
Died at Sea."

So now, bruised and stiff from his tedious trip in a bullock bandy, he gave Catechist Cully the addresses of persons to be notified in case he should die. Going on to Guntur, he gave the same information to Missionary Unangst. Obviously, a man of seventy-seven is not careless with his age.

Having paid the courageous Unangst a brief call in Guntur, he hurried on to Rajahmundry. He arrived there December 1, just three months after leaving New York. This was half the time his first trip to India had taken, the difference between sailing vessels and the new steamers.

Inventory in Rajahmundry

MANY CHANGES HAD taken place since Heyer had last seen Rajahmundry. After his hasty departure twelve years ago, his successor at Rajahmundry, until 1862, had been the German Pastor Heise, whose salary was paid by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. In 1858, Groenning had left Guntur, where he was succeeded by William E. Snyder, serving his second term in India. The next year Snyder died of cholera, leaving the young missionary from Pennsylvania, Erias Unangst, alone at the station until Groenning returned in 1860 and joined him in caring for the work in Guntur and the Palnad.

Meanwhile, Adam Long, another new missionary from Pennsylvania, had been working with Heise, first at Rajahmundry and then alone at Samulkot, a strategic village in the Godavery River delta whose chief missionary drawback was the presence of a near-by British garrison. When Heise quit Rajahmundry in 1862, because of ill-health, Groenning went there, leaving Unangst again alone at Guntur. Groenning tried to keep in touch with the Palnad mission, and toured that district in 1862 and 1863. On the first trip he had the good fortune of meeting, and then engaging as catechist, a Eurasian convert by the

name of R. E. Cully, who subsequently did good work. Groenning turned out to be the most successful of the early missionaries at Guntur, but found his effectiveness seriously handicapped by lack of funds. The aid of two local English officials was liberal, but the annual contribution from the Ministerium of Pennsylvania kept growing smaller. Finally he was forced to ask aid of the German Hermannsburg Missionary Society, at least until the end of the American Civil War, when support from that quarter might again increase. In 1865 Groenning for the last time took leave of India, illness requiring him to take this step. He was followed by Adam Long who, in the very next year, was carried off by smallpox, a disease which at the same time claimed two of his children. With Rajahmundry again deserted, and with death and illness removing one missionary after another, Erias Unangst was left alone in India. Holding down such an extensive territory all by himself, he had to live up to his name and really be "Unafraid."

In July, 1866, Unangst visited Rajahmundry. Among other things, he communed fifty native Christians. Joining them in the communion service were the two local British benefactors of the mission, Judge Morris and Captain Taylor. In reviewing the situation there, Unangst wrote, "Rajahmundry needs a resident missionary. The immersionists, Plymouth Brethren, are enticing our members away, as if there were not enough for them to do among the heathen. Unless a missionary occupies this place soon, there will be very little left to look after, and we shall, perhaps, be obliged . . . to surrender the field. . . ."

The situation had grown correspondingly complex in America, where not only the Civil War had disrupted the normal course of life, but what little support could be encouraged for missions now went no longer to India alone. Instead, ever since 1857, through the columns of the *Lutheran Observer* and other church papers, interest had been drawn toward a Lutheran mission project among the Negroes in Liberia. There was a plain connection between interest in this field in Liberia and the crisis rising over the question of American Negro slavery. Attention had also been attracted to China, but this enterprise never got beyond the stage of printed resolutions. At any rate, by 1861, the General Synod's Missionary Society was throttled by a deficit of \$3,000. At the same time, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania's annual budget of slightly over \$1,000 was wholly inadequate for the support of either Guntur or Rajahmundry.

Small wonder that in December, 1868, Unangst asked the American supporters point-blank, "Do you wish us to go on and manage the Mission and conduct its various operations by means of borrowed capital? We can hardly believe that . . . your hearts are so callous as to be insensible to the loud appeals of humanity and the cause of Christ. We, therefore, appeal to you for relief."

It was in utter desperation that Unangst made his last effort to save the Rajahmundry station by making it over to the Anglican Church Missionary Society. The Missionary Society of the General Synod had reluctantly agreed to this transfer, when Heyer personally intervened and saved the day. His arrival in Rajahmundry, on December 1, 1869, came like the dawn.

He found the mission property run down and the buildings badly in need of repair. He estimated that the amount required immediately to save the compound before the spring rains set in would be about \$200. For this amount he sent home an appeal. He found that since he had last been in India the cost of living had gone up, so that a missionary on \$500 a year would really have to skimp. He suggested that henceforth all missionaries be supplied free with a table, bed, and two chairs. Above all, he entreated the people in America not to get excited over the rising cost of missions, and to think rather of the saving of souls.

As he settled down to work, he began to change his opinion, held during the last few years, that prospects in India were discouraging. There was Unangst's story; how he had attempted to save the Rajahmundry mission by transfer to the Church Missionary Society; and how from the previous May until the day of Heyer's arrival, the local catechists and teachers had been paid by that society. Heyer realized that the work had not gone to pieces as badly as he had feared. He took over the station immediately upon his arrival in Rajahmundry, and made every effort to have the Church Missionary Society repaid promptly for its aid during the past seven months.

Heyer now faced the problem of getting things started again, especially in the outlying villages which had necessarily suffered from neglect. He contacted these places through messengers who performed the double duty of ascertaining the number of adherents to the mission and of inviting the Christian members to Rajah-

mundry over Christmas. The Lord's Supper was then to be celebrated for them on the following Sunday.

Here is the inventory, as Heyer compiled it three days before Christmas, 1869. Mindful of his slender groups in Minnesota, those he found now did not appear too trifling; yet in India, amid its dense population, could these returns seem anything but infinitesimal?

	Families in Mission	Schools	Enrollment	Miles from Rajahmundry
Dowlaishwaram	10			4
Metta	6	1	16	10
Peddim (near Metta)	1			
Gaurapatuam (near Metta)	3 (ready for baptism)			
Jagurapad	6	1	24 (pagan)	10
Murramunda	12	1	13	12
	(3 inquiring)			
Peraveram	5			8
Lotta	(1 inquiring)			16

During January, Heyer did his best to get the school system functioning. At Dowlaishwaram, which was within walking distance, he reopened school in a small building which Groenning had secured for the mission. His aids at the moment were five native teachers and two catechists, Joseph, at Rajahmundry, and Paulus, at Muramunda.

Good news arrived in person on February 1, 1870, when Christian F. J. Becker reached Rajahmundry. Having been prepared for the India service in his native Den-

mark by the experienced Groenning, he came now as the second missionary sent to India by the General Council. At once he began the study of Telugu. Meanwhile, a rapidly spreading rash of prickly heat made life miserable for him. Swathing himself in wet towels and taking a native medicine prepared from palmyra juice, he tried to rid himself of the ailment. But suddenly, on May 8, at the beginning of the hot season, he died. At the age of twenty-five, after having been less than six months in India, Becker was laid to rest in that ominous little graveyard on the mission compound, beside the remains of Long, and the children of Long, Groenning, and Cutter.

Fortunately Heyer was accustomed to working alone. During this spring he supervised the school work in Rajahmundry, while over weekends he visited steadily among the neighboring villages, preaching, instructing, distributing tracts wherever he found an opening. Hiking from place to place, he did not mind jaunts of ten miles or more a day. He took canal and river steamboats whenever possible—though on the latter he was often annoyed by the din kept up by the natives. Now and then, as necessity required, he slept at night on the ground under a tree. His accounts of these trips are animated and cause one to marvel at his physical resilience. One of these week-end journeys illustrates the point. Leaving Rajahmundry, after school hours on a Friday, he wrote, "I crossed the Godavery River on a ferry with heathen men, women and children. That evening I hiked eight miles and slept on the bare ground under a banyan tree." In the morning before daylight he was on his way again. At eight he reached a hostel bungalow, where he tarried

through the heat of the day. That evening he joined the prospects at Gowripatham. He spoke and prayed with these people who for several months had been receiving regular instruction from the catechist and school teacher. Several of them seemed ready for baptism.

The next morning, being Sunday, a special service was held at Metta. Here Heyer examined twenty-one candidates for baptism, and administered the sacrament. They were a motley group of parents and children. Heyer said, "Most of these people cannot read, therefore, we do not expect anything exceptional from them. If they can recite the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, we let them pass, insofar as their personal life is without blemish. . . ."

Through the generous support of the English residents in Rajahmundry Heyer was able to erect new school houses at Jagurupad and Gowripatham. He also sent a native teacher, Jeremiah, to Taylor's Petta, a near-by district which later became one of the most fruitful in the entire mission. Evangelistic work was handled by two capable native catechists, Joseph, born in Guntur, 1839; and Paulus, a former pupil in Heyer's boarding school in Gurzala, born in the Palnad, 1842. For their services these two men each received \$7.50 a month. Subsequently they became the earliest native pastors of the mission.

While he did his best to put the out-stations on solid ground, Heyer undertook several new tasks in Rajahmundry which were to prove of lasting importance. Various contributions enabled him, in February, 1870, to open a school for girls and soon thereafter a boys' boarding school. Of the first three boys enrolled, James and

William later entered the native ministry, becoming colleagues of Joseph and Paulus.

A glimpse of Heyer's daily schedule in Rajahmundry throws light on his method of teaching which, combined with worship, was typical of the thorough "Old School." Every morning he conducted devotional exercises. The native Christians living in and near the mission compound assembled at nine o'clock in the large room of the mission house. Following the opening hymn, public confession and declaration of grace, the children recited a portion of Luther's Catechism. On Mondays they began with Part One, ended Fridays with Part Five, and Saturdays recited part of "The Order of Salvation in Questions and Answers." The latter had been translated by Groenning. After this catechetical routine, a chapter from the Bible was read responsively and a text assigned to be memorized. Then the previous day's lesson was reviewed, and the service ended with prayer and a hymn.

On such occasions he would say, "Children, what part of the catechism have we today? What, you don't know? Today is Thursday. That means we have Baptism, or the Fourth Part. Now, then, commence please."

And so the youngsters would repeat by rote the evidence and doctrine as set forth by Luther long ago. If, perchance, some of the boys were not paying attention, or were whispering, Heyer would get off some of his memorable "dative reprimands." It seems that the reverend missionary never quite mastered the native tongue. And on occasion when he became excited, he would slip into the dative case. Thus his reprimand, according to the reminiscences of a convert, when translated into

equivalent English sounded like, "Boys, for whispering, for punishment."

Whatever spare time Heyer could find he devoted to his ambitious project of translating the new Church Book of the General Council into Telugu. Hereby he was sharing with his native Christians some of the fruits of his own recent collaboration with the committee engaged in preparing the Church Book for its first publication in 1868. Heyer's effort had added significance in that seldom is a book translated so promptly from one language to another. Through him the liturgical trend of the General Council was reflected in its first foreign mission. He begged for funds so that a small edition of the Service and hymns could be published.

With Becker's sudden death still in mind, Heyer was cheered when, early in August, 1870, his friend Hans Christian Schmidt reached Rajahmundry. Along with Becker he had been trained for India by Groenning. Within a few weeks after his arrival, he was busily touring the mission field to gain a first-hand impression of the work. Catechists Joseph and Paulus accompanied him and served as interpreters. Besides, he crammed his study of the language, for it was apparent that Heyer would not stay much longer in India.

One day in September, a delegation of natives came to the missionary and asked, "Reverend Sir, we should very much like to beg you to come to our community at Velpur and set up a school there. We have heard of your work. We have seen some of its results. We, therefore, desire you to bring a Christian school into our midst." Heyer pondered this unusual request, made a cursory

investigation of the new field, and then set out on what became one of the most successful of his tours in the Rajahmundry region. Traveling first to Velpur, he got the preliminaries under way. Then, being joined by Paulus and Joseph, and riding in style in a loaned palanquin, he was met at Taylor's petta, near Narsapur, by a private houseboat. A friendly government official was its owner, and this was his way of showing appreciation for the venerable missionary's work. As if this were not enough, at Narsapur this official had erected a tent for Heyer's convenience. Here, on Sunday morning, October 9, he baptized nineteen men, women, and children, administered the Lord's Supper to several others, and married a native Christian couple. Covering the new ground where Teacher Jeremiah had recently begun his work, Heyer came upon several families of inquiring natives, and visited a mission school of eighteen children. Going on to Velpur, to follow up his visit early in September, Heyer there baptized twenty-five adults. Nor was this the climax. On the homeward journey, he related, "I heard people calling after me and was told that seven other candidates had come from another village desiring Holy Baptism. Not wishing to disappoint these people, who had come so far, I halted and baptized them, as Philip did the eunuch, near the road close by a tank."

Further evidence of the energy with which this new management was taking things over at Rajahmundry was the arrival there of Iver K. Poulsen, on January 22, 1871. Being another Dane, he received his training at the Mission Institute in Copenhagen. The faithful Groenning had advanced him the necessary traveling expenses. By pre-

arrangement he was ordained in Rajahmundry on the Sunday after his arrival. Schmidt preached the ordination sermon in Danish, catechists Joseph and Paulus read the lessons responsively in Telugu, and Heyer performed the act of ordination in English.

At last the mission began to give promise of a bright future. Heyer's annual report indicated as much. Writing on December 31, 1870, he reviewed the first year of his new term at Rajahmundry.

"One year ago," he wrote, "I found one catechist, one school teacher, and a dilapidated building at Rajahmundry; one school teacher and a schoolhouse at Muramunda, and one schoolhouse and a few children at Metta. . . . At the close of this year there are seven schools. . . . One hundred and two persons were baptized during the year. On Christmas Day, 1870, seventy communed at Rajahmundry. The day before Christmas two hundred adults and children gathered around a Christmas tree, and on the day after Christmas, Monday, a Christmas dinner for all, consisting of rice and curry, vegetables and mutton, was served at the expense of J. H. Morris, Esq. Presents of clothing, books and fruit were distributed to old and young, principally at the expense of Captain Taylor and his daughter-in-law. . . . I also had two weddings and baptized five adults."

Impressed by this inventory, Heyer seemed utterly carried away by the larger implications of the mission work in India. If Rajahmundry—once, as he well remembered, the most heartbreaking field—was showing such promise of life, then how was his beloved Palnad region faring in these latter days? Full of enthusiasm, he wrote,

"Still greater is the story of the Palnad, where we had begun twenty years ago. Brother Unangst has just recently written me that on his last visit in that district he baptized five hundred and thirty-seven adults and children, and that at least a thousand more are inquiring about the Lord, and may no doubt be baptized next year. If every missionary in India could baptize under similar circumstances, then it would not take many more years before India would become Christianized."

Heyer's jubilation over such success was warranted. He felt a personal pride in the growth of a field such as the Palnad. It was for this very reason that his joy was not unmixed. There were almost no qualified workers to carry on this mass movement among the casteless. Unangst was alone in Guntur. New missionaries seemed not to be in sight. The work was meeting with more success than could be handled at the moment. Today this region is still fruitful, still hopeful, with thousands of Sudras on the verge of conversion to Christianity, but with no adequate mission staff to gather them.

The future Heyer now left to the rising generation of missionaries and native clergy. It was almost thirty years since he had come to India for the first time. As people in Pittsburgh could call him "Father of Lutheranism in this city," so, more dramatically and heroically, he could be called the "Father of American Lutheran Missions in India."

Such thoughts were probably not in his mind while giving Schmidt and Poulsen final instructions regarding the conduct of work at Rajahmundry. Following Poulsen's ordination, Heyer found that on January 30, the

steamer, *New Era*, was sailing from Conconada. Without fanfare, the hour of departure was at hand. He quickly packed, bade his final farewell, booked passage, and was off for England as the only passenger on board.

Having accomplished the task in India for which he had been sent, having been businesslike and diplomatic in the re-establishment of the work in Rajahmundry, and having done it all at an age when few of his own generation were still alive, Heyer gave the whole Lutheran Church in America new hope and purpose in India.

Twilight

IT WAS MONDAY morning, July 10, 1871, when John G. Morris read in the paper that his venerable old friend Heyer had on the preceding day arrived in Baltimore from London. That afternoon Morris was sitting in the shade of an old oak in his garden. All of a sudden Heyer himself appeared. After a joyous greeting, Heyer explained that he had come out to spend the night. Morris delightedly congratulated him upon his vigorous health. Heyer exclaimed, "This is my seventy-eighth birthday, and I have come to celebrate it in your house!" And they did; for it was a rare occasion. Morris jubilantly told his friends about it. "How we talked of old and recent times," said he, "and how rebuked I felt that nearly thirty years ago, at the General Synod in Baltimore, I obstinately opposed commissioning him to India, because he was then nearly fifty years old! But see him now after nearly eighteen years of service in that climate."

Later Morris recalled this birthday meeting for those who had never seen Heyer: "There stood that missionary patriarch, returned from his third voyage to India, with health as robust, spirits as cheerful, and heart as warm as thirty years ago. His strength has not abated, nor has

his eye waxed dim, for he reads without spectacles. His facial appearance is improved, for he wears a gray beard and moustache, which cover his hollow cheeks, and which brought to my mind the likeness of Melanchthon."

From Baltimore, Heyer proceeded to Somerset where there was a happy reunion with relatives and friends. A surprise was in store for him. During his absence his daughter, Henrietta Snyder, had got herself a divorce. For fourteen years she had waited patiently for George Snyder's return, but he had not come back. Meanwhile, a respectable man by the name of Steyer, from Frostburg, Maryland, had been courting her. Although Heyer looked with disfavor upon this kind of matchmaking, he was powerless to stem the course of romance. The wedding would take place sometime after Easter, the following year.

The veteran missionary was glad to be back in Somerset. The crisp climate seemed to give him a new lease on life. Friends smiled with astonishment when he expressed the possibility that he might volunteer for missionary duty in Liberia—from which so few missionaries returned alive! Then he would add, "Why not? Don't you think I may live to be a hundred years old?" His spirit of enterprise carried him to the convention of the General Council, meeting in November, 1871, in Rochester, New York. Here he renewed old friendships and spoke with unabated animation about the mission work in India which the Council was now helping to support.

It was spring, 1872, when Henrietta Snyder married again and moved, with her daughters, Ann and Sidney, to the Steyer home in Frostburg. With their departure

the sky blue cottage lost its appeal. Heyer could not bring himself to remain there any longer. The fine little garden which he had once laid out with so much care had long since become run down from neglect. The tropical plants had been killed by the climate. The dam of the fishpond had caved in and left only a mud puddle. The funny zoo was now just a memory, with rabbits, guinea pigs, fantail pigeons, and Nova Scotia ducks all gone. Spring was powerless to restore the past.

Heyer decided to abandon the place. A local lawyer bought it from him at a low price. Just before he was ready to leave, an old friend, Pastor A. B. Koplin, stopped by for a visit. He brought strange news. "You know," said he, "everyone around these parts thought George Snyder was dead. It's about fifteen years now since he disappeared. But here's what happened. He didn't drown at sea on his way to California, as Henrietta believed. He was on another boat and very likely spent a number of years in California. Just about three weeks ago—Henrietta's been married a week, you say—I got a telegram from a man I know in Cumberland telling me to come down at once because somebody who said his name is George H. Snyder wanted to see me. He was staying at a hotel en route from California. The poor chap was in the last stages of consumption. He was too weak to speak when I arrived, but he greeted me as one whom he recognized. It was Henrietta's husband, no question. The next morning he was dead."

Such news made Heyer the more ready to leave Somerset. He took a room over Henry Schlag's place in Bakersville. While spending the early summer there he

drew up his will. In it he bequeathed \$1,000 to his oldest daughter, Sophia; \$500 each to his granddaughters Ann and Sidney; \$400 to pay off one of his son's, Theophilus', debts, plus \$1,000 to the grandchildren. There were strings attached for all the grandchildren. They were to inherit the money only if they remained members of the Lutheran church and abstained from the use of alcohol and tobacco. The remaining \$4,000 of his estate, Heyer decided to give to the church; \$1,000 to the congregation in Somerset, \$1,000 to the Philadelphia Seminary, \$1,000 to the Ministerium of Pennsylvania for foreign mission work in India, and \$500 to the Passavant orphanages in Zelienople and Germantown, Pennsylvania. He set aside the last \$500 for himself, for a gravestone and an iron fence around the burial lot in Friedens' Cemetery, where he designated that he be buried next to his wife. On July 24, 1872, Heyer signed his will in the presence of the two Henry Schlags, father and son, as witnesses.

Bidding good-by to his friends in Somerset, Heyer set out for Frostburg to visit Henrietta and his granddaughters. As he was still a ready preacher, the congregation there extended him a call to fill their vacant pulpit. But he reasonably felt restrained from accepting, wishing rather to spend the remainder of his allotted time in doing what he liked without being tied to anything in particular.

Frequently he dropped in on friends in Philadelphia. Something of a sensation occurred in Zion's Church one beautiful Sunday morning when, instead of the regular pastor, Dr. William Julius Mann, the congregation was greeted by Heyer, who then proceeded to deliver a stirring sermon. Antiquarians, thumbing old records, later

noted—what was surely in the mind of the speaker—that almost sixty years had passed since Heyer, as a youth, green from Helmstedt, and as a theological apprentice under old Dr. Helmuth, had preached his first sermon in Zion's of that day. Meanwhile, Dr. Mann was so impressed by Heyer's latest delivery that he told his friends, "Heyer preaches better now than twenty years ago."

Demonstrations like this tempted the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, at its annual meeting in June, to invite Heyer to become its field representative for foreign missions. His duties would consist in speaking tours among the Pennsylvania congregations. Once more Heyer declined, though he was anything but obsolete; rather, he was the rare type who does not outlive his own usefulness, despite eighty years.

On Franklin Street, Philadelphia, near Zion's Church and the Delaware Bridge approach, stands a sturdy, severely plain old brick building which has become a Roman Catholic Home for aged women. But here, in 1864, amid the throes of the Civil War, the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia was begun. Within eight years both faculty and student body had increased sufficiently to warrant a substantial enlargement of the building. Over the summer of 1872, and through the autumn, carpenters and bricklayers displaced faculty and students. During the interval it occurred to some that with a resident student body of forty-two there would be need of a chaplain and housefather for the young men. When the Board of Directors met in October they added new members to the faculty; C. W. Schaeffer, regular English professor, and

Adolph Spaeth, regular German professor. And Heyer was elected chaplain and housefather.

Until the renovations of the Seminary were completed, Heyer assisted Dr. Spaeth in his pastoral work at German St. Johannis Church. On February 10, 1873, the new seminary building was dedicated. On this impressive occasion Heyer offered the opening prayer. Very likely, on this day, he remembered how more than forty years ago he had assisted at the cornerstone laying of Gettysburg Seminary. Pausing, he might marvel how his own life was spanning differences which to other men had become seemingly irreconcilable.

Heyer immediately moved his few belongings into the master's lodgings of the new dormitory and made himself acquainted with the students. He tutored in German and pastoral theology besides taking a hearty interest in the general curriculum of the students. Mealtimes found him promptly at the head of the long table in the dining hall; every one hushed while the Housefather asked the blessing. After the evening meal not Heyer but the students, taking turns, led in common worship.

Sitting at Heyer's right, near the head of the table, was a young man with penetrating eyes and a Roman nose, who got into the Housefather's special graces because he played the organ for the seminarians' worship. He was fiery young Jeremiah Ohl, later doubly famous throughout the church for his achievements in inner missions and church music. From Dr. Ohl the present writer received perhaps the last eyewitness description of Housefather Heyer.

There, for example, was the question of Heyer's hair. According to Dr. Ohl, "Heyer had let it grow long ever since he had been a university student in Germany. Being far from bald, his hair hung straight down as far as the neck, where, for some secret reason, it ended in a smart upward curl." Speaking of Heyer's command of language, Dr. Ohl remarked, "He spoke fluently in both German and English, with little trace of accent in the latter." Most vividly of all did Ohl recall Heyer's ability to entertain people. "The old Housefather," said this last eyewitness, "had a fund of stories which made us marvel where they all came from. His wit and his humor made him popular among us students. I felt honored to sit next to him."

With the close of Seminary for the summer holidays, 1873, Heyer took to the road again. Inveterate traveler that he was, this nomadic strain continued anything but recessive even at eighty. Without much trouble he could find reasons for visiting here and there among friends in the East. Readily, too, he filled preaching engagements. One Sunday in July, in Allentown, he preached twice. There, as elsewhere, he impressed people by his hale and hearty manner and his rare personal charm which reflected a sturdy faith in his Lord. Typical was a current remark, made by one of his colleagues, "May Heyer's spirit be caught by the students at the Seminary, and his example be followed by our young pastors."

How long would this good man hold out? When Adolph Spaeth was installed as professor at the Seminary, on September 4, 1873, there was Heyer again, assisting at the service. He appeared indefatigable; he appeared almost everywhere. Then, one blue day while Indian sum-

mer painted October bright, he stayed in bed longer than usual. Illness had at last caught him. Accustomed to the solitary life from India, he waived the proffered medical care. Instead, he tried to diagnose his sickness by himself. Describing it to others as "a liver complaint," he made out his own prescription and gave it to "Jerry" Ohl to have filled at the local druggist.

There was not much anyone could do for him. Like a fine machine he had lasted long and functioned well. But now he seemed to be wearing out all at once. Students and professors came often to his little room, making sure that he lacked nothing, listening gladly to whatever conversation was in him, praying with him for his soul's strengthening, and knowing—against their will—that the little "Father" was for the last time outward bound.

* * *

A long northern twilight, which had brightened his last decade, now deepened into night. He was confined to his room, while the chill breath of autumn blew past the window. The sounds of the students going to their classes brought him comfort, linking him with a life he knew was slipping beyond reach. He existed in the present, but he lived more and more in the past. His remembered experiences filled the topography of his thought-world. Shadows lay wide across the lowlands. Only the mountain peaks still held the afterglow of descending day. One of these peaks he called Helmstedt, bright with the memories of early youth; another was Somerset, symbol of a wife and home he had loved well but lost early; still another was Gurzala, remote but magnetic, bringing back four indelible years which epitomized the loneliness of a

lifetime; another was Minnesota, guardian of those memories of wild frontier America; yet another, memorable Rajahmundry, the scene of defeat and resurrection for mission-minded American Lutherans in India; and, finally, one strange peak, Philadelphia, the landmark of a life, from which he had wandered far, to which he ever and again returned, and where—now for the last time—he was gently coming to rest.

The long twilight began to waver, and the blush of afterglow imperceptibly faded from these peaks of the wanderer's range of experience. Like gaunt silhouettes they held their ground ever more dimly until they seemed to merge at last with the starlit sky.

Eighty years he had lived in peace among his fellow-men. Sixty years he had served them as pastor. Wherever duty called him, there he made his home—on three continents, among all types of men. He avoided big cities whenever possible, and cast his lot with the growing towns where the church fought for a foothold. Even beyond the town, on the rampaging frontier, he sought out the isolated settler and translated the meaning of old-world religion into new-world life. Also beyond the seas, where India was emerging from legend, there most of all he spent himself, winning the souls of a pagan people for his Lord. Like every other mortal, he had his failings; in the perspective of his long lifetime these make him more human. But his had been the privileged life of a pioneer in a day of small beginnings and great prospects. He lived up to his privileges inasmuch as he adapted himself to his assignments. With faith, love, and

humility he did his duty, leaving it to God and the future to decide whether he had done wisely.

His becomes the story of an almost incredible life. So simple that few would call it great, yet so genuine that none can rightfully regard it beyond emulation. His life is that of a plain American and a faithful Christian. It was stocked with experience unique to a period of history when the world was as much in transition as it ever has been. During his ministerial career the number of Lutheran pastors in America grew from one hundred and twenty to more than two thousand two hundred. With all that his life spanned, his experiences were legion. They express the way of life within reach of every devoted believer. And as the arrayed achievements of an octogenarian cavalcade in review, one may capture and recapture their inspiration.

The long twilight is ended, and the dark of the shadows is the darkness of night. But the light which led Father Heyer on his far pilgrimage is Christ, the Light of the world.

Quietly, unattended, during the night of November 7, 1873, he passed away. His colleague and friend, Dr. Mann, paid him this tribute, "Father Heyer's passing is a truly great loss to our Seminary. As Chaplain and Housefather he had a most wholesome influence on the seminarians and fulfilled his position with much love, vision and care, and enjoyed in large measure the respect and affection of the young friends who were placed under his supervision. During the days of his illness they and the others in the house nursed him with much love and attentiveness and deeply mourn his passing. Also the spiritual

encouragement of his fellow pastors, their prayers and intercession, strengthened and quickened him. But now the Lord has let His servant depart in peace and his memory remains a blessing."

After the funeral service at the Seminary, at which young Ohl played the organ, and fitting sentiments were expressed by members of the faculty, Heyer's remains were taken west across the Alleghenies, to his beloved Somerset parish. In the cemetery of the little church in near-by Friedens, he was laid to rest next to his wife. Behind a low, iron fence, a simple stone, weathered and with lettering indistinct, marks the spot. He had composed his own epitaph,

JUSTIFIED BY FAITH—SAVED THROUGH GRACE—RESURGAM

Beyond material bequests made in his will something of his spirit became engrafted in those who followed whither he had led. His name has endured at the Philadelphia Seminary through the "Father Heyer Missionary Society" which was formed shortly after his death. The influence of his brief presence in the Seminary was felt in the young students, from among whom three, Carlson, Artman, and Dietrich, within a few years went to the foreign field. They were spiritual sons who carried on his work. His lifetime, at home and abroad, had been blessed by many such children in the spirit. So it was natural that, out of respect and appreciation, they called him "Father."

BACKGROUND OF THE BOOK

IN WRITING this biography of John Christian Frederick Heyer, I have sought to re-assemble the fragments of eighty years and to recover the character of a unique man. Like the ingredients listed on a label, this bibliographical note may give the reader some satisfaction as to the nature and quality of the materials which have gone into the making of the narrative. My point of view has been that of endeavoring to see Heyer in relation to his environment and to the contemporary movements of which he was a part. To achieve that result, it has appeared desirable to draw the picture of his times with rather generous proportions; for it seemed to me more important to include a sufficient picture of *where* he stood, than merely to rehearse *what* he was. All this has grown out of an original inspiration to find a man through whose eyes I might recapture the thrilling panorama of a growing America and an increasingly interrelated world. By way of post-script, then, I wish to acknowledge my own indebtedness to Heyer for making a large portion of the past so lifelike that the present stands revealed not only as meaningful with continuity but also young with opportunity.

Primary Sources

Heyer made an attempt to write his *Autobiography*, and succeeded in covering the years 1817-1840. He

probably wrote it in 1866, at which time it appeared serially in Brobst's *Lutherische Zeitschrift* (Allentown, Pa.). W. A. Lambert, having been requested by the Father Heyer Missionary Society of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, to write a full-length biography of the missionary, prefixed a section covering Heyer's youth and then published it with the autobiography under the title, *Life of Rev. J. F. C. Heyer, M.D.*, Philadelphia, 1903.

In the archives of the Seminary at Mt. Airy is a further section of Heyer's autobiography, dealing briefly with the rise of the India mission. This part, together with a number of his "letters to Theophilus," was published by Dr. George Drach—beginning in August, 1937—in *The Foreign Missionary*. From this publication it was reprinted in Guntur, India, under the heading, *Father Heyer's Own Story*.

Further sources of primary importance are Heyer's *letters*. From about 1835 onward these appeared from time to time in the *Lutheran Observer*, and later also in the *Lutheran and Missionary* and in the *Lutherische Zeitschrift*. These are invaluable for the study of his work both as a home missionary and as a foreign missionary. Besides these I have located several more in the archives of Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., which pertain mostly to his activities in Minnesota.

Additional information, mostly in regard to Heyer's religious stature, may be gleaned from his sermon notes and occasional prayers which he jotted down on odd bits of paper in very small writing. These also are available in the Mt. Airy archives.

W. A. Lambert, shortly after 1900, succeeded in collecting considerable material on Heyer both from men who had known him personally and from others who had information about him. Lambert, together with Strassburger and Betz, correlated much of this material with the other aforementioned items, and thus laid the groundwork for Lambert's full-length biography of Heyer. Unfortunately this solid work never found a publisher and is likewise in the Mt. Airy archives. This work is not to be confused with his published *Life*, listed above.

Other data have been gathered from the *Documentary History of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, 1748-1821*; the *Minutes* of the various synods with which Heyer had contact, such as the Maryland and Virginia, the Maryland, the West Pennsylvania, the Synod of the West, and the General Synod. Similarly the *Documentary History of the General Council* contains pertinent items.

The author has been aided in writing this book by his travels over much of the topography in America which Heyer's journeys covered, besides certain places in Europe and the Near East which are associated with his career.

Secondary Sources

Foremost among the secondary works on Heyer is the comprehensive and valuable book by Drach and Kuder, *The Telugu Mission*, Baltimore, 1914. Over one hundred pages of this account deal with Heyer's life, especially with certain portions of his work in India.

Heyer also turns up in such books as G. H. Gerberding's *Life and Letters of W. A. Passavant*; Gongaware and Reed's *History of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church*

in Pittsburgh, 1837-1909; H. E. Jacobs' *A History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States*; J. G. Morris' *Fifty Years in the Lutheran Ministry*; L. B. Wolf's *Missionary Heroes of the Lutheran Church*.

Particularly helpful was the thesis by Clarence H. Swavely, *The Second Term of Missionary Service in India, (1848-1857), of the Rev. J. C. F. Heyer, M.D.*, which is on file in the Mt. Airy archives.

For a contemporary picture of church life the columns of the *Lutheran Observer*, the *Lutheran and Missionary*, the *Lutherische Zeitschrift*, *Der Lutheraner* (Missouri Synod), plus a number of theological periodicals are valuable.

In regard to certain areas of Heyer's activity, reference can here be made only to a few outstanding sources which helped to give body to my narrative. E. W. Rice's *The Sunday School Movement*, together with a number of older books on the subject, besides also the *Annual Report* of the American Sunday School Union, gave help. Similarly, the *Annual Report*, and Johnson's *Anniversary History*, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, were useful in this field. With further regard to India, numerous gazetteers, books of travel, and missionary accounts contemporaneous with Heyer's terms of service, served to recreate the surroundings in which the American Lutheran mission in India got under way.

With respect to the American scene, the literature depicting Heyer's times is almost limitless. Besides the various county histories—like those of Allegheny or Crawford, city histories of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Paul were of varying assistance. Such historical publi-

cations as the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, *Minnesota History*, besides guide books, hand books, and contemporary advertisements, aided in flavoring the narrative with the tastes of the day.

Heyer's birthplace, Helmstedt, and his university life, were made more meaningful by several local histories of Helmstedt and of the University of Goettingen.

Two libraries in particular have made this book possible: the Krauth Memorial Library of Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, for Heyer's personal life; and the Widener Library, of Harvard University, for the abundant materials relative to Heyer's environment. In addition, the libraries at Gettysburg Theological Seminary; Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio; Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill.; Concordia Theological Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.; the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, have contributed something to the finished product; as has also the helpful criticism of my friend, the Rev. G. Elson Ruff, and of my wife, Mercia. Above all, I owe most of the encouragement to carry out this work to my father, the Rev. Dr. E. F. Bachmann.

INDEX

- ABCFM (American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions), 116 f., 124, 126, 138
 Andhra, 143, 144
 Anglicans (Church of England) 119, 154, 170, 172
 Augsburg Confession, 71, 275, 277, 287
 Baltimore, 121, 122, 166, 323
 Becker, C. F. J., 299, 305, 314 f.
 Becker, John C., 14
 Brahmins, 134, 143, 151, 160, 178, 202, 228, 231
 Camp meeting, 77
 Campbell, Alexander, 48-52
 Carey, William, 128
 Carlisle, Pa., 52-55
 Catechism, 71, 195
 Ceylon, 124, 131
 Cholera, 196 ff.
 Civil War, 253, 281
 Converts, 162, 172, 181 f., 203 ff., 210, 221 f., 225, 320
 Culture, Conflict of, 134, 233 f.
 Cumberland, Md., 38-46
 Cutter, William J., 214 f., 227 f.
 East India Company, 128, 139, 192, 217
 English, Transition into, 40 ff., 100, 101, 245, 290 f.
 Esbjorn, 271, 273
 Fachtmann, George, 251, 279 f., 285
 Fort Wayne, Ind., 291
 Friedens, Pa., 67, 107 ff., 333
 Frontier, 25-27, 31-34, 54, 55, 73-80, 82-96, 115 ff., 164, 243 ff., 247 ff.
 General Council, 283 ff., 289 f., 305 f.
 General Synod, 118, 120, 121, 155 f., 165 f., 213, 214, 217, 273, 277, 290
 General Synod Missionary Society (See Missionary Societies)
 German language, 63-65, 245
 Germans, 73, 78, 79, 86, 243, 247, 255, 269
 Gettysburg Seminary, 59, 70, 118, 122, 156, 213, 272
 Goettingen, University of, 21-23, 30
 Groenning, W., 172, 213, 227, 299 f., 306, 310 f., 319
 Gunn, Walter, 155 ff., 171 f., 214
 Gunn, Mrs. W., 214, 223
 Guntur, 145 ff., 153 f., 171 ff., 309
 Gurzala, 187 ff., 316
 Halle, 17, 20, 31, 127, 132
 Harrisburg, 38
 Hartwick Seminary, 214

- Hasselquist, 271, 273
 Heise, 172, 215, 217 ff., 227, 232, 310
 Helmstedt, 8, 18, 296 ff.
 Helmuth, Justus H. C., 13, 15, 16, 21
 Hentz, J. P., 285, 293 ff.
 Heyer, John Christian Frederick, (this listing is a chronology; look under separate headings for further information), sails for U. S., 7-9; youth, 10, 11; birth, 12; school, 12; furrier, 9, 12, 13; theological training, 15-23; marriage, 24; received into Ministerium of Pennsylvania, 29; Meadville pastorate, 28-37; daughter Sophie born, 36; Cumberland pastorate, 38-46; his use of English, 40 ff.; stages revival, 41-43; ordained deacon, 44; western journey, 44; Somerset pastorate, 47-53; other children born, 52; Carlisle pastorate, 52-55; Theophilus born, 55; Sunday school missionary (1830), 55, 62-69; home missionary journey (1835-1836), 80-96; holds synodical office, 70 f.; Pittsburgh pastorate, 101-112; wife's death, 107-111; commissioned for foreign service (October 5, 1841), 122; sails for India, 124; arrives at Cuntur (July 31, 1842), 145; returns to America (August, 1846), 164; medical degree, 166; second term in India (1848-1857), 168-233; Palnad period, 188-212; Rajahmundry period, 227-233; home missionary in Minnesota (1857-1869), 239-292; doctrinal position, 272, 285 f.; returns for third time to India (1869-1871), 306-322; his will, 326; Chaplain at Philadelphia Seminary, 327-330; death, 332.
 Hillsboro, Ill., 86, 89
 Hinduism, 178, 183 ff., 233 f.
 Home Missionary Society of the General Synod, 166
 Home Missions (see Frontier)
 Itinerant preachers, 14, 26, 27, 74 f., 76 f., 95, 253
 Indians, 115, 265 f., 281
 Jacobs, Henry Eyester, 303
 John the Weaver, 172, 174, 179 ff.
 Kohloff, John Casper, 139 f.
 Krauth, Charles Philip, 74, 119
 Krauth, Charles Porterfield, 283
 Kurtz, Benjamin, 74, 188
 Liberia, 324
 Long, Adam, 311
 Lutheranism, 71, 72, 272, 285 f.
 Lutherans, 25, 44, 47, 121, 244 f., 260
 Madras, 141 f., 146, 158, 170
 Malaria, 45
 Mann, William J., 326
 Martz, George, 213 f.
 Maryland, University of, 121, 166
 Meadville, Pa., 28-37

- Methodists, 77, 84, 95, 245, 288
 Minnesota, 239 ff.
 Missionary Societies, ABCFM, 116, 120, 126, 138; Baptist, 143, 144; British and Foreign Bible Society, 129, 163, 226; Central (Penna.), 118; General Synod (Foreign Missionary Society of the Ev. Luth. Church in the U. S.), 119, 155, 165, 168, 216, 304, 312; German Foreign, 119; Hermannsburg, 311; Leipzig, 161; Ministerium of Pennsylvania (Society of the Synod of Penn. for the Propagation of the Gospel), 119, 121, 150, 152, 154, 163, 165, 167, 217, 303, 312; North German, 172, 216, 230, 299 f.; other societies, 129, 137, 145, 304, 313; SPCK, 127, 139; SPG, 128
 Missionary technique, 185 f., 189 ff., 198, 201 ff., 206 ff., 226 f., 317 f.
 Missions, criticism of, 164, 230 ff.
 Missouri, 88
 Morris, John G., 309, 323
 Mount Carmel, Ill., 83
 Muhlenberg, Henry M., 118, 120, 132
 Muhlenberg, Peter, 100

 Napoleon, 9, 18, 22
 Native ministry, 209, 226, 231
 Nellore, 144
 New Ulm, Minn., 281 f.
 Norelius, Eric, 241, 258, 265, 267, 271 ff.
 Norwegians, 243, 247, 277
Observer, The Lutheran, 74, 79, 81, 87, 167, 175
 Ohl, J. F., 328 f.
 Outcastes, 182 f., 192 f.

 Palamcotta, 135
 Palnad, 158, 172, 174 ff., 187, 307 ff., 321
 Parochial schools, 62, 67
 Passavant, William A., 239 f., 265, 270 ff., 287, 290
 Philadelphia, 10, 11, 62, 249; (churches), St. John's English, 100, 101, 148, 150, 151, 247; St. Matthew's, 151; Zion-St. Michael's, 13, 14, 101
 Philadelphia Seminary, 327 ff.
 Pittsburgh, 97, 101, 239 ff.; (churches), First English, 102, 209; Trinity German, 103 f.; 121; St. John's, Allegheny, 107
 "Pittsburgh," S. S., 7, 11
 Pluetschau, 127, 140
 Poulsen, Iver K., 319, 321

 Rajahmundry, 158, 171, 213, 215 ff., 227 ff., 299 ff., 309 ff.
 Rationalism, 18, 21, 25
 Reading Pa., 16, 303
 Red Wing, Minn., 241, 253, 257 f.
 Reformation, 293
 Revivals, 41-43, 77 f.
 Rhenius, 119, 120, 137
 Roman Catholics, 127, 131, 159, 245, 264

 St. Paul, Minn., 239 ff.; Trinity Church, 245 ff.

- Scherer, Daniel, 86, 89, 95
 Schmidt, Hans C., 299, 305, 318 f.
 Schmucker, Samuel Simon, 65, 81, 90, 91, 272
 Schools, mission, 147 f., 149, 150, 152, 162, 173, 189 f., 221 f., 228 ff.
 Schwartz, C. F., 132, 138 f., 141
 Sepoy Rebellion, 233
 Snyder, William E., 214, 228, 310
 Somerset, Pa., 47-53, 55, 80, 263, 267 ff., 293 ff., 306, 324 f.
 Stauch, John, 27, 28
 Stokes, Hudleston, 145, 149, 159, 167, 187, 192
 Sunday schools, 55, 60-69
 Swedes, 243, 245, 247, 270 ff., 275 ff.
 Synods, Buffalo, 260, 278; East Penna., 239; Illinois, 271 f.; India, First Lutheran S. of, 218 ff.; Indiana, 90; Maryland, 44; Minnesota, 270 ff., 275 ff., 288 f.; Missouri, 260, 273, 278 ff., 284, 288 ff.; New York Ministerium, 25, 167; Pennsylvania Ministerium, 14, 27, 28, (see also Missionary Societies); Ohio, 27; United S. of the South, 291; West, S. of the, 95; West Pennsylvania, 70; Wisconsin, 289 f.
 Tanjore, 139, 140
 Telugu, 120, 143, 147
 Thomson, William, 271
 Tranquebar, 140
 Trichinopoly, 138
 Unangst, Erias, 310, 311 ff.
 Unionism, 43, 102-104, 288 f.
 Valett, Menno, 158 ff., 215
 Walther, C. F. W., 273
 Worship, 195, 219
 Yankees, 88
 York, Pa., 28
 Zanzibar, 130
 Ziegenbalg, 127, 140 f.

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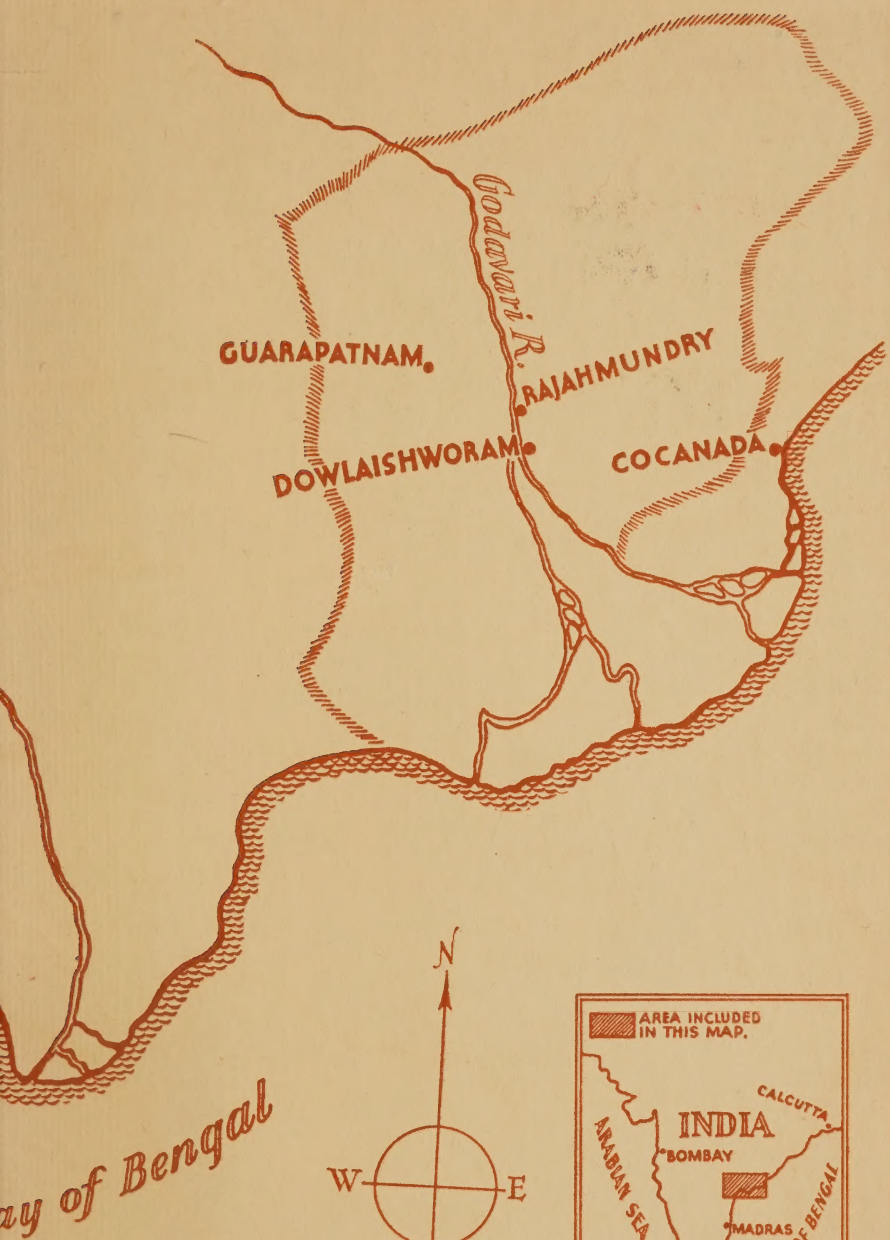
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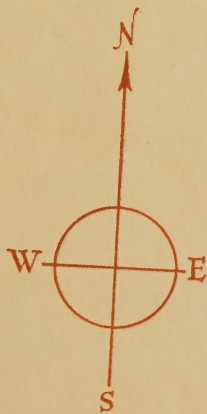
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